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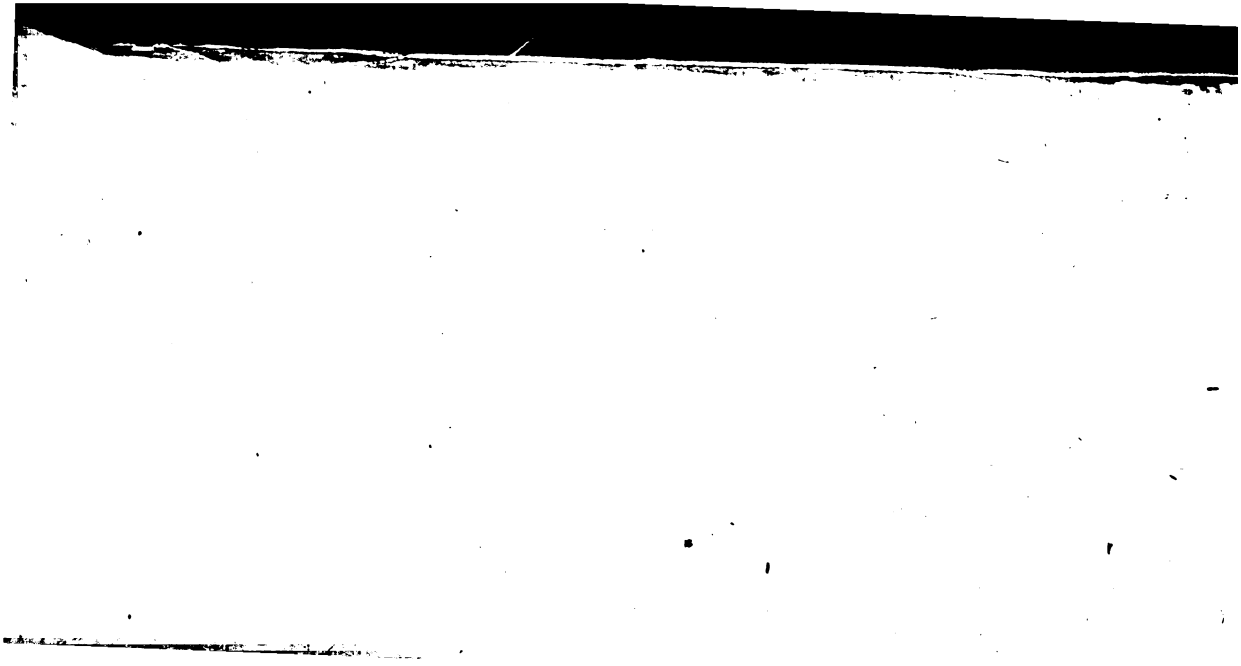

Gnedler f.
NICHOLAS

THE

WORKS

OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, *Esq;*

VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.
TAMERLANE.
The FAIR PENITENT.
ULYSSES.

NEW-YORK LIBRARY

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON, T. OSBORNE, T. WALLER, T. LONGMAN, T. CASLON, C. CORBETT, T. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, S. BLADON, and M. RICHARDSON.

MDCCLXVI.

510 H

To His Royal Highness the

PRINCE of *WALES.*

SIR,

AS Your Royal Highness was pleaſed to expreſs a Deſire of ſeeing a new and correct Edition of Mr. *Rowe*'s Works, the following is humbly ſubmitted to Your Royal Highness, and it is hoped will prove not altogether unworthy of Your Royal Patronage and Protection. This indeed with his Tranſlation of *Lucan* is a complete Collection of his ge-

nuine Works, ſeveral Things being here omitted which in former Editions were falſly attributed to him, and others being added from his original Papers which were never publiſh'd before. And to whom can the Works of Mr. *Rowe* be ſo properly addreſs'd as to their greateſt Patron and Admirer? and what an Encouragement is this to living Merit, that even the dead is not unrewarded by Your ROYAL HIGHNESS?

It is owing chiefly to Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's Approbation, and to the Influence of Your Royal Preſence, that his Plays have been ſo frequently acted, and ſo highly applauded: And Your ROYAL HIGHNESS has not only encourag'd them as public Entertainments,

tainments, but often made them the Amuſement of private Hours; and Your Royal Children have been taught to repeat ſeveral of the beſt and fineſt Speeches, with a Beauty and Juſtneſs that muſt charm and ſurpriſe every Body who has the Happineſs to hear them. It is reported of her late Majeſty Queen *Anne*, that ſhe learn'd to ſpeak properly of the famous Tragedian, Mrs. *Barry*, and from hence was enabled to deliver her Speeches to the Parliament in ſo graceful a Manner, that they loſt much of their Beauty and Energy, even when they were afterwards read in the Houſe by my Lord *Cowper*. The Art of ſpeaking properly is certainly no ordinary Qualification, and Your

ROYAL HIGHNESS's Chil
promiſe to excel in this, as w
in every Thing elſe that bec
great Princes; ſuch is the Care
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, anc
PRINCESS of *Wales*, contin
take of their Education.

But Your ROYAL HIGHNE
Goodneſs hath not ſtopped h
nor been content with doing
common Honors to the Men
of Mr. *Rowe*; but it is to
Opinion of his Merit that I r
principally aſcribe the many
tinguiſhing Marks of Favor, wh
Your ROYAL HIGHNESS,
the PRINCESS of *Wales*, have h
graciouſly pleaſed to beſtow on
Such Honor is double Honor;
at the ſame Time that it dema
tranſcends my warmeſt Ackn
ledgm

ledgments. But the Pen of Mr. *Rowe* himſelf would fail me here; Language is too poor; Words cannot expreſs it; my Heart only truly knows, how it overflows with Gratitude, and with what entire Devotion I am,

May it pleaſe Your ROYAL HIGHNESS,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's *moſt oblig'd,*

and moſt obedient,

and moſt dutiful Servant,

ANNE DEANES DEVENISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

These two Volumes of Plays and Poems, together with the two Volumes of the Translation of Lucan, *make a complete Collection of the Works of Mr.* Rowe; *but as several Persons may be desirous of having the Plays and Poems, who yet may not chuse to purchase a Translation of* Lucan, *it has been thought proper for their Sakes, to extract from Dr.* Welwood's *Account, prefixed to the Translation of* Lucan, *so much as may be necessary to give some Idea of the Life and Character of the Author.*

THE LIFE OF

NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

MR. *ROWE* was born at *Little Berkford* in *Bedfordshire*, *at the* House of *Jasper Edwards*, Esq; his Mother's Father, in the Year 1673, of an ancient Family in *Devonshire*, that for many Ages had made a handsome Figure in their Country, and was known by the Name of *Rowes* of *Lambertoun*. He could trace his Ancestors, in a direct Line, up to the Times of the *Holy War*, where one of them so distinguish'd himself in the *Holy Land*, that at his return, he had the Coat of Arms given him, which they bore ever since, that being in those Days all the Reward of military Virtue, or of Blood spilt in those Expeditions. From that time downward to Mr. *Rowe*'s Father, the Family kept themselves to the frugal Management of a private Fortune, and the innocent Pleasures of a Country Life. Having a handsome Seat, and a competent Estate, they liv'd beyond the Fear of Want, or Reach of Envy. In all the Changes of Governments, they are said to have ever lean'd towards the side of public Liberty, and in that retir'd Situation of Life to have beheld with Grief and Concern the many

many Incroachments that have been made upon it from time to time.

His Father was *John Rowe*, and the firſt of the Family, as his Son has told me, that chang'd a Country Life for a liberal Profeſſion. After he had paſs'd the Schools at home, he was brought up to *London*, and enter'd a Student of the Law in the *Middle Temple*, where ſome time after he was call'd to the Bar, and at length made a Serjeant at Law. He was a Gentleman in great Eſteem for many engaging Qualities, of very conſiderable Practice at the Bar, and ſtood fair for the firſt Vacancy on the Bench, when he died the 30th of *April*, 1692, and was buried in the *Temple* Church the 7th of *May* following. Let it be mention'd to the Honor of this Gentleman, that when he publiſh'd Serjeant *Benloe* and Judge *Daliſon*'s *Reports*, he had the Honeſty and Boldneſs to obſerve in the Preface, how moderate theſe two great Lawyers had been in their Opinions concerning the Extent of the Royal Prerogative; and that he durſt do this in the late King *James*'s Reign, at a time when a *Diſpenſing Power* was ſet up, as inherent in the Crown. From ſuch worthy Anceſtors *Nicholas Rowe* was deſcended, who, together with the ancient paternal Seat of the Family, inherited their Probity and Good-nature, Contentment of Mind, and an unbiaſs'd Love to their Country.

His

His Father took all the Care possible of his Education, and when he was fit for it, sent him to *Westminster* School, under the famous Dr. *Busby*. He made an extraordinary Progress in all the Parts of Learning taught in that School, and about the Age of twelve Years was chosen one of the King's Scholars. He became in a little time Master to a great Perfection of all the Classical Authors, both *Greek* and *Latin*, and made a tolerable Proficiency in the *Hebrew*; but Poetry was his early Bent, and his darling Study. He compos'd at that time several Copies of Verses upon different Subjects both in *Greek* and *Latin* and some in *English*, which were much admir'd, and the more that they cost him very little Pains, and seem'd to flow from his Imagination, almost as fast as his Pen.

His Father designing him for his own Profession, took him from that School when he was about sixteen Years of Age, and enter'd him a Student in the *Middle Temple*, whereof he himself was a Member, that he might have him under his immediate Care and Instruction. Being capable of any part of Knowledge he apply'd his Mind to, he made very remarkable Advances in the Study of the Law; and was not content, as he told me, to know it as a Collection of *Statutes* or *Customs* only, but as a *System* founded upon right Reason, and calculated for the good of

Mankind. Being afterwards called to the Bar, he appeared in as promising a way to make a Figure in that Profession, as any of his Contemporaries, if the Love of the *Belles Lettres*, and that of Poetry in particular, had not stopped him in his Career. He had the Advantage of the Friendship and Protection of one of the finest Gentlemen, as well as one of the greatest Lawyers of that time, Sir *George Treby*, Lord Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas, who was fond of him to a great Degree, and had it both in his Power and Inclination to promote his Interest.

But the *Muses* had stolen away his Heart from his Infancy, and his Passion for them rendered the Study of the *Law* dry and tasteless to his Palate. He struggled for some time against the natural Bent of his Mind, but in vain; for *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides* had infinitely more Charms with him, than the best Authors that had writ of the Law of *England*. He now and then could not refrain from making some Copies of Verses on Subjects that fell in his way, which being approved of by his intimate Friends, to whom only he shewed them, that Approbation proved his Snare, so that from that time he began to give way to the natural Bias of his Mind, and would needs try what he could do in Tragedy.

The first he wrote was the *Ambitious Step-Mother*, which meeting with universal Ap-

plause,

plauſe, as it well deſerved, he laid aſide all Thoughts of riſing in the Law, and turned them ever after, in their main Channel, towards Poetry. This his firſt Tragedy he writ when twenty-five Years of Age, and as a Trial only of his Genius that way. The Purity of the *Engliſh* Language, the Juſtneſs of his Characters, the noble Elevation of the Sentiments, were all of them admirably adapted to the Plan of the Play. His Talent lay in *Heroic Poetry*, and conſequently in *Tragedy*: For Comedy, he once tryed it, but found his Genius did not lean that way. He writ ſeveral Tragedies afterwards, which are in every Body's Hands, and all of them highly approved of by Men of Taſte, upon the Account of the Loftineſs of Thought, and the delicate Propriety of the Language; in which laſt I may venture to ſay, no one has ever out-done him, few equalled him.

The Tragedy he valued himſelf moſt upon, and which was moſt valued, was his *Tamerlane*; and never Author, in my Opinion, did more Juſtice to his Hero, than he to that excellent Prince: For *Tamerlane* was the very Man that Mr. *Rowe* has painted him. In that Play he aimed at a Parallel between the late King *William* of immortal Memory and *Tamerlane*; as alſo between *Bajazet*, and a Monarch who is ſince dead. That glorious Ambition and noble Ardor in *Tamerlane*, to

 break

break the Chains of enſlaved Nations, and ſet Mankind free from the Incroachments of lawleſs Power, are painted in the moſt lively, as well as the moſt amiable Colors: On the other ſide, his manner of introducing on the Stage a Prince that thinks Mankind is made but for him, and whoſe chief Aim is to perpetuate his Name to Poſterity, by that Havoc and Ruin he ſcatters through the World, are all drawn with that Pomp of Horror and Deteſtation which ſuch monſtrous Actions do deſerve. And ſince nothing could be more calculated for raiſing in the Minds of the Audience, a true Paſſion for Liberty, and a juſt Abhorrence for Slavery; how this Play came to be diſcouraged, next to a Prohibition, in the latter End of a late Reign, I leave it to others to give a Reaſon.

I ſhall ſay nothing of any of the reſt of Mr. *Rowe*'s Plays in particular; but it may be juſtly ſaid of them all, that never Poet painted *Virtue* or *Religion* in a more charming Dreſs on the Stage, nor were ever *Vice* and *Impiety* better expoſed to Contempt and Hatred. There runs through every one of them an Air of Religion and Virtue, attended with all the ſocial Duties of Life, and a conſtant untainted Love to his Country. The ſame Principles of Liberty he had early imbibed himſelf, and ſeemed a Part of his Conſtitution, appeared in every thing he wrote, and

he

he took all Occasions that fell in his way, to make the Stage subservient to them. His Muse was so religiously chaste, that I do not remember one Word in any of his Plays or Writings, that might admit but of a *double Entendre* in Point of *Decency* or *Morals*. There is nothing to be found in them to humor the deprav'd Taste of the Age, by nibbling at *Scripture*, or depreciating Things in themselves *Sacred*; and it was the less Wonder, that he observ'd this Rule in his Dramatic Performances, since in his ordinary Conversation, and when his Mirth and Humor enliven'd the whole Company, he us'd to express his Dissatisfaction, in the severest Manner, with any Thing that look'd that Way. Being much conversant in the *Holy Scriptures*, it is observable, that, to raise the highest Ideas of Virtue, he has, with great Art, in several of his Tragedies, made Use of those Expressions and Metaphors in them, that taste most of the *Sublime*.

Besides his Plays, Mr. *Rowe* wrote a great many Copies of Verses on different Subjects, * which it is hoped his Friends may some Time or other publish together, and whereof many have been already printed apart. Being a great Admirer of *Shakespear*, he oblig'd the Public with a new Edition of his Works, and

* What Dr. *Welwood* hoped for, is done in the present Collection.

prefixed

prefix'd to it a ſhort Account of his Life. In that Account, he lay under the ſame Misfortune that I have done in this Account of Mr. *Rowe*; he wanted Information, to do Juſtice to *Shakeſpear*. He took all Occaſions to expreſs the vaſt Eſteem he had for that wonderful Man, and endeavoured in ſome of his Pieces to imitate his manner of Writing, particularly in the Tragedy of *Jane Shore*.

But Mr. *Rowe*'s laſt, and perhaps his beſt Poem, is his Tranſlation of *Lucan*, which he juſt lived to finiſh. He had entertained an early Inclination for that Author, and I believe it was the darling Paſſion he had for the Liberty and Conſtitution of his Country, that firſt inclined him to think of tranſlating him. He thought it was a pity, that a Work in which the Cauſe of Liberty was ſet in ſuch a ſhining Light, ſhould be preſerved only in the dead Language wherein it was written; and therefore thought it well worth his Pains to put it in an *Engliſh* Dreſs, for the Benefit of his Countrymen. As this is the happieſt Nation of the World in its Conſtitution, and happy even in ſpite of ourſelves, he judged that all who are in Love with it, muſt needs be fond of an Autho[illegible]ot only wrote for the ancient C[illegible]his own Country, but [illegible]ouring to ſupport it. [illegible]on itſelf, I perſuade [illegible]h a kind Reception in the

the World. I dare be bold to say the Language is pure, and the Versification both musical and adapted to the Subject. I have no reason to doubt but the true Meaning of the Original is faithfully preserved through the whole Work, and if I may venture to judge, the Translation comes up to the Spirit of the Original, as far the Difference between the *Roman* and *English* Languages will allow of.

I shall say nothing further of him in the Quality of a Poet, since this Translation, and his other Works, will sufficiently justify his Title to it. As to his Person, it was graceful and well made, his Face regular and of a manly Beauty. As his Soul was well lodged, so its rational and animal Faculties excelled in a high degree. He had a quick and fruitful Invention, a deep Penetration, and a large Compass of Thought, with a singular Dexterity, and Easiness in making his Thoughts to be understood. He was master of most Parts of polite Learning, especially the Classical Authors both *Greek* and *Latin*, understood the *French*, *Italian* and *Spanish* Languages, and spoke the first fluently, and the other two tolerably well.

He had likewise read most of the *Greek* and *Roman* Histories in their original Languages, and most that are writ in *English*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*. He had a good Taste in Philosophy, and having a firm Impression

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of Religion upon his Mind, he took great delight in Divinity and Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, in both which he made great Advances in the times he retired into the Country, which were frequent. He expreſt on all occaſions his full Perſuaſion of the Truth of Revealed Religion, and being a ſincere Member of the Eſtabliſh'd Church himſelf, he pitied, but condemned not, thoſe that diſſented from it. He abhorred the Principle of perſecuting Men upon the account of their Opinions in Religion; and being ſtrict in his own, he took it not upon him to cenſure thoſe of another Perſuaſion. His Converſation was pleaſant, witty, and learned, without the leaſt Tincture of Affectation or Pedantry, and his inimitable manner of diverting and enlivening the Company, made it impoſſible for any one to be out of humor when he was in it. Envy and Detraction ſeemed to be entirely foreign to his Conſtitution: And whatever Provocations he met with at any time, he paſt them over without the leaſt Thought of Reſentment or Revenge. As *Homer* had a *Zoilus*, ſo Mr. *Rowe* had ſometimes his: For there were not wanting malevolent People, and Pretenders to Poetry too, that would now and then bark at his beſt Performances; but he was ſo much conſcious of his own Genius, and had ſo much Good-nature as to forgive them, nor could he ever be tempted to return them an Anſwer.

The

The Love of Learning and Poetry made him not the leſs fit for Buſineſs, and no body applied himſelf cloſer to it, when it required his Attendance. The late Duke of *Queenſbury*, when he was Secretary of State, made him his Secretary for public Affairs; and when that truly Great Man came to know him well, he was never ſo pleaſed as when Mr. *Rowe* was in his Company. After the Duke's Death, all Avenues were ſtopped to his Preferment; and during the reſt of that Reign, he paſt his time with the Muſes and his Books, and ſometimes the Converſation of his Friends.

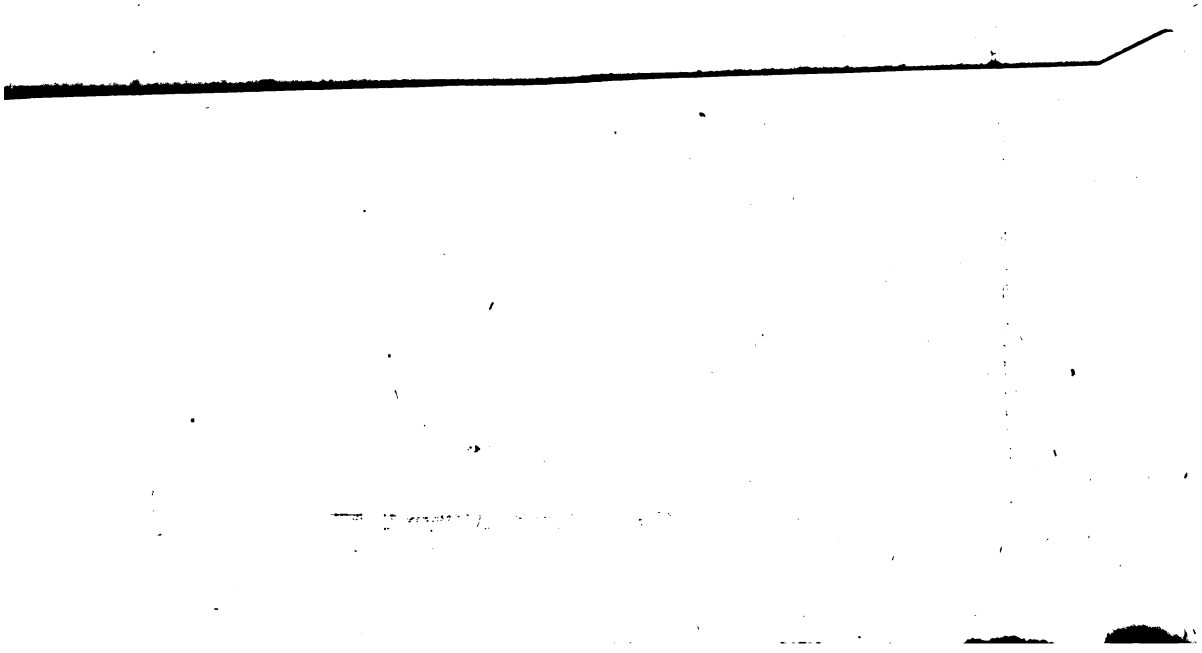
Upon the King's Acceſſion to the Throne, his Merit was taken notice of. The King gave him a *lucrative* Place in the Cuſtoms, and made him *Poet Laureat*; the Prince of *Wales* conferred on him the Place of *Clerk* of his *Council*; and the Lord *Parker*, Lord Chancellor, made him his *Secretary* for the *Preſentations*, the very Day he received the *Seals*, and without his aſking it. He was much loved and cheriſhed by the latter: And it was no wonder that one of his Endowments was in favor with that *Noble Perſon*, who, together with a profound Knowledge in the *Law*, worthy of his high Station, has adorned his Mind with all the other more polite Parts of *Learning*. When he had juſt got to be eaſy in his Fortune, and was in a fair way to make it better, *Death* ſwept him away, and in him deprived

the

the World of one of the beſt Men, as well as one of the beſt Genius's of the Age. He dyed like a *Chriſtian* and a *Philoſopher*, in Charity with all Mankind, and with an abſolute Reſignation to the Will of God. He kept up his good Humour to the laſt, and took leave of his Wife and Friends, immediately before his laſt Agony, with the ſame Tranquillity of Mind, and the ſame Indifference for Life, as tho' he had been upon taking but a ſhort Journey. He was twice married, firſt to a Daughter of Mr. *Parſons*, one of the Auditors of the Revenue, and afterwards to a Daughter of Mr. *Deveniſh* of a good Family in *Dorſetſhire*: By the firſt he had a Son, and by the ſecond a Daughter, both yet living. He died the ſixth of *December* 1718, in the 45th Year of his Age, and was buried the nineteenth of the ſame Month in *Weſtminſter-Abby*, in the Ile where many of our *Engliſh* Poets are interred, over against *Chaucer*, his Body being attended by a ſelect Number of his Friends, and the *Dean* and *Choir* officiating at the Funeral.

THE

her Father's Spirit
and amiable in her own
Innocence and Beauty
Aged in ye 21st Year of her Age
1738.
Thy Reliques Rowe! to this sad Shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespear place thy honour'd Bust:
Oh next him skill'd to draw the tender Tear,
For never Heart felt Passion more sincere;
With nobler Sentiments to fire the Brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a Slave!
Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest,
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest;
And blest that timely from our Scene remov'd,
Thy Soul enjoys that Liberty it lov'd.
To these so mourn'd in Death! so lov'd in Life
The childless Parent and the widow'd Wife
With Tears inscribes this monumental Stone
That holds their Ashes and expects her own.



THE

Ambitious Step-Mother:

A

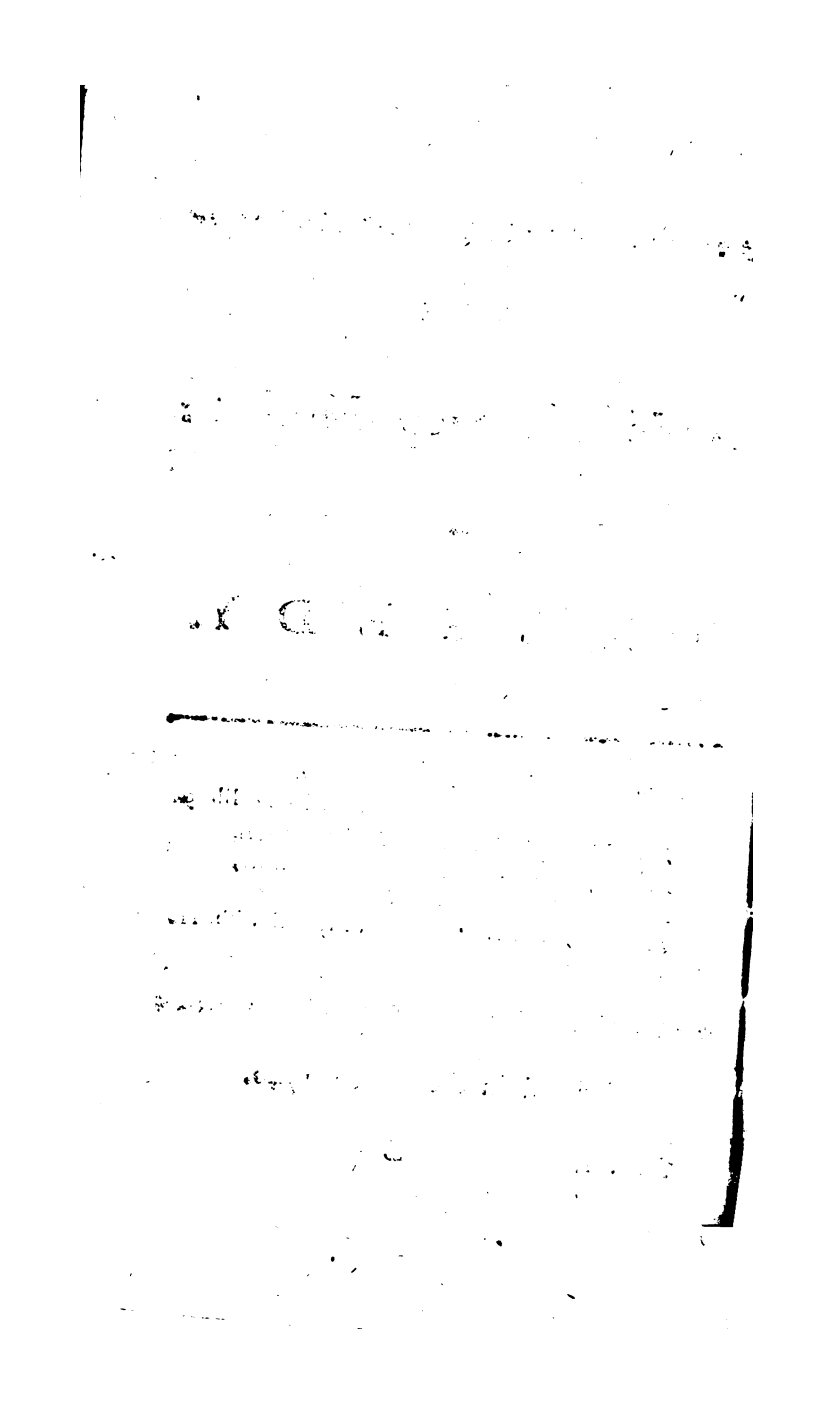
TRAGEDY.

——Decet hæc dare dona novercam.

OVID. Metam. lib. 9.

Vane Ligur, fruſtraque animis elate ſuperbis,
Nequicquam ——— tentaſti lubricus artes,
Advenit qui veſtra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redargueret. VIRG. Æn. lib. 11.

Printed in the YEAR 1746.



To the Right Honourable the

EARL of *JERSEY*,

Lord Chamberlain of His MAJESTY's Houſhold, *&c.*

My LORD,

IF any thing may atone for the Liberty I take in offering this Trifle to your Lordſhip, it is, that I will engage not to be guilty of the common Vice of Dedications, nor pretend to give the World an Account of the many good Qualities they ought to admire in your Lordſhip. I hope, I may reckon on it as ſome little Piece of Merit, in an Age where there are ſo many People write Panegyricks, and ſo few deſerve 'em. I am ſure you ought not to ſit for your Picture, to ſo ill a Hand as mine. Men of

your Lordſhip's Figure and Station, though uſeful and ornamental to the Age they live in, are yet reſerved for the Labours of the Hiſtorian, and the Entertainment of Poſterity; nor ought to be aſpers'd with ſuch Pieces of Flattery while living, as may render the true Hiſtory ſuſpected to thoſe that come after. That which ſhould take up all my Care at preſent, is moſt humbly to beg your Lordſhip's Pardon for importuning you on this Account; for imagining that your Lordſhip (whoſe Hours are all dedicated to the beſt and moſt important Uſes) can have any Leiſure for this Piece of Poetry. I beg, my Lord, that you will receive it, as it was meant, a Mark of my entire Reſpect and Veneration.

I hope it may be ſome Advantage to me, that the Town has not receiv'd this Play ill. To have depended merely upon your Lordſhip's Good-nature, and have offer'd Something without any Degree of Merit, would have been an unpardonable Fault, eſpecially to ſo good a Judge. The Play itſelf, as I preſent it to your Lordſhip, is a much more

perfect

perfect Poem than it is in the Repreſenta-tion on the Stage. I was led into an Error in the writing of it, by thinking that it would be eaſier to retrench than to add: but when I was at laſt neceſſitated, by reaſon of the extreme Length, to cut off near ſix hundred Lines, I found that it was maim'd by it to a great Diſadvantage. The Fable (which has no manner of Relation to any Part of true Hiſtory) was left dark and intricate, for want of a great Part of the Narration, which was left out in the firſt Scene; and the Chain and Connexion, which ought to be in the Dialogue, was interrupted in many of the other Places. But ſince what was omitted in Acting is now kept in, I hope it may indifferently entertain your Lordſhip at an unbending Hour. The Faults which are moſt generally found (and which I could be very proud of ſubmitting to your Lordſhip's Judgment, if you can have leiſure for ſo trivial a Cauſe) are, that the Cataſtrophe in the Fifth Act is barbarous, and ſhocks the Audience. Some People, whoſe Judgment I ought to have a Deference for, have told me, that they wiſh'd

I had

I had given the latter Part of the Story quite another Turn; that *Artaxerxes* and *Ameſtris* ought to have been preſerv'd, and made happy in the Concluſion of the Play; that beſides the Satisfaction which the Spectators would have had, to have ſeen two virtuous (or at leaſt innocent) Characters rewarded and ſucceſsful, there might have been alſo a more noble and inſtructive Moral drawn that Way. I muſt confeſs, if this be an Error (as perhaps it may) it is a voluntary one, and an Error of my Judgment: Since in the writing I actually made ſuch a Sort of an Objection to myſelf, and choſe to wind up the Story this Way. Tragedies have been allow'd, I know, to be written both Ways very beautifully: But ſince Terror and Pity are laid down for the Ends of Tragedy, by the great Maſter and Father of Criticiſm, I was always inclin'd to fancy that the laſt and remaining Impreſſions, which ought to be left on the Minds of an Audience, ſhould proceed from one of theſe two. They ſhould be ſtruck with Terror in ſeveral Parts of the *Play, but always* conclude and go away with

Pity;

Pity; a Sort of Regret proceeding from Good-nature, which, though an Uneaſineſs, is not altogether diſagreeable to the Perſon who feels it. It was this Paſſion that the famous Mr. *Otway* ſucceeded ſo well in touching, and muſt and will at all Times affect People, who have any Tenderneſs or Humanity. If therefore I had ſav'd *Artaxerxes* and *Ameſtris*, I believe (with Submiſſion to my Judges) I had deſtroy'd the greateſt Occaſion for Compaſſion in the whole Play. Any Body may perceive, that ſhe is rais'd to ſome Degrees of Happineſs, by hearing that her Father and Huſband are living (whom ſhe had ſuppos'd dead) and by ſeeing the Enemy and Perſecutor of her Family dying at her Feet, purpoſely, that the Turn of her Death may be more ſurpriſing and pitiful. As for that Part of the Objection, which ſays, that innocent Perſons ought not to be ſhewn unfortunate; the Succeſs and general Approbation, which many of the beſt Tragedies that have been writ, and which were built on that Foundation, have met with, will be a ſufficient Anſwer for me.

That which they call the Poetical Juſtice, is, I think, ſtrictly obſerv'd; the two principal Contrivers of Evil, the Stateſman and Prieſt, are puniſh'd with Death; and the Queen is depos'd from her Authority by her own Son; which, I ſuppoſe, will be allowed as the ſevereſt Mortification that cou'd happen to a Woman of her imperious Temper.

If there can be any Excuſe for my entertaining your Lordſhip with this Detail of Criticiſms, it is, that I would have this firſt Mark of the Honour I have for your Lordſhip, appear with as few Faults as poſſible. Did not the prevailing Character of your Lordſhip's excellent Humanity and Good-nature encourage me, what ought I not to fear from the Niceneſs of your Taſte and Judgment? The Delicacy of your Reflexions may be very fatal to ſo rough a Draught as this is; but if I will believe (as I am ſure I ought to do) all Men that I have heard ſpeak of your Lordſhip, they bid me hope every thing from your Goodneſs. This is that, I muſt ſincerely own, which made me extremely ambitious of your Lordſhip's Patronage

tronage for this Piece. I am but too ſenſible that there are a Multitude of Faults in it; but ſince the Good-nature of the Town has cover'd, or not taken Notice of 'em, I muſt have ſo much Diſcretion, as not to look with an affected Nicety into 'em myſelf. With all the Faults and Imperfections which it may have, I muſt own, I ſhall be yet very well ſatisfy'd with it, if it gives me an Opportunity of reckoning myſelf from this Time,

Your LORDSHIP's *moſt obedient*

and devoted humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF dying Lovers yet deſerve a Tear,
If a ſad Story of a Maid's Deſpair
Yet move Compaſſion in the pitying Fair;
This Day the Poet does his Arts employ,
The ſoft Acceſſes of your Souls to try.
Nor let the Stoic boaſt his Mind unmov'd;
The Brute Philoſopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The Joy of Loving, or of being Lov'd;
Who ſcorns his Human Nature to confeſs,
And ſtriving to be more than Man, is leſs.
Nor let the Men the weeping Fair accuſe,
Thoſe kind Protectors of the Tragic Muſe,
Whoſe Tears did moving Otway's *Labours crown,*
And made the poor Monimia's *Grief their own:*
Thoſe Tears their Art, not Weakneſs has confeſt,
Their Grief approv'd the Niceneſs of their Taſte,
And they wept moſt, becauſe they judg'd the beſt.
O could this Age's Writers hope to find
An Audience to Compaſſion thus inclin'd,
The Stage would need no Farce, nor Song, nor Dance,
Nor Capering Monſieur brought from active France;
Clinch *and his Organ-Pipe, his Dogs and Bear,*
To native Barnet *might again repair,*
Or breathe with Captain Otter Bankſide *Air:*
Majeſtic Tragedy ſhould once again
In purple Pomp adorn the ſwelling Scene.
Her Search ſhould ranſack all the Ancients Store,
The Fortunes of their Loves and Arms explore,
Such as might grieve you, but ſhou'd pleaſe you more.
What Shakeſpear *durſt not, this bold Age ſhou'd do,*
And famous Greek *and* Latin *Beauties ſhew:*

Shakeſpear

PROLOGUE.

Shakeſpear, *whoſe Genius to it ſelf a Law,*
Could Men in every Height of Nature draw,
And copy'd all but Women that he ſaw.
Thoſe ancient Heroines your Concern ſhou'd move,
Their Grief and Anger much, but moſt their Love;
For in the Account of every Age we find
The beſt and faireſt of that Sex were kind,
To Pity always, and to Love inclin'd.
Aſſert, ye Fair Ones, who in Judgment ſit,
Your ancient Empire over Love and Wit;
Reform our Senſe, and teach the Men t'obey:
They'll leave their Tumbling, if you lead the Way.
Be but what thoſe before to Otway *were;*
O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Artaxerxes, *Prince of* Perſia, *Elder Son to King* Arſaces, *by a former Queen.*	*Mr.* Verbrugen.
Artaban, *Son to* Arſaces, *by* Artemiſa.	*Mr.* Booth.
Memnon, *formerly General to* Arſaces, *now diſgrac'd; a Friend to* Artaxerxes.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Mirza, *Firſt Miniſter of State, in the Intereſt of* Artemiſa *and* Artaban.	*Mr.* Freeman.
Magas, *Prieſt of the Sun, Friend to* Mirza *and the Queen.*	*Mr.* Bowman.
Cleanthes, *Friend to* Artaban.	*Mr.* Pack.
Orchanes, *Captain of the Guards to the Queen.*	*Mr.* Baily.

WOMEN.

Artemiſa, *formerly the Wife of* Tiribaſus, *a* Perſian *Lord, now married to the King, and Queen of* Perſia.	*Mrs.* Barry.
Ameſtris, *Daughter to* Memnon, *in love with, and beloved by* Artaxerxes.	*Mrs.* Bracegirdle.
Cleone, *Daughter to* Mirza, *in love with* Artaxerxes, *and belov'd by* Artaban.	*Mrs.* Bowman.
Beliza, *Confidante to* Cleone.	*Mrs.* Martin.

THE

THE

Ambitious Step-Mother.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A ROYAL PALACE.

Enter at ſeveral Doors, MIRZA *and* MAGAS.

MIRZA.

WHAT bring'ſt thou, *Magas?* Say, how fares the King?

MAGAS.

As one whom when we number with the Living,
We ſay the moſt we can; tho' ſure it muſt
Be happier far, to quit a wretched Being,
Than keep it on ſuch Terms: for as I enter'd
The Royal Lodging, an univerſal Horror
Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart;
The chearful Day was every where ſhut out
With care, and left a more than midnight Darkneſs,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their ſickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it ſeem

More

More dismal by such Light; while those that waited,
In solemn Sorrow mix'd with wild Amazement,
Observ'd a dreadful Silence.

MIRZA.

Didst thou see him?

MAGAS.

My Lord, I did: treading with gentle Steps,
I reach'd the Bed, which held the poor Remains
Of great *Arsaces:* just as I approach'd,
His drooping Lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
Were faintly rear'd, to tell me that he liv'd:
The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
Sparkled no more with that majestic Fire,
At which ev'n Kings have trembled; but had lost
Their common useful Office, and were shaded
With an eternal Night. Struck with a Sight,
That shew'd me human Nature fall'n so low,
I hastily retir'd.

MIRZA.

He dies too soon;
And Fate, if possible, must be delay'd.
The Thought that labours in my forming Brain,
Yet crude and immature, demands more time.
Have the Physicians giv'n up all their Hopes?
Cannot they add a few Days to a Monarch,
In recompence of thousand vulgar Fates,
Which their Drugs daily hasten?

MAGAS.

As I past
The outward Rooms, I found 'em in Consult;
I ask'd 'em if their Art was at a stand,
And could not help the King. They shook their Heads,
And in most grave and solemn wise unfolded
Matter, which little purported, but words
Rank'd in right learned Phrase; all I could learn, was,
That Nature's kindly Warmth was quite extinct,
Nor could the Breath of Art kindle again
Th' Ethereal Fire.

MIRZA.

My Royal Mistress *Artemisa*'s Fate,

And

And all her Son young *Artaban*'s high hopes,
Hang on this lucky Criſis; ſince this Day
The haughty *Artaxerxes* and old *Memnon*
Enter *Perſepolis*: The yearly Feaſt
Devoted to our glorious God the Sun,
Hides their Deſigns under a holy Veil;
And thus Religion is a Maſk for Faction.
But let their Guardian *Genii* ſtill be watchful,
For if they chance to nod, my waking Vengeance
Shall ſurely catch that Moment to deſtroy 'em.

MAGAS.

'Tis ſaid the fair *Ameſtris*, *Memnon*'s Daughter,
Comes in their Company.

MIRZA.

That fatal Beauty,
With moſt malignant Influence, has croſt
My firſt and great Ambition. When my Brother,
The great *Cleander*, fell by *Memnon*'s Hand,
(You know the Story of our Houſes Quarrel)
I ſought the King for Juſtice on the Murderer;
And to confirm my Intereſt in the Court,
In confidence of mighty Wealth and Power,
A long Deſcent from noble Anceſtors,
And ſomewhat of the Beauty of the Maid,
I offer'd my *Cleone* to the Prince,
Fierce *Artaxerxes*; he, with rude Diſdain,
Refus'd the Proffer; and to grate me more,
Publicly own'd his Paſſion for *Ameſtris*:
And in deſpite ev'n of his Father's Juſtice,
Eſpous'd the Cauſe of *Memnon*,

MAGAS.

Ev'n from that noted Æra, I remember
You dated all your Service to the Queen,
Our common Miſtreſs.

MIRZA

'Tis true, I did ſo: Nor was it in vain;
She did me right, and ſatisfy'd my Vengeance:
Memnon was baniſh'd, and the Prince diſgrac'd,
Went into Exile with him. Since that time,
Since I have been admitted to her Council,

And ſeen her, with unerring Judgment, guide
The Reins of Empire, I have been amaz'd,
To ſee her more than manly Strength of Soul,
Cautious in good Succeſs, in bad unſhaken;
Still arm'd againſt th' uncertain Turns of Chance,
Untouch'd by any Weakneſs of her Sex,
Their Superſtition, Pity, or their Fear;
And is a Woman only in her Cunning.
What Story tells of great *Semiramis*,
Or rolling Time, that gathers as it goes,
Has added more, ſuch *Artemiſa* is.

MAGAS.

Sure 'twas a mark of an uncommon Genius,
To bend a Soul like that of great *Arſaces*,
And charm him to her Sway.

MIRZA.

Certainly Fate,
Or ſomewhat like the Force of Fate was in it;
And ſtill whene'er Remembrance ſets that Scene
Before my Eyes, I view it with Amazement.

MAGAS.

I then was young, a Stranger to the Court,
And only took the Story as reported
By different Fame; you muſt have known it better.

MIRZA.

Indeed I did, then favour'd by the King,
And by that means a ſharer in the Secret,
'Twas on a Day of public Feſtival,
When beauteous *Artemiſa* ſtood to view
(Behind the Covert of a golden Lattice,)
The King and Court returning from the Temple;
When juſt as by her Stand *Arſaces* paſt,
The Window by deſign or chance fell down,
And to his view expos'd her bluſhing Beauties.
She ſeem'd ſurpriz'd, and preſently withdrew;
But ev'n that Moment was an Age in Love:
So was the Monarch's Heart for Paſſion moulded,
So apt to take at firſt the ſoft Impreſſion.
Soon as we were alone, I found the Evil
Already paſt a Remedy, and vainly

Urg'd

Urg'd the Reſentment of her injur'd Lord:
His Love was deaf to all.

MAGAS.

Was *Tiribaſus* abſent?

MIRZA.

He was then General of the Horſe,
Under old *Memnon* in the *Median* War.
But if that diſtant View ſo much had charm'd him,
Imagine how he burnt, when, by my Means,
He view'd her Beauties nearer: when each Action,
And every graceful Sound conſpir'd to charm him:
Joy of her Conqueſt, and the Hopes of Greatneſs,
Gave Luſtre to her Charms, and made her ſeem
Of more than mortal Excellence. In ſhort,
After ſome Faint Reſiſtance, like a Bride
That ſtrives a while, tho' eager for the Bliſs,
The furious King enjoy'd her:
And to ſecure their Joys, a Snare was laid
For her unthinking Lord, in which he fell
Before the Fame of this could reach his Ears.
Since that, ſhe ſtill has by ſucceſsful Arts
Maintain'd that Pow'r, which firſt her Beauty gain'd.

MAGAS.

With deepeſt Foreſight, wiſely has ſhe laid
A ſure Foundation for the future Greatneſs
Of *Artaban*, her only darling Son.
Each buſy Thought, that rolls within her Breaſt,
Labours for him: The King, when firſt he ſicken'd,
Declar'd he ſhould ſucceed him in the Throne.

MIRZA.

That was a Point well gain'd; nor were the Elderſhip
Of *Artaxerxes* worth our leaſt of Fears,
If *Memnon*'s Intereſt did not prop his cauſe.
Since then they ſtand ſecur'd, by being join'd,
From reach of open Force, it were a Maſter-peice
Worthy a thinking Head, to ſow Diviſion
And Seeds of jealouſy, to looſe thoſe Bonds,
Which knit and hold 'em up; that ſo divided,
With eaſe they might be ruin'd.

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

That's a difficulty next to impoſſible.

MIRZA.

Ceaſe to think ſo.
The Wiſe and Active conquer Difficulties,
By daring to attempt 'em: Sloth and Folly
Shiver and Shrink at ſight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th' Impoſſibility they fear:
Ev'n *Memnon*'s Temper ſeems to give th' occaſion;
Of Wrong impatient, headlong to revenge;
Tho' bold, yet wants that Faculty of thinking,
That ſhould direct his Anger. Valiant Fools
Were made by Nature for the Wiſe to work with;
They are their Tools, and 'tis the Sport of Stateſmen,
When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together,
And fall by one another.

MAGAS.

What you've ſaid,
Has wak'd a Thought in me which may be lucky;
E'er he was baniſh'd for your Brother's Murder,
There was a Friendſhip 'twixt us; and 'tho then
I left his barren Soil, to root my ſelf
More ſafely under your auſpicious Shade,
Yet ſtill pretending Ties of ancient Love,
At his Arrival here I'll viſit him:
Whence this Advantage may at leaſt be made,
To ſord his ſhallow Soul.

MIRZA.

Oh much, much more;
'Twas happily remember'd: nothing gulls
Theſe open unſuſpecting Fools, like Friendſhip:
Dull heavy Things! Whom Nature has left honeſt
In mere Frugality, to ſave the Charge
She's at in ſetting out a thinking Soul:
Who, ſince their own ſhort Underſtandings reach
No further than the preſent, think ev'n the Wiſe,
Like them, diſcloſe the Secrets of their Breaſts,
Speak what they think, and tell Tales of themſelves.
Thy Function too will varniſh o'er our Arts,
And ſanctify Diſſembling.

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

Yet ſtill I doubt,
His Caution may draw back, and fear a Snare.

MIRZA.

Tell him, the better to aſſiſt the Fraud,
That ev'n I wiſh his Friendſhip, and would gladly
Forget that Cauſe of Hate, which long has held us
At mortal diſtance, give up my Revenge,
A grateful Off'ring to the public Peace.

MAGAS.

Could you afford him ſuch a Bribe as that,
A Brother's Blood yet unaton'd?

MIRZA.

No, *Magas*,
It is not in the power of Fate to raze
That Thought from out my Memory:
Eternal Night, 'tis true, may caſt a Shade
On all my Faculties, extinguiſh Knowledge,
And great Revenge may with my Being ceaſe;
But whilſt I am, that ever will remain,
And in my lateſt Spirits ſtill ſurvive.
Yet I would have thee promiſe that, and more;
The Friendſhip of the Queen, the Reſtitution
Of his Command, and Honours, that his Daughter
Shall be the Bride of *Artaban*; ſay any thing:
Thou know'ſt the Faith of Courtiers, and their Oaths,
Like thoſe of Lovers, the Gods laugh at 'em.

MAGAS.

Doubt not my Zeal to ſerve our Royal Miſtreſs,
And in her Intereſt yours, my Friend and patron.

MIRZA.

My worthy Prieſt! Still be my Friend and ſhare
The utmoſt of my Pow'r; by Greatneſs rais'd,
[*Embracing.*
Thou, like the God thou ſerv'ſt, ſhalt ſhine aloft,
And with thy Influence rule the under World.
But ſee! the Queen appears; ſhe ſeems to muſe,
Her thoughtful Soul labours with ſome Event
Of high Import, which buſtles like an Embryo

In

In its dark Room, and longs to be diſclos'd.
Retire, leſt we diſturb her.

[*They retire to the ſide of the Stage.*

Enter the QUEEN *attended.*

QUEEN.

Be fix'd, my Soul, fix'd on thy own firm Baſis!
Be conſtant to thyſelf; nor know the Weakneſs,
The poor Irreſolution of my Sex:
Diſdain thoſe ſhews of Danger, that would bar
My Way to Glory. Ye diviner Pow'rs!
By whom 'tis ſaid we are, from whoſe bright Beings
Thoſe active Sparks were ſtruck which move our Clay;
I feel, and I confeſs th' Ethereal Energy,
That buſy reſtleſs Principle, whoſe Appetite
Is only pleas'd with Greatneſs like your own:
Why have you clogg'd it then with this dull Maſs,
And ſhut it up in Woman? Why debas'd it
To an inferior Part of the Creation?
Since your own heavenly Hands miſtook my Lot,
'Tis you have err'd, not I. Could Fate e'er mean
Me for a Wife, a Slave to *Tiribaſus!*
To ſuch a Thing as he! a Wretch! a Huſband!
Therefore in juſt Aſſertion of myſelf,
I ſhook him off, and paſs'd thoſe narrow Limits,
Which Laws contrive in vain for Souls born great.
There is not, muſt not be a Bound for greatneſs;
Pow'r gives a Sanction, and makes all things juſt.
Ha! *Mirza!* Worthy Lord! I ſaw thee not,

[*Seeing* Mirza.

So buſy were my Faculties in Thought.

MIRZA.

The Thoughts of Princes dwell in ſacred Privacy,
Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar; [*Bowing.*
And like a Temple's innermoſt Receſſes,
None enters to behold the hallow'd Myſteries,
Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Wiſe *Mirza!* were my Soul a Temple, fit
For Gods and Godlike Counſels to inhabit,
Thee only would I chuſe of all Mankind,
To be the Prieſt, ſtill favour'd with Acceſs;
Whoſe piercing Wit, ſway'd by unerring Judgment,
Might Mingle even with aſſembled Gods,
When they deviſe unchangeable Decrees,
And call 'em Fate.

MIRZA.

What'er I am, each Faculty,
The utmoſt Power of my exerted Soul,
Preſerves a Being only for your Service;
And when I am not yours, I am no more.

QUEEN.

Time ſhall not know an End of my Acknowledgments;
But every Day of our continu'd Lives
Be witneſs of my Gratitude, to draw
The Knot, which holds our common Intereſt, cloſer:
Within ſix Days, my Son, my *Artaban*,
Equally dear to me as Life and Glory,
In Public ſhall eſpouſe the fair *Cleone*,
And be my Pledge of everlaſting Amity.

MIRZA.

O Royal Lady! you outbid my Service;
And all Returns are vile, but Words the pooreſt.

QUEEN.

Enough! be, as thou haſt been, ſtill my Friend,
I aſk no more. But I obſerve of late,
Your Daughter grows a Stranger to the Court;
Know you the Cauſe?

MIRZA

A melancholy Girl;
Such in her Infancy her Temper was,
Soft even beyond her Sex's Tenderneſs;
By Nature pitiful, and apt to grieve
For the Miſhaps of others, and ſo make
The Sorrows of the wretched World her own:
Her Cloſet and the Gods ſhare all her time,
Except when (only by ſome Maid attended)

She

She ſeeks ſome ſhady ſolitary Grove,
Or by the gentle Murmers of ſome Brook
Sits ſadly liſtning to a Tale of Sorrow,
Till with her Tears ſhe ſwell the narrow Stream.

QUEEN.

It is not well, theſe Thoughts muſt be remov'd;
That eating Canker, Grief, with waſteful Spite,
Preys on the roſy Bloom of Youth and Beauty:
But Love ſhall chaſe away theſe Clouds of Sadneſs;
My Son ſhall breathe ſo warm a Gale of Sighs,
As ſhall diſſolve thoſe Icicles that hang
Like Death about her Heart.
Attend us, holy *Magas*, to the King,
Nor ceaſe to importune the mighty Gods
To grant him Health, tho' much I fear in vain.

[*Exeunt* Queen, Magas, *and Attendants.*

Manet MIRZA.

This meddling Prieſt longs to be found a Fool.
Thinks he that *Memnon*, Soldier as he is,
Thoughtleſs and dull, will liſten to his Soothing?
Howe'er, I gave his wiſe Propoſal way,
Nay, urg'd him to go on; the ſhallow Fraud
Will ruin him for ever with my Enemies,
And make him firmly mine, ſpite of his Fears,
And natural Inconſtancy.
While Choice remains, he will be ſtill unſteddy,
And nothing but Neceſſity can fix him. [*Exit.*

Enter ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, *and Attendants.*

ARTAXERXES.

Methinks, my noble Father and my Friend,
We enter here like Strangers, and unlook'd for:
Each buſy Face we meet, with Wonder ſtarts,
And ſeems amaz'd to ſee us.

MEMNON.

Well may th' ignoble Herd
Start, if with heedleſs Steps they unawares

Tread

Tread on the Lion's Walk: a Prince's Genius
Awes with ſuperior Greatneſs all beneath him.
With Wonder they behold the Great *Arſaces*
Reviv'd again in Godlike *Artaxerxes.*
In you they ſee him, ſuch as oft they did
Returning from his Wars, and crown'd with Conqueſt,
When all our Virgins met him on the Way,
And with their Songs and Dances bleſt his Triumph:
Now baſely aw'd by factious Prieſts and Women,
They ſtart at Majeſty, and ſeem ſurpriz'd,
As if a God had met 'em. In Honour's Name,
Why have we let this be? why have we languiſh'd,
And ſuffer'd ſuch a Government as this
To waſte our Strength, and wear our Empire low?

ARTAXERXES.

Curſt be the Means by which theſe Ills aroſe,
Fatal alike to me as to my Country;
Which my great Soul, unable to revenge,
Has yet with Indignation only ſeen,
Cut off by Arts of Coward Prieſts and Stateſmen,
Whom I diſdain'd with ſervile Smiles to court,
From the great Right which God and Nature gave,
My Birthright to a Throne.

MEMNON.

Nor Prieſts, nor Stateſmen,
Could have compleated ſuch an Ill as that,
If Women had not mingled in the Miſchief;
If *Artemiſa* had not, by her Charms,
And all her Sex's Cunning, wrought the King,
Old, obvious to her Arts, decay'd in Greatneſs,
Dead to the Memory of what once he was,
Juſt crawling on the Verge of wretched Life,
A Burden to himſelf, and his Friends Pity,
Among his other Failings, to forget
All that a Father and a King could owe
To ſuch a Son as you were; to cut you off
From your Succeſſion, from your Hopes of Empire,
And graft her upſtart Offspring on to Royalty.

ARTAXERXES.

But if I bear it,
Oh may I live to be my Brother's Slave,
The Scorn of thoſe brave Friends that own my Cauſe;
May you, my Father, ſpurn me for a Coward,
May all my noble Hopes of Love and Glory
Leave me to vile Deſpair. By Heaven, my Heart
Sits lighter in my Boſom, when I think
That I this Day ſhall meet the Boy my Brother,
Whoſe young Ambition with aſpiring Wings
Dares ev'n to mate my Greatneſs.

MEMNON.

Fame, that ſpeaks
Minutely every Circumſtance of Princes,
Deſcribes him bold, and fiercely fond of Power.
Which ev'n in ſpite of Nature he affects;
Impatient of Command, and hardly deigning
To be controul'd by his imperious Mother.
'Tis ſaid too (as no Means were left untry'd,
Which might prepare and fit him to contend
With a ſuperior Right of Birth and Merit)
That Books, and the politer Arts (which thoſe
Who know admire) have been his Care; already
He mingles in their Councils, and they truſt
His Youth with Secrets of important Villany.
The Crowd, taught by his Creatures to admire him,
Style him a God in Wiſdom.

ARTAXERXES.

Be that his Glory;
Let him with Pedants hunt for Praiſe in Books,
Pore out his Life amongſt the lazy Gown-men,
Grow old and vainly proud in fancy'd Knowledge,
Unequal to the Taſk of vaſt Ambition;
Ambition! the Deſire of active Souls,
That puſhes 'em beyond the Bounds of Nature,
And elevates the Hero to the Gods.
But ſee! my Love, your beauteous Daughter comes,
And ev'n Ambition ſickens at her ſight.

Enter

Enter AMESTRIS *attended.*

Revenge, and fierce Deſires of Glory, ceaſe
To urge my Paſſions, maſter'd by her Eyes;
And only gentle Fires now warm my Breaſt.

AMESTRIS.

I come, my Father, to attend your Order.
[*To* Memnon.

MEMNON.

'Tis well; and I would have thee ſtill be near me.
The Malice of the Faction which I hate,
Would vent itſelf ev'n on thy Innocence,
Wert thou not ſafe under a Father's Care.

ARTAXERXES.

Oh ſay a Lover's too; nor can you have
An Intereſt in her Safety more than mine.
Love gives a Right ſuperior ev'n to Nature;
Or Love is Nature in the nobleſt Meaning,
The Cauſe and the Preſerver of the World.
Theſe Arms, that long to preſs thee to my Boſom,
For ever ſhall defend thee.

MEMNON.

Therefore, my Son,
Unto your Care I leave our common Charge;
Tigranes with our Friends expects my Orders:
Thoſe when I have diſpatch'd, upon the Inſtant
I will return, and meet at your Apartment.
[*Exit* Memnon.

ARTAXERXES.

Come to my Arms, and let me hide thee there
From all thoſe Fears that vex thy beating Heart;
Be ſafe and free from all thoſe fancy'd Dangers,
That haunt thy Apprehenſion.

AMESTRIS.

Can you blame me,
If from Retirement drawn, and pleaſing Solitude,
I fear to tempt this ſtormy Sea the World,
Whoſe ev'ry Beach is ſtrew'd with Wrecks of Wretches
That daily periſh in it? Curſt Ambition!

Why doſt thou come to trouble my Repoſe,
Who have ev'n from my Infancy diſclaim'd thee?

ARTAXERXES.

Ceaſe to complain, my Love, and let no Thought,
But what brings Peace and Joy, approach thy Breaſt.
Let me impart my manly Fires to thee,
To warm thy Fancy to a Taſte of Glory;
Imperial Power and purple Greatneſs wait thee,
And ſue for thy Acceptance: by the Sun,
And by *Arſaces'* Head, I will not mount
The Throne of *Cyrus*, but to ſhare it with thee.

AMESTRIS.

Vain Shews of Happineſs! Deceitful Pageantry!
Ah! Prince, hadſt thou but known the Joys which dwell
With humbler Fortunes, thou wouldſt curſe thy Royalty.
Had Fate allotted us ſome obſcure Village,
Where only bleſt with Life's Neceſſities,
We might have paſs'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires bring;
There no Step-Mother, no ambitious Brother,
No wicked Stateſman, would with impious Arts
Have ſtrove to wreſt from us our ſmall Inheritance,
Or ſtir the ſimple Hinds to noiſy Faction:
Our Nights had all been bleſt with balmy Slumbers,
And all our waking Hours been crown'd with Love.

ARTAXERXES.

Exquiſite Charmer! Now by *Oroſmades*
I ſwear, thy each ſoft Accent melts my Soul,
The Joy of Conqueſt, and immortal Triumph,
Honour and Greatneſs, all that fires the Hero
To high Exploits, and everlaſting Fame,
Grows vile in ſight of thee. My haughty Soul,
By Nature fierce, and panting after Glory,
Could be content to live obſcure with thee,
Forgotten and unknown of all but my *Ameſtris.*

AMESTRIS.

No, Son of great *Arſaces*, tho' my Soul
Shares in my Sex's Weakneſs, and would fly
From noiſe and Faction, and from fatal Greatneſs;
Yet for thy ſake, thou Idol of my Heart,

(Nor

(Nor will I blush to own the sacred Flame,
Thy Sighs and Vows have kindled in my Breast)
For thy lov'd sake, spite of my boding Fears,
I'll meet the Danger which Ambition brings,
And tread one Path with thee: Nor shalt thou lose
The glorious Portion which thy Fate designs thee,
For thy *Amestris*' Fears.

ARTAXERXES.

Give me those Fears;
For all things will be well.

AMESTRIS.

Grant it, ye Powers:
This Day before your Alters will I kneel,
Where all my Vows shall for my Prince be offer'd;
Still let Success attend him, let Mankind
Adore in him your visible Divinity;
Nor will I importune you for myself,
But sum up all I ask in *Artaxerxes*.

ARTAXERXES.

And doubt not but the Gods will kindly hear
Their Virgin Votary, and grant her Pray'r:
Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence chears the World he did create,
Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
And own the kindred Beauties of thy Eyes;
The Eyes, which, could his own fair Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An APARTMENT *in the* PALACE.

Enter MEMNON *and* MAGAS.

MEMNON.

THOSE who are wiſe in Courts, my holy Sir,
Make Friendſhips with the Miniſters of State,
Nor ſeek the Ruins of a wretched Exile,
Leſt there ſhould be Contagion in Misfortunes,
And make th' Alliance fatal.

MAGAS.

Friends like *Memnon*,
Are worth being ſought in Danger: Since this Age,
Of moſt flagitious Note, degenerates
From the fam'd Virtue of our Anceſtors,
And leaves but few Examples of their Excellence,
Whom ſhould we ſeek for Friendſhips but thoſe few,
Thoſe happy few, within whoſe Breaſts alone
The Footſteps of loſt Virtue yet remain?

MEMNON.

I prithee Peace; for nothing miſbecomes
The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery;
Flattery! the meaneſt kind of baſe diſſembling,
And only us'd to catch the groſſeſt Fools:
Beſides, it ſtains the Honour of thy Function,
Which, like the Gods thou ſerv'ſt, ſhould be ſincere.

MAGAS.

By that Sincerity, by all the Service
My Friendſhip can expreſs, I would approve it;

And

And tho' I went not from *Perſepolis*
Companion of your Exile, yet my Heart
Was with you ſtill; and what I could I did,
Beſeeching ev'ry God for your Return:
Nor were thoſe Vows in vain, ſince once again
'Tis giv'n me to behold my Friend; nay more,
Would you agree, to keep you here for ever.

MEMNON.

The Gods, 'tis true, are juſt, and have, I hope,
At length decreed an end to my Misfortunes;
At leaſt they give me this, to die with Honour,
When Life grows vile or burdenſome.

MAGAS.

By me they offer all that you can aſk,
And point an eaſy Way to Happineſs.
Spare them the Wounds our wretched Country fears,
The thouſand Ills which Civil Diſcord brings.
Oh ſtill that Noiſe of War, whoſe dread Alarms
Frighten Repoſe from Country Villages,
And ſtir rude Tumult up, and wild Diſtraction
In all our peaceful Cities.

MEMNON.

Witneſs for me,
Ye awful Gods, who view our inmoſt Thoughts!
I took not Arms, till urg'd by Self-defence,
The eldeſt Law of Nature.
Impute not then thoſe Ills which may enſue
To me, but thoſe who with inceſſant Hate
Purſue my Life, whoſe Malice ſpreads the Flame
To every part, that my devoted Fabric
May in the univerſal Ruin burn.

MAGAS.

And yet ev'n there perhaps you judge too raſhly,
Impetuous Paſſion hurries you ſo faſt,
You cannot mark th' Advantage of your Fortune.

MEMNON.

Has not the Law been urg'd to ſet a Brand
Of foul Diſhonour on my hoary Head?
Ha! Am I not proſcrib'd?

MAGAS.

Forget that Thought;
That jarring grates your Soul, and turns the Harmo
Of bleſſed Peace to curſt infernal Diſcord.
Hate and its fatal Cauſes all ſhall ceaſe,
And *Memnon*'s Name be honour'd as of old,
The braveſt and the moſt ſucceſsful Warrior,
The fortunate Defender of his Country.

MEMNON.

'Tis true (nor will it ſeem a Boaſt to own)
I have fought well for *Perſia*, and repay'd
The Benefit of Birth with honeſt Service;
Full fifty Years harneſs'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blaſt,
And the ſeverer Heats of parching Summer:
While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches
Amidſt a Crew of Harlots and ſoft Eunuchs,
Were at my Coſt ſecure in Luxury:
This is a juſtice *Mirza*'s Self muſt do me.

MAGAS.

Even he, tho' fatal Accidents have ſet
A moſt unhappy Bar between your Friendſhip,
Lamenting that there had been Cauſe of Enmity,
And owning all the Merit of your Virtues,
Will often wiſh Fate had ordain'd you Friends.

MEMNON.

Our God, the Sun, ſhall ſooner change his Courſe
And all th' Impoſſibilities, which Poets
Count to extravagance of looſe Deſcription,
Shall ſooner be.

MAGAS.

Yet hear me, noble *Memnon*:
When by the Duty of my Prieſthood mov'd,
And in juſt Deteſtation of the Miſchiefs
Inteſtine Jars produce, I urg'd wiſe *Mirza*,
By his Concurrence, Help, and Healing Counſel,
To ſtop thoſe Wounds at which his Country bleeds;
Griev'd at the Thought, he vow'd his whole Endeavo
Should be to cloſe thoſe Breaches:
That ev'n *Cleander*'s Death, and all thoſe Quarrels

Th

That long have nouriſh'd Hatred in your Houſes,
Should be in Joy of public Peace forgotten.

MEMNON.

Oh couldſt thou charm the Malice of a Stateſman,
And make him quit his Purpoſe of Revenge,
Thy Preaching might reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more.

MAGAS.

Nay, ev'n the Queen
Will bind the Confirmation by her Son,
And aſk the fair *Ameſtris* for Prince *Artaban*.

MEMNON.

Were that the only Terms, it were impoſſible.

MAGAS.

You wou'd not ſhun th' Alliance of a Prince?

MEMNON.

No; for it is the Glory of my Fate,
That *Artaxerxes* is deſign'd my Son,
With ev'ry Grace and Royal Virtue crown'd;
Great, juſt, and merciful, ſuch as Mankind
(When, in the Infant World, firſt Governments
Began by Choice) would have deſign'd a King.

MAGAS.

Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatneſs give
To Kings that Luſtre, which we think divine;
The Wiſe, who know 'em, know they are but Men,
Nay, ſometimes weak ones too: the Crowd, indeed,
Who kneel before the Image, not the God,
Worſhip the Deity their Hands have made.
The Name of *Artaban* will be as great
As that of *Cyrus*, when he ſhall poſſeſs
(As ſure he ſhall) his Throne.

MEMNON.

Ha! What means he?
This Villian Prieſt! But hold my Rage a little,
And learn Diſſimulation: I'll try him further. [*Aſide.*
You talk in Riddles, when you name a Throne
And *Artaban*; the Gods who portion out
The Lots of Princes as of private Men,
Have put a Bar between his Hopes and Empire.

MAGAS.

What bar?

MEMNON.

The beſt, an elder Brother's Claim.

MAGAS.

That's eaſily remov'd; the King their Father,
On juſt and weighty Reaſons, has decreed
His Scepter to the Younger; add to this,
The joint Concurrence of our *Perſian* Lords,
Who only want your Voice to make it firm.

MEMNON

Can I, can they, can any honeſt Hand,
Join in an Act like this? Is not the Elder
By Nature pointed out for Preference?
Is not his Right inroll'd among thoſe Laws
Which keeps the World's vaſt Frame in beauteous Order?
Aſk thoſe thou nam'ſt but now, what made them Lords?
What Titles had they had, if Merit only
Could have conferr'd a Right; if Nature had not
Strove hard to thruſt the worſt-deſerving firſt,
And ſtamp'd the noble Mark of Elderſhip
Upon their baſer Metal?

MAGAS.

Sure there may be
Reaſons of ſo much Pow'r and cogent Force,
As may ev'n ſet aſide this Right of Birth;
If Sons have Rights, yet Fathers have 'em too.
'Twere an invidious Taſk to enter into
The Inſolence, and other Faults, which mov'd
Royal *Arſaces* to a juſt Diſpleaſure
Againſt his eldeſt Son, Prince *Artaxerxes*.

MEMNON

Ha! dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not
To brand the ſpotleſs Virtue of my Prince
With falſhoods of moſt baſe and damn'd Contrivance.
I tell thee, envious Prieſt, ſhould the juſt Gods
Require ſevere Account of thy paſt Life,
And charge Remembrance to diſpoſe thy crimes,
In Rank and hideous Order to thy View,
Horror and Guilt of Soul would make thee mad,

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

You take the Matter further than I meant it:
My Friendſhip only aims at your Advantage,
Would point you out a Way to Peace and Honour,
And in return of this, your Rage unkindly
Loads me with Injuries.

MEMNON.

Away! I cannot bear thy baſe Diſſembling,
My honeſt Soul diſdains thee and thy Friendſhip.
How haſt thou dar'd to think ſo vilely of me,
That I would condeſcend to thy mean Arts,
And traffick with thee for a Prince's Ruin?
A Prince the Joy and Honour of Mankind,
As much ſuperior to the reſt of Kings,
As they themſelves are above common Men;
And is the very Image of the Gods.
Wer't thou not privileg'd like Age and Women,
My Sword ſhould reach thee, and revenge the Wrong
Thy Tongue has done his Fame.

MAGAS.

Ungrateful Lord!
Would'ſt thou invade my Life, as a Return
For proffer'd Love? But let th' Event declare
How great a Good by me ſincerely offer'd,
Thy dull Romantic Honour has refus'd.
And ſince I have diſcharg'd the Dept I ow'd
To former Friendſhip, if the Gods hereafter
Send Ruin down, and plague thee with Confuſion,
Remember me in vain, and curſe thy Folly.

[*Exit* Magas.

MEMNON.

No, my Remembrance treaſures honeſt Thoughts.
And holds not things like thee; I ſcorn thy Friendſhip,
And would not owe my Life to ſuch a Villan:
But thou art hardly Saint enough to propheſy.
Were all thy Tribe like thee, it might well ſtartle
Our Lay unlearned Faith, when through ſuch Hands
The Knowledge of the Gods is reach'd to Man,
But thus thoſe Gods inſtruct us, that not all
Who like Intruders thruſt into their Service,

And turn the holy Office to a Trade)
Participate their ſacred Influence.
This then is your own Cauſe; ye awful Powers,
Revenge yourſelves, your violated Alters,
That thoſe who with unhallow'd Hands approach,
May tremble at your Juſtice. [*Exit* Memnon.

SCENE II. *The PALACE.*

Enter the QUEEN, ARTABAN, MIRZA, MAGAS, *and Attendants.*

ARTABAN.

My Brother then is come!

MIRZA.

My Lord, I ſaw him,
With him old haughty *Memnon*; as they paſs'd,
With fierce Diſdain they view'd the gazing Crowd,
And with dumb Pride ſeem'd to neglect that Worſhip
Which yet they wiſh'd to find: this way they move;
'Tis ſaid to aſk an Audience of the King.

QUEEN.

Mirza, 'tis well, I thank thy timely Care;
Here will we face this Storm of Inſolence,
Nor fear the noiſy Thunder; let it roll,
Then burſt, and ſpend at once its idle Rage.

ARTABAN.

Why meet we thus like wrangling Advocates,
To urge the Juſtice of our Cauſe with Words?
I hate this Parle, 'tis tame: if we muſt meet,
Give me my Arms, and let us ſtake at once
Our Rights of Merit and of Elderſhip,
And prove like Men our Title.

MIRZA.

'Twere unſafe,
They come ſurrounded by a Crowd of Friends:
To ſtrike thro' theſe were dangerous and raſh.
Fate waits for them elſewhere with certain Ruin;
From *Mirza*'s Hand expect it.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Be it ſo:
Auſpicious Sage, I truſt thee with my Fortune.
My Hopes of Greatneſs, do thou guide 'em all,
For me and for thyſelf. My Son, give way,
Nor let thy haſty Youth diſturb with Outrage
The preſent neceſſary Face of Peace;
Occaſions great and glorious will remain
Worthy thy Arms and Courage.

ARTABAN.

I obey.
And willingly reſign th' unmanly Taſk.
Words are indeed your Province.

MIRZA.

My Royal Miſtreſs,
Prepare to meet with more than brutal Fury
From the fierce Prince and *Memnon*.

QUEEN.

Well I know
The Inſolence and native Pride of each;
With ſcurrile Taunts and blackeſt Infamy
They load my Name: But let the Wretches rail,
A Woman's Vengeance waits 'em.

MIRZA.

They are here.

Enter ARTAXERXES, MEMNON, *and Attendants.*

ARTAXERXES.

Ye tutelar Gods, who guard this Royal Fabric,
And thou, O *Oroſmades*, the Protector
Of the great *Perſian* Race, e'er yet my Father,
Royal *Arſaces*, mingle with your Godheads,
Grant me once more to lay before his Feet
His Eldeſt born, his once lov'd *Artaxerxes*,
To offer my Obedience to his Age;
All that a Son can owe to ſuch a Father.
You, who with haggard Eyes ſtare wildly on me,
If (as by your Attendance here you ſeem)
You ſerve the King my Father, lead me to him.

QUEEN.

And doſt thou wonder that Mankind ſhould ſtare,
When Parricides and Rebels, in deſpite
Of Nature, Majeſty, and reverend Age,
With impious Force and ruffian Violence,
Would rob a King and Father of his Life;
Cut off his ſhort Remains?——

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! ſay'ſt thou, Woman!
I prithee Peace, and urge not a Reply;
I would not hold Acquaintance with thy Infamy.

QUEEN.

Ye righteous Pow'rs, whoſe Juſtice awes the World,
Let not your Thunders ſleep when Crimes like theſe
Stalk in the open Air.

ARTAXERXES.

Thy Prieſt inſtructs thee,
Elſe ſure thou hadſt not dar'd to tempt the Gods,
And trifle with their Juſtice; Canſt thou name it,
And look on me? on me, whom thy curſt Arts
Have ſtrove to bar from native Right to Empire,
Made me a Stranger to a Father's Love,
And broke the Bands of Nature, which once held me
The neareſt to his Heart?

QUEEN.

Had he not Reaſon,
When thou with Rebel Inſolence didſt dare
To own and to protect that hoary Ruffian;
[*Pointing to* Memnon.
And in deſpite ev'n of thy Father's Juſtice,
To ſtir the factious Rabble up to Arms
For him; and make a Murd'rer's Cauſe thy own?

MEMNON.

I had another Name (nor ſhouldſt thou move me,
Inſulting Queen, to Words, did not Remembrance
With Horror ſting my Soul for *Tiribaſus*,
Thy murder'd Lord) when by my fatal Orders,
And by his own high Courage urg'd, he fell,
To make thy way to guilty Greatneſs eaſy.
I thought him then a Traitor (for thy Arts

Had

Had taught the Royal Mandate ſo to call him)
Too big for public Juſtice, and on that Pretence
Conſented to the Snare that catch'd his Life;
So my obedient Honeſty was made
The Pander to thy Luſt and black Ambition.
Except the Guilt of that accurſed Day,
In all my Iron Years of Wars and Danger,
From blooming Youth down to decaying Age,
My Fame ne'er knew a Stain of foul Diſhonour;
And if that make me guilty, think what thou art,
The Cauſe and the Contriver of that Miſchief.

QUEEN.

What nam'ſt thou *Tiribaſus!* Be his Guilt
Forgotten with his Memory. Think on *Cleander*,
And let the Furies that enquire for Blood,
Stir Horror up, and bittereſt Remorſe,
To gnaw thy anxious Soul. Oh great *Cleander!*
Unworthy was thy Fate, thou firſt of Warriors
To fall beneath a baſe Aſſaſſian's Stab,
Whom all the thirſty Inſtruments of Death
Had in the Field of Battle fought in vain.

MEMNON.

In Sight of Heaven, and of the equal Gods,
I will avow that my Revenge was juſt;
My injur'd Honour could not aſk for leſs:
Since he refus'd to do a Soldier's Juſtice,
I us'd him as I ought.

QUEEN.

Amazing Boldneſs!
And dar'ſt thou call that Act a Soldier's Juſtice?
Did'ſt thou not meet him with diſſembled Friendſhip,
Hiding the Rancour of thy Heart in Smiles?
When he (whoſe open unſuſpecting Nature
Thought thee a Soldier honeſt as himſelf)
Came to the Banquet as ſecure of Peace,
By mutual Vows renew'd; and in the Revel
Of that luxurious Day, forgetting Hate,
And every Cauſe of ancient Animoſity,
Devoted all his Thoughts to Mirth and Friendſhip:
Then *Memnon* (at an Hour when few are Villains,

The

The ſprightly Juice infuſing gentler Thoughts,
And kindling Love ev'n in the coldeſt Breaſts)
Unequal to him in the Face of War,
Stole on *Cleander* with a Coward's Malice,
And ſtruck him to the Heart.

MEMNON.

By the ſtern God,
By *Mars*, the Patron of my honour'd Wars,
'Tis baſely falſe. In his own drunken Brawl
The Boaſter fell. I bore his lawleſs Tongue,
Nor thought him worth my Sword, 'till (his cold Temper
Warm'd with the Wine) he dar'd me to the Combat;
Then pleas'd to meet him in that Fit of Valour,
I took him at his Word, and (with my Sword
Drawn againſt his in equal Oppoſition)
I kill'd him while it laſted.

ARTAXERXES.

Ceaſe we, my Friend,
This Women's War of Railing; when they talk,
Men ſhould be ſtill, and let Noiſe tire itſelf.
I came to find a Father, tho' my Fears
Suggeſt the worſt of Evils to my Thoughts,
And make me dread to hear *Ariſaces'* Fate:
Lead, *Memnon*, to the Preſence.

QUEEN.

Prince, you paſs not;
Guards, keep the Door; the King your Father lives.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha!— if he lives, why lives he not to me?
Why am I thus ſhut out and baniſh'd from him?
Why are my Veins rich with his Royal Blood?
Why did he give me Life, if not to ſerve him?
Forbid me not to wait upon his Bed,
And watch his ſickly Slumbers, that my Youth
May with its Service glad his drooping Age,
And his cold Hand may bleſs me ere he die.
Nay, be a Queen, and rob me of his Crown,
But let me keep my Right to filial Piety.

QUEEN.

Well haſt thou urg'd the ſpecious Name of Duty

To

To hide deform'd Rebellion: Haſt thou not
With thy falſe Arts poiſon'd his People's Loyalty?
What meant thy pompous Progreſs thro' the Empire?
Thy vaſt Profuſion to the factious Nobles,
Whoſe Intereſt ſways the Crowd, and ſtirs up Mutiny?
Why did thy haughty, fierce, diſdainful Soul
Stoop to the meaneſt Arts which catch the Vulgar?
Herd with 'em, fawn upon 'em, and careſs 'em?
Appeal to them, to them relate thy Wrongs,
And make them Judges of thy Father's Juſtice?
Thy cruel and unnatural Luſt of Power
Has ſunk thy Father more than all his Years,
And made him wither in a green old Age.

ARTAXERXES.

Falſe all as Hell: Nor had I arm'd my Friends,
But to defend that Right——

QUEEN.

Doſt thou not come,
Impatient of Delay, to haſten Fate?
To bring that Death, the lingering Diſeaſe
Would only for a Day or two defer?

ARTAXERXES.

I hear thee, and diſdain thy little Malice,
That dares to ſtain my Virtue with a Crime.
It views with moſt Abhorrence; but Reproach
Is loſt on thee, ſince Modeſty, with all
The Virtues that adorn thy Sex, is fled.

QUEEN.

Audacious Rebel!

ARTAXERXES.

Infamous Adultreſs!
Stain of my Father's Bed, and of his Throne!

ARTABAN.

Villain, thou ly'ſt. Oh Madam, give me way,
[*To the Queen, who holds him, drawing his Sword.*
Whatever bars my Fury, calls me baſe,
Unworthy of the Honour of your Son.

QUEEN.

Hold, *Artaban*; My Honour ſuffers not
From his lewd Breath, nor ſhall thy Sword profane

With

With Brawls or Blood the Reverence of this Place,
To Peace and ſacred Majeſty devoted.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! Who art thou?

ARTABAN.

The Son of great *Arſaces.*

ARTAXERXES.

No, 'tis falſe; thy forging Mother's damn'd Contrivance. [*Pointing to* Mirza.
Seek for thy Father in that plotting Fellow.
The Hero's Race diſclaims thee. Why doſt thou frown.
And knit thy Boyiſh Brow? Doſt thou dare ought
Worthy the Rank of the Divine *Arſaces?*
If ſo, come forth, break from that Woman's Arms,
And meet me with thy good Sword like a Man.

ARTABAN.

Yes, *Artaxerxes*, yes; thou ſhalt be met:
The mighty Gods have held us in the Balance,
And one of us is doom'd to ſink for ever;
Nor can I bear a long Delay of Fate,
But wiſh the great Deciſion were ev'n now:
Proud and Ambitious Prince, I dare like thee
All that is great and glorious. Like thine,
Immortal Thirſt of Empire fires my ſoul;
My Soul, which of ſuperior Power impatient,
Diſdains thy Elderſhip; therefore in Arms
(Which give the nobleſt Right to Kings) I will
To Death diſpute with thee the Throne of *Cyrus.*

ARTAXERXES.

Do this, and thou art worthy of my Anger;
O Energy Divine of great Ambition,
That can inform the Souls of beardleſs Boys,
And ripen 'em to Men in Spite of Nature!
I tell thee, Boy, that Empire is a Cauſe,
For which the Gods might wage immortal War.
Then let my Soul exert her utmoſt Virtue,
And think at leaſt thou art *Arſaces'* Son,
That the Idea of thy fancy'd Father
May raiſe and animate thy leſſer Genius,
And make thee fit to meet my Arm in Battle.

ARTA-

ARTABAN.

Oh doubt not but my Soul is charm'd with Greatneſs,
So much it rivals ev'n the Joy of Knowledge
And ſacred Wiſdom. What makes Gods divine,
But Power and Science Infinite?
Hear only this; our Father, preſs'd by Age,
And a long Train of Evils which that brings,
Languiſhes in the laſt Extremes of Life:
Since thou wouldſt blot my Birth with baſe Diſhonour,
Be this my Proof of filial Piety,
While yet he lives, ceaſe we our Enmity;
Nor let the hideous Noiſe of War diſturb
His parting Soul.

ARTAXERXES.

I take thee at thy Word:
Let his Remains of Life be Peace betwixt us,
And after that let all our Time be War.
Remember when we meet, ſince one muſt fall,
Who conquers and ſurvives, ſurvives to Empire.

[*Exeunt ſeverally,* Queen *and* Artab. Artax. Mem. [*cum ſuis.*

Manent MIRZA *and* MAGAS.

MIRZA.

Moſt fortunate Event! which gives us more
Than ev'n our Wiſhes could have aſk'd. This Truce
Gives lucky Opportunity for thinking;
'Twill lull theſe thoughtleſs Heroes to Security.

MAGAS.

Th' approaching Feſtival will more confirm it:
Of all thoſe ſacred Times which heretofore
Religion has diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
And to the Service of the Gods devoted,
This has been ſtill moſt venerable held.
Among the Vulgar, Toil and Labour ceaſes;
With Chaplets crown'd they dance to the ſhrill Pipe,
And in their Songs invoke thoſe milder Deities,
That ſoften anxious Life with Peace and Pleaſure;
Slaves are enfranchis'd, and inveterate Foes
Forget, or at the leaſt ſuſpend their Hate,

And

And meet like Friends. Pernicious Diſcord ſeems
Out-rooted from our more than Iron Age:
The Gods are worſhip'd with unuſual Reverence,
Since none, not ev'n our Kings, approach their Temple
With any Mark of War's deſtructive Rage,
But Sacrifice unarm'd.

MIRZA.

A lucky Thought
Is in my Mind at once compleatly form'd,
Like *Grecian Pallas* in the Head of *Jove*.
When *Memnon*, *Artaxerxes*, and their Friends,
Shall, in obedience to the Holy Rites,
To-morrow at the Altars bow unarm'd,
Orchanes with a Party of the Guards,
Who in my Palace ſhall this Night be plac'd,
May at that private Door which opens into
The Temple, ruſh at once, and ſeize 'em all:
The Heads once ſafe, the mean and heartleſs Crowd
With eaſe may be diſpers'd.

MAGAS.

What you propoſe
Wears a ſucceſsful Face, were it as innocent:
An Act of ſuch outrageous Profanation,
May ſhock the Thoughts ev'n of our cloſeſt Friends,
And make 'em ſtart from an abhorr'd Alliance,
That draws the Vengeance of the Gods upon 'em.

MIRZA.

Art thou the firſt to ſtart a Doubt like that?
Art thou (who doſt inſpire their Oracles,
And teach 'em to deceive the eaſy Crowd
In doubtful Phraſe) afraid of thy own Gods?
In every Change they were on thy Side ſtill,
And ſure they will not leave thee now for Trifles.
The Gods ſhall certainly befriend our Cauſe,
At leaſt not be our Foes, nor will they leave
Their happy Seats (where free from Care and Pain,
Bleſs'd in themſelves alone, of Man regardleſs,
They loll ſerene in everlaſting Eaſe)
To mind the trivial Buſineſs of our World.

MAGA

MAGAS.

But more I fear the ſuperſtitious Vulgar,
Who tho' unknowing what Religion means,
Yet nothing moves 'em more than zealous Rage
For its Defence, when they believe it violated.

MIRZA.

I was to blame to tax the Prieſt with Scruples,
Or think his Care of Intereſt was his Conſcience. [*Aſide.*
My Caution ſhall obviate all thy Fears;
We will give out that they themſelves deſign'd
To fire the Temple, and then kill the King.
No Matter, tho' it ſeem not very probable;
More monſtrous Tales have oft amus'd the Vulgar.

MAGAS.

I yield to your Direction; and to ſtrengthen
The Enterprize, will ſecretly diſpoſe
A Party of my own within the Temple,
To join with yours.

MIRZA.

It joys my Heart to think
That I ſhall glut my Vengeance on this *Meninon*;
That I ſhall ſee him ſtrive in vain, and curſe
The happy Fraud that caught him. Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldeſt Huntſmen to the Combat;
'Till catch'd at length within ſome hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain,
While the ſurrounding Swains at Pleaſure wound him,
And make his Death their Sport:
Thus Wit ſtill gets the Maſtery over Courage.
Long time unmatch'd in War the Hero ſhone,
And mighty Fame in Fields of Battle won;
'Till one fine Project of the Stateſman's Brain,
Bereaves him of the Spoils his Arms did gain,
And renders all his boaſted Proweſs vain.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to MIRZA*'s Palace.*

CLEONE is discover'd lying on a Bank of Flowers, BELIZA attending.

SONG, *by* B. Stote, *Esq.*

UPON a shady Bank repos'd,
Philanthe, *amorous, young, and fair,*
Sighing to the Groves disclos'd
The Story of her Care.

The Vocal Groves give some Relief,
While they her Notes return;
The Waters murmur o'er her Grief,
And Echo seems to mourn.

A Swain that heard the Nymph complain,
In pity of the Fair,
Thus kindly strove to cure her Pain,
And ease her Mind of Care.

'Tis just that Love should give you rest,
From Love your Tormeuts came;
Take that warm Cordial to your Breast,
And meet a kinder Flame.

How wretched must the Woman prove,
(Beware, fair Nymph, beware)
Whose Folly scorns another's Love,
And courts her own Despair?

CLEONE.

CLEONE.

Oh Love! Thou Bane of an unhappy Maid!
Still art thou buſy at my panting Heart?
Still doſt thou melt my Soul with thy ſoft Images,
And make my Ruin pleaſing! Fondly I try,
By Gales of Sighs, and Floods of ſtreaming Tears,
To vent my Sorrows, and aſſwage my Paſſions:
Still freſh Supplies renew th' exhauſted Stores.
Love reigns my Tyrant, to himſelf alone
He vindicates the Empire of my Breaſt,
And baniſhes all Thoughts of Joy for ever.

BELIZA.

Why are you ſtill thus cruel to yourſelf?
Why do you feed and cheriſh the Diſeaſe,
That preys on your dear Life? How can you hope
To find a Cure for Love in Solitude?
Why rather chooſe you not to ſhine at Court?
And in a thouſand gay Diverſions there,
To loſe the Memory of this wretched Paſſion?

CLEONE.

Alas! *Beliza*, thou haſt never known
The fatal Power of a reſiſtleſs Love:
Like that avenging Guilt that haunts the Impious,
In vain we hope by flying to avoid it;
In Courts and Temples it purſues us ſtill,
And in the loudeſt Clamours will be heard:
It grows a Part of us, lives in our Blood,
And every beating Pulſe proclaims its Force.
Oh! think not then that I can ſhun myſelf;
The Grave can only hide me from my Sorrows.

BELIZA.

Allow me then at leaſt to ſhare your Griefs;
Companions in Misfortunes make 'em leſs;
And I could ſuffer much to make you eaſy.

CLEONE.

Sit by me, gentle maid, and while I tell
A wretched Tale of unregarded Love,
If thou, in kind Compaſſion of my Woes,
Shall ſigh or ſhed a Tear for my Miſhap,

My

My grateful Eyes ſhall pay it back with Intereſt.
Help me to rail at my too eaſy Heart,
That raſhly entertain'd this fatal Gueſt:
And you, my Eyes, why were you ſtill impatient
Of any other Sight but *Artaxerxes?*
Why did you make my Woman's Heart acquainted
With all the thouſand Graces and Perfections,
That dreſs the lovely Hero up for Conqueſt?

BELIZA.

Had you oppos'd this Paſſion in its Infancy,
Ere Time had given it Strength, it might have dy'd.

CLEONE.

That was the fatal Error that undid me:
My Virgin Thoughts, and unexperienc'd Innocence,
Found not the Danger till it was too late;
And tho' when firſt I ſaw the charming Prince,
I felt a pleaſing Motion at my Heart,
Short-breathing Sighs heav'd in my panting Breaſt,
The mounting Blood fluſh'd in my glowing Face,
And dy'd my Cheeks with more than uſual Bluſhes;
I thought him, ſure, the Wonder of his Kind,
And wiſh'd my Fate had giv'n me ſuch a Brother:
Yet knew not that I lov'd, but thought that all,
Like me, beheld and bleſs'd him for his Excellence.

BELIZA.

Sure never hopeleſs Maid was curs'd before
With ſuch a wretched Paſſion; all the Gods
Join to oppoſe your Happineſs; 'tis ſaid
This Day the Prince ſhall wed the fair *Ameſtris.*

CLEONE.

No, my *Beliza,* I have never known
The pleaſing Thoughts of Hope: Certain Deſpair
Was born at once, and with my Love increas'd.

BELIZA.

Think you the Prince has e'er perceiv'd your Thoughts?

CLEONE.

Forbid it, all ye chaſter Powers, that favour
The Modeſty and Innocence of Maids:
No, till my Death, no other Breaſt but thine

Shall

Shall e'er participate the fatal Secret.
O could I think that he had ever known
My hidden Flame, Shame and Confuſion
Would force my Virgin Soul to leave her Manſion,
And certain Death enſue.
Thou nam'ſt the fair *Amaſtris*, did'ſt thou not?

BELIZA.

Madam, I did.

CLEONE.

I envy not her Happineſs.
Tho' ſure few of our Sex are bleſs'd like her
In ſuch a Godlike Lord.
Would I had been a Man!
With Honour then I might have ſought his Friendſhip;
Perhaps from long Experience of my Faith,
He might have lov'd me better than the reſt;
Amidſt the Dangers of the horrid War,
Still had I been the neareſt to his Side;
In Courts and Triumphs ſtill had ſhar'd his Joys;
Or when the ſportful Chaſe had call'd us forth,
Together had we cheer'd our foaming Steeds,
Together preſs'd the Savage o'er the Plain;
And when o'er-labour'd with the pleaſing Toil,
Stretch'd on the verdant Soil had ſlept together.
But whither does my roving Fancy wander?
Theſe are the ſick Dreams of fantaſtick Love.
So in the Calenture the Seaman fancies
Green Fields and flow'ry Meadows on the Ocean,
Till leaping in, the Wretch is loſt for ever.

BELIZA.

Try but the common Remedies of Love,
And let a ſecond Flame expel the firſt.

CLEONE.

Impoſſible; as well thou may'ſt imagine,
When thou complain'ſt of Heat at ſcorching Noon,
Another Sun ſhall riſe to ſhine more kindly.
Believe me, my *Beliza*, I am grown
So fond of the Deluſion that has charm'd me,
I hate the officious Hand that offers Cure.

BELIZA

BELIZA.

Madam, Prince *Artaban!*

CLEONE.

My cruel Stars!
Do you then envy me my very Solitude?
But Death, the Wretch's only Remedy,
Shall hide me from your hated Light for ever.

Enter ARTABAN.

ARTABAN.

Ah, lovely Mourner! ſtill, ſtill wilt thou blaſt
My eager Love with unauſpicious Tears?
When at thy Feet I kneel, and ſue for Pity,
Or juſtly of thy cold Regards complain,
Still wilt thou only anſwer me with Sighs?

CLEONE.

Alas! my Lord, what Anſwer can I give?
If ſtill I entertain you with my Grief,
Pity the Temper of a wretched Maid,
By Nature ſad, and born the Child of Sorrow:
In vain you aſk for Happineſs from me,
Who want it for myſelf.

ARTABAN.

Can blooming Youth,
And Virgin Innocence, that knows not Guilt,
Know any Cauſe for Grief?

CLEONE.

Do but ſurvey
The miſerable State of Human Kind,
Where Wretches are the general Increaſe,
And tell me if there be not Cauſe for Grief.

ARTABAN.

Such Thoughts as theſe, my fair Philoſopher,
Inhabit wrinkled Cheeks, and hollow Eyes;
The Marks which Years ſet on the wither'd Sage:
The gentle Goddeſs, Nature, wiſely has
Allotted other Cares for Youth and Beauty:
The God of Love ſtands ready with his Torch
To light it at thy Eyes, but ſtill in vain,
For e're the Flame can catch, 'tis drown'd in Tears.

CLEONE.

CLEONE.

Oh! name not Love, the worſt of all Misfortunes,
The common Ruin of my eaſy Sex,
Which I have ſworn for ever to avoid,
In Memory of all thoſe hapleſs Maids,
That Love has plung'd in unexampled Woes.

ARTABAN.

Forbear to argue with that Angel Face,
Againſt the Paſſion thou wert form'd to raiſe.
Alas! thy frozen Heart has only known
Love in reverſe, not taſted of its Joys;
The Wiſhes, ſoft Deſires, and pleaſing Pains
That center all in moſt extatic Bliſs.
Oh, lovely Maid, miſpend no more that Treaſure
Of Youth and Charms, which laviſh Nature gives;
The *Paphian* Goddeſs frowns at thy Delay;
By her fair ſelf, and by her Son ſhe ſwears,
Thy Beauties are devoted to her Service.
Lo! now ſhe ſhoots her Fires into my Breaſt,
She urges my Deſires, and bids me ſeize thee,
[*Taking her Hand and kiſſing it.*
And bear thee as a Victim to her Altar:
Then offer up ten thouſand thouſand Joys,
As an Amends for all thy former Coldneſs.

CLEONE.

Forbear, my Lord; or I muſt ſwear to fly
For ever from your Sight.

ARTABAN.

Why doſt thou frown,
And damp the riſing Joy within my Breaſt?
Art thou reſolv'd to force thy gentle Nature,
Compaſſionate to all the World beſide,
And only to me cruel? Shall my Vows,
Thy Father's Interceſſion, all be vain?

CLEONE.

Why do you urge my Father's fatal Power,
To curſe you with a ſad unlucky Bride?
Caſt round your Eyes on our gay Eaſtern Courts,
Where ſmiling Beauties, born to better Fate,

Give Joy to the Beholders:
There bleſs ſome happy Princeſs with your Vows,
And leave the poor *Cleone* to her Sorrows.

ARTABAN.

What Queens are thoſe, of moſt celeſtial Form,
Whoſe Charms can drive thy Image from my Heart
Oh were they caſt in Nature's faireſt Mold,
Brighter than *Cynthia*'s ſhining Train of Stars,
Kind as the ſofteſt She that ever claſp'd
Her Lover, when the Bridal-Night was paſt,
I ſwear I would prefer thee, O *Cleone*,
With all thy Scorn and cold Indifference,
Would chooſe to languiſh and to die for thee,
Much rather than be bleſs'd, and live for them.

CLEONE.

Oh Prince! it is too much; nor am I worthy
The Honour of your Paſſion, ſince 'tis fix'd
By certain and unalterable Fate,
That I can never yield you a Return:
My Thoughts are all to chaſte *Diana* vow'd,
And I have ſworn to die her Virgin Votary.

ARTABAN.

Impoſſible! thou canſt not give away
Mine and thy Father's Right, ev'n to the Gods:
Diana will diſown th' unjuſt Donation,
Nor favour ſuch an Injury to Love.
To every Power Divine I will appeal,
Nor ſhall thy Beauty bribe 'em to be partial.
Their Altars now expect us: Come, fair Saint,
And if thou wilt abide their righteous Doom,
Their Juſtice muſt decree my Happineſs,
Reward my Sufferings, and my Flame approve,
For they themſelves have felt the Power of Love.

[*Exe*

SCEN

SCENE II. *The Temple of the Sun.*

Enter ARTAXERXES, AMESTRIS, *and Attendants.*

ARTAXERXES.

'TIS done! 'Tis done! Oh let me find some Way
To tell the mighty Joy that fills my Breaſt,
Leſt I grow mad with Height of furious Bliſs.
The holy Prieſt has ty'd the ſacred Knot,
And my *Ameſtris* now is all my own!
Oh thou ſoft Charmer! thou excelling Sweetneſs!
Why art thou not tranſported all like me?
I ſwear thou doſt not love thy *Artaxerxes*,
If thou art calm in this Exceſs of Happineſs.

AMESTRIS.

Alas! my Lord, my panting Heart yet trembles
In vaſt Suſpenſe between unruly Joys
And chilling Fears. Somewhat methinks there is
That checks my Soul, and ſays I was too bold
To quit the Pleaſures of my Virgin State,
To barter 'em for Cares and anxious Love.

ARTAXERXES.

Theſe are the Fears which wait on every Bride,
And only ſerve for Preludes to her Joys;
Short Sighs, and all thoſe Motions of thy Heart,
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Deſires.
Soon as the friendly Goddeſs of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkneſs o'er thy Bluſhes,
Theſe little cold unneceſſary Doubts
Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms:
And when I preſs thee trembling to my Boſom,
Thou ſhalt confeſs (if there be Room for Words,
Or ev'n for Thoughts) that all thoſe Thoughts are Bliſs.

AMESTRIS.

Yet ſurely mine are more than common Fears:
For, oh! my Prince, when my foreboding Heart
Surveys th' uncertain State of human Joys,
How ſecretly the Malice of our Fate

Unſeen purſues, and often blaſts our Happineſs
In full Security; I juſtly dread,
Leſt Death or Parting, or ſome unſeen Accident,
Much worſe, if poſſible, than each of theſe,
Should curſe us more than ever we were bleſs'd.

ARTAXERXES.

Doubt not the Gods, my Fair, whoſe righteous Power
Shall favour and protect our virtuous Loves.
If ſtill thou apprehend'ſt approaching Danger,
Let us make haſte and ſnatch th' uncertain Joy,
While Fate is in our Power.
Now let us ſtart, and give a looſe to Love,
Feaſt ev'ry Senſe with moſt luxurious Pleaſure,
Improve our Minutes, make 'em more than Years,
Than Ages, and ev'n live the Life of Gods:
If after this, Death or Ill-Fortune comes,
It cannot injure us, ſince we already
Have liv'd and been before-hand with our Fate.

AMESTRIS.

Oh! let me eaſe at once my tender Heart,
And tell my deareſt Lord my worſt of Fears;
There is an Ill which more than Death I dread:
Should you, by Time and long Fruition ſated,
Grow faithleſs, and forget the loſt *Ameſtris*,
Forget that everlaſting Truth you vow'd,
Tho' ſure I ſhould not publicly complain,
Nor to the Gods accuſe my perjur'd Prince,
Yet my ſoft Soul would ſink beneath the Weight;
I ſhould grow mad, and curſe my very Being,
And wiſh I ne'er had been, or not been lov'd.

ARTAXERXES.

Doſt thou?---when every happier Star ſhines for us,
And with propitious Influence gilds our Fortune,
Doſt thou invent fantaſtic Forms of Danger,
And fright thy Soul with Things that are impoſſible?
Now, by the potent God of Love, I ſwear,
I will have ample Vengeance for thy Doubts.
My ſoft complaining Fair, ſhalt thou not pay me
In Joys too fierce for Thought, for theſe Suſpicions?

The

The Bands which hold our Love are knit by Fate,
Nor ſhall decaying Time and Nature looſe 'em.
Beyond the Limits of the ſilent Grave,
Love ſhall ſurvive, immortal as our Beings:
And when at once we climb yon azure Skies,
We will be ſhown to all the Bleſs'd above,
For the moſt conſtant Pair that e'er deſerv'd
To mingle with their Stars.

AMESTRIS.

'Tis true, 'tis true;
Nor ought I to ſuſpect thee. O my Hero!
The Gods have form'd thee for the neareſt Pattern
Of their own Excellence, and perfect Truth.
O let me ſink upon thy gentle Boſom,
And, bluſhing, tell how greatly I am bleſs'd.
Forgive me, Modeſty, if here I vow
That all the Pleaſures of my Virgin State
Were poor and trifling to the preſent Rapture:
A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breaſt,
And while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
Ev'n Thought is loſt in exquiſite Delight.

ARTAXERXES.

Oh thou delicious, perfect, Angel Woman!
Thou art too much for mortal Senſe to bear:
The vernal Bloom and Fragrancy of Spices,
Waſted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
Ambroſial Odors flow; my every Faculty
Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleaſure.
O glorious God of Day, fly ſwiftly forward,
And to thy Siſter's Rule reſign the World:
Nor haſte to riſe again, but let the Night
Long bleſs me with her Stay, that thy Return
At Morn may find me happieſt of my Kind.

Enter MEMNON.

My Father! is there an Increaſe of Joy?
What can ye give, ye Gods, to make it more?

MEMNON.

Ye Bleſſings of my Age! whom when I view,
The Memory of former Woes is loſt.
Oh Prince! well has this glorious Day repay'd
My Youth and Blood ſpent in *Arſaces'* Service.
Nor, had the Gods indulg'd my vaineſt Wiſhes,
Durſt I have aſk'd for ſuch a Son as you are.
But I am roughly bred, in Words unknowing,
Nor can I phraſe my Speech in apt Expreſſion,
To tell how much I love and honor you:
Might I but live to fight one Battle for you,
Tho' with my Life I bought the Victory,
Tho' my old batter'd Trunk were hew'd to Pieces,
And ſcatter'd o'er the Field, yet ſhould I bleſs
My Fate, and think my Years wound up with Honor.

ARTAXERXES.

Doubt not, my noble Father, but ev'n yet
A large Remain of Glory is behind.
When civil Diſcord ſhall be reconcil'd,
And all the Noiſe of Faction huſh'd to Peace,
Rough *Greece*, alike in Arts and Arms ſevere,
No more ſhall brand the *Perſian* Name with Softneſs.
Athens and *Sparta* wond'ring, ſhall behold us,
Strict in our Diſcipline, undaunted, patient
Of War's ſtern Toil, and dread our hoſtile Virtue.
Thoſe ſtubborn Commonwealths, that proudly dare
Diſdain the glorious Monarchs of the *Eaſt*,
Shall pay their Homage to the Throne of *Cyrus*.
And when with Laurels cover'd we return,
My Love ſhall meet, and ſmiling bleſs our Triumph,
While at her Feet I lay the Scepters of the World.

MEMNON.

Oh glorious Theme! By Heav'n it fires my Age,
And kindles Youth again in my cold Veins.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! *Mirza* and the Queen! retire, my Fair;
Ungentle Hate, and brawling Rage, ſhall not
Diſturb the Peace, to which this happy Day
Is doubly ſacred. Forward, to the Altar.

[*Exeunt* Artaxerxes, Ameſtris, Memnon, *and Attendants.*

Enter at the other Door, QUEEN, MIRZA, *and Attendants.*

MIRZA.

All are diſpos'd, and Fate but waits our Orders
For a deciding Blow.

QUEEN.

Your Caution was
Both wiſe and faithful, not to truſt my Son
Too raſhly with a Secret of this Nature:
The Youth, tho' great of Soul, and fond of Glory,
Yet leans to the fantaſtic Rules of Honour,
Would heſitate at ſuch an Act as this,
Tho' future Empire ſhould depend upon it.

MIRZA.

When Time ſhall add Experience to that Knowledge,
With which his early Youth is richly fraught,
He'll be convinc'd that only Fools would loſe
A Crown for notionary Principles.
Honor is the unthinking Soldier's Boaſt,
Whoſe dull Head cannot reach thoſe finer Arts,
By which Mankind is govern'd.

QUEEN.

And yet it gives a Luſtre to the Great,
And makes the Crowd adore 'em.

MIRZA.

Your Son ſhall reap
The whole Advantage, while we bear the Guilt:
You, Madam, when the ſacred Hymns are finiſh'd,
Muſt with the Prince retire; our Foes when ſeiz'd,
Within the Temple may be beſt ſecur'd,
Till you diſpoſe their Fate.

QUEEN.

The Rites attend us; [*Solemn Muſick is heard.*
This Day my Son is Monarch of the Eaſt.

MIRZA.

Lend us, ye Gods, your Temples but this Day,
You ſhall be paid with Ages of Devotion,
And after this for ever undiſturb'd,
Brood o'er your ſmoaking Altars.

[*Exeunt Queen,* Mirza, *and Attendants.*

SCENE III.

The Scene opening, ſhews the Altar of the Sun, MAGAS, *and ſeveral other Prieſts, attending. Solemn Muſic is heard: then enter on one Side,* MEMNON, ARTAXERXES, AMESTRIS, *and Attendants; on the other Side, the* QUEEN, MIRZA, ARTABAN, CLEONE, CLEANTHES, *and Attendants: they all bow towards the Altar, and then range themſelves on each Side of the Stage, while the following Hymn is performed in Parts, and Chorus by the Prieſts.*

HYMN *to the* Sun, *by* W. SHIPPEN, *Eſq.*

HAIL, Light, that doubly glads our Sphere,
Glory and Triumph of the Year!
Hail, Feſtival, for ever bleſt,
By the adoring raviſh'd Eaſt!

Hail, Mithras, *mighty Deity!*
For Fire and Air, and Earth and Sea,
From thee their Origin derive,
Motion *and* Form *from thee receive.*

When Matter *yet unaſted lay,*
No ſooner thou infus'd'ſt thy Ray,
But the dull Maſs its Power obey'd,
But an harmonious World was made.

Which ſtill, when thou withdraw'ſt thy Beams,
An undiſtinguiſh'd Chaos *ſeems;*
For what are Objects without Sight;
Or Viſion when involv'd in Night?

Night is an univerſal Grave,
Where Things but doubtful Beings have;
Till then thy Beams illuminate,
And, as it were, again create.
Chorus, *&c.*

Hail,

Hail, Source of immaterial Fire,
That ne'er began, can ne'er expire;
Whose Orb, with streaming Glories fraught,
Dazzles the Ken of human Thought!

All the dependant Spheres above,
By thy Directions shine and move:
All purer Beings here below,
From thy immediate Essence flow.

What is the Soul of Man, but Light,
Drawn down from thy transcendent Height?
What but an intellectual Beam!
A Spark of thy immortal Flame!

For as thou rul'st with gladsome Rays
The greater World, so this the less;
And like thy own diffusive Soul,
Shoots Life and Vigor thro' the Whole.

Since then from Thee at first it came,
To Thee, tho' clogg'd, it points its Flame;
And conscious of superior Birth,
Despises this unkindred Earth.
Chorus, &c.

Hail, Oromades, *Pow'r Divine!*
Permit us to approach thy Shrine;
Permit thy Votaries to raise
Their grateful Voices to thy Praise.

Thou art the Father of our Kings,
The Stem whence their high Lineage springs;
The Sov'reign Lord that does maintain
Their uncontrol'd and boundless Reign.

O then assist thy drooping Son,
Who long has grac'd our Persian *Throne!*
O may he yet extend his Sway!
We yet Arsaces' *Rule obey!*

Let thy Vitality *impart*
New Spirits to his fainting Heart;
Let him, like thee (from whom he ſprung)
Be ever active, ever young.
Chorus, *&c.*

When the Muſick is ended, Memnon, Artaxerxes, *&c.* *Queen,* Artaban, *&c. go off as they enter'd, ſeverally, only* Mirza *comes forward, and the Scene ſhuts; he looks after* Ameſtris *going out, and then ſpeaks.*

MIRZA.

What means this foreign Warmth within my Breaſt?
Is this a Time for any Thought but Vengeance?
That fatal Beauty dazzles my weak Senſe,
And blaſts the Reſolution of my Soul:
My Eyes in Contradiction to my Purpoſe,
Still bent to her, and drunk the Poiſon in;
While I ſtood ſtupid in Suſpenſe of Thought:
And now like Oil my flaming Spirits blaze;
My Arteries, my Heart, my Brain is ſcorch'd,
And I am all one Fury. Feeble *Mirza!*
Canſt thou give Way to Dotage, and become
The Jeſt of Fools? No! 'tis impoſſible:
Revenge ſhall rouze, and with her Iron Whips
Laſh forth this lazy Ague from my Blood,
This Malady of Girls. Remember, Stateſman,
Thy Fate and future Fortunes now are forming,
And ſummon all thy Counſels to their Aid,
Ev'n thy whole Soul, It wo'not be; *Ameſtris*
Still riſes uppermoſt in all my Thoughts,
The Maſter-piece of Nature. The Boy God
Laughs at my Rage, and triumphs o'er my Folly.
[*A tumultuous Noiſe is heard.*
Ha! by the Gods 'tis doing! Now, my Stars,
Be kind, and make me Maſter of my Wiſh at once.

Enter MAGAS.

But ſee, the Prieſt---Why doſt thou ſtare and tremble?
Have we ſucceeded? Say; and eaſe my Fears.

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

My Soul is pierc'd with Horror! Every God
Seems from his Shrine to threaten us with Vengeance,
The Temple reels, and all its pond'rous Roof
Nods at the Profanation.

MIRZA.

Base and fearful!
How can thy wretched Soul conceive such Monsters?
Canst thou, who wouldst be great, be superstitious?
But 'tis the Coward's Vice. Say, are our Enemies secur'd?

MAGAS.

They are; the Prince, old *Memnon*, and his Daughter,
Are in *Orchanes'* Hands, only *Tigranes*
With some of lesser Note are fled.

MIRZA.

No Matter:
These are the Soul, the rest a lifeless Mass,
Not worth our Apprehension.

MAGAS.

Will you stay,
To meet the furious Thunder of their Rage?

MIRZA.

I will: Thou may'st retire, and summon back
Thy scatter'd Spirits: Let not the Crowd see
Thy Fears; 'twill make thee vile and cheap among 'em.
[*Exit* Magas.

Enter Artaxerxes, Memnon, *and* Amestris, *Prisoners*, Orchanes *and Guards.*

ARTAXERXES.

Slave! Villain! Answer, say how hast thou dar'd
To do this Insolence?

ORCHANES.

I know my Orders,
Which from the Queen my Mistress I receiv'd,
Who will avow her own Authority.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! from the Queen? She durst not, 'tis impossible!
'Tis Sacrilege! 'tis Treason! 'tis Damnation!

.m I not *Artaxerxes?* Born to Empire,
he next degree to Gods. O thou bright Sun!
That roll'ſt above, the Object of our Worſhip,
Canſt thou behold, and not avenge thy Race?
Thy injur'd Race? If I could ought admit
Unworthy of thy great Original,
Let me be doom'd to fall this Villain's Slave.
If not, why am I made the Scorn of Wretches
So much below me, that they hardly ſhare
The common Privilege of Kind; but are
As Beaſts to Men———

MEMNON.

See where the Maſter Villain ſtands! Unmov'd
And harden'd in Impiety, he laughs
At the fictitious Juſtice of the Gods,
And thinks their Thunder has not Wings to reach him.
But know, the Joy thy Triumph brings is ſhort:
My Fate (if the Gods govern) or at leaſt
My Mind's beyond thy Reach, and ſcorns thy Malice.

MIRZA.

Dull valiant Fool, thy Ruin is the leaſt,
The moſt ignoble Triumph of my Wit.
Cleander's Blood aſks for ſubſtantial Vengeance,
And when the Thought that labors in my Breaſt
Appears in Action, thou ſhalt know the Cauſe
Why I remain to view thy hated Face,
That blaſts me with its Preſence; thou ſhalt know it,
And curſe thyſelf, curſe the ill-omen'd Day
That gave thee Birth; renouncing all the Gods,
Thyſelf of them renounc'd, ſhalt ſink to Hell
In bittereſt Pangs, and mingle with the Furies.

MEMNON.

Unhallow'd Dog, thou ly'ſt! The utmoſt Force
Of all thy ſtudy'd Malice cannot move me:
And if the Gods in Trial of my Virtue,
Can yield my Life up to thy Hangman's Mercy,
I'll ſhew thee with what Eaſe the Brave and Honeſt
Can put off Life, till thou ſhalt damn thy Arts,
Thy wretched Arts, and Impotence of Malice.

MIRZA.

MIRZA.

Reſt well aſſur'd, thou ſhalt have Cauſe to try
Thy Philoſophic Force of paſſive Virtue.

ARTAXERXES.

O Death to Greatneſs! Can we fall ſo low,
To be the ſlaviſh Objects of his Mirth?
Shall my juſt Rage, and violated Honour,
Play the Buffoon, and miniſter to Laughter?
Down, down, my ſwelling Heart, hide thy Reſentments,
Nor proſtitute the ruffled Majeſty
Of injur'd Princes to the gazing Crowd;
My Face ſhall learn to cover the Emotion
My wounded Soul endures. Ha! my *Ameſtris!*
My Love! my Royal Bride! the Spoiler, Grief,
Defaces every Feature: like the Deluge
That raz'd the Beauties of the firſt Creation:
I cannot bear it: Villains give me Way.

[*He breaks from the Guards that hold him, and catches hold of* Ameſtris.

Oh! let me hold thee in my throbbing Boſom,
And ſtrive to hide thy Sorrows from my Sight:
I cannot ſee thy Griefs; and yet I want
The Power to bring Relief.

AMESTRIS.

Ah! No, my Prince;
There are no Remedies for Ills like ours;
My helpleſs Sex by Nature ſtands expos'd
To all the Wrongs and Injuries of Fortune;
Defenceleſs in myſelf, you were my Refuge,
You are my Lord; to whom ſhould I complain,
Since you cannot redreſs me? Were you not
The Honour, Joy, and Safety of *Ameſtris?*
For you alone I liv'd, with you alone
I could be happy; O my *Artaxerxes!*
One Influence guides our conſenting Stars,
And fall together we are bleſs'd or curs'd.

MIRZA.

With a malignant Joy my Ears drink in
Her each harmonious Accent, every Glance

Goes

Goes to my Heart, and stirs alternate Motions
Of Heat and Cold; a lazy Pleasure now
Thrills all my Veins, anon Desire grows hot,
And my old Sinews shrink before the Flame. [*Aside.*

ARTAXERXES.

Go on, and charm me with thy Angel's Voice;
Sooth and asswage the Fury in my Breast,
That urges me to unbecoming Passion:
My Rage grows cool amidst thy soft Complainings;
And tho' thou talk'st of Woes, of Death, and Ruin,
'Tis Heaven to hear thee.

AMESTRIS.

Since this is all our wretched Consolation,
Let us indulge our Grief, till by long Use
It grows habitual, and we lose the Pain.
Here on the marbled Pavement will we sit,
Thy Head upon my Breast; and if Remembrance
Of cruel Wrongs shall vex thy noble Heart,
The Murmur of my Sighs shall charm the Tumult,
And Fate shall find us calm: Nor will the Gods,
Who here inhabit and behold our Sufferings,
Delay to end our Woes in Immortality.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! say'st thou Gods! Yes, certain there are Gods,
To whom my Youth with Reverence still has bow'd,
Whose Care and Providence are Virtue's Guard;
Think then, my Fair, they have not made us great,
And like themselves, for miserable Ends.

MIRZA.

Gods might behold her, and forget their Wisdom.
[*Aside.*
But I delay too long. *Orchanes*, lend thy Ear.

[Mirza *whispers* Orchanes, *and Exit.*

MEMNON.

My Children! you were still my Joy and Happiness:
Why am I made your Curse? This hated Head,
To Death devoted, has involv'd your Innocence
In my Destruction.

[*Guards lay hold on* Artaxerxes *and* Amestris.

AMESTRIS.

AMESTRIS.

Alas! My Father!

ARTAXERXES.

Barbarous Dogs! What mean you?

ORCHANES.

Convey the Lady to Lord *Mirza*'s Palace,
'Tis the Queen's Will ſhe ſhall be there confin'd.

ARTAXERXES.

Thou canſt not mean ſo damn'd a Villainy!
Thou dar'ſt not, ſhalt not part us: Fate cannot do it.

MEMNON.

Curſed Old-Age! Why have I liv'd to ſee this?

ORCHANES.

Force 'em aſunder.

ARTAXERXES.

Hew off my Limbs, ye Dogs! I will not loſe 'em---
Oh Devils! Death and Furies! my Wife! my lov'd *Ameſtris*———

AMESTRIS.

My Lord! my Huſband!——

Orchanes *and one Party of the Guards force* Artaxerxes *and* Memnon *off one Way, and the other Party bears* Ameſtris *another.*

Re-enter MIRZA.

MIRZA.

This was moſt noble Miſchief! It ſtung home,
'Twas Luxury of Vengeance——'twas not ill
To keep aloof: theſe boiſterous Beaſts have Paws,
And might have ſcratch'd: The Wiſe ſhou'd not allow
A Poſſiblity to Fortune's Malice.
Now to the reſt; this Prince, this Huſband dies:
To-morrow's Dawn brings his and *Memnon*'s Fate.
This Night let 'em Deſpair, and Ban, and Rage,
And to the wooden Deities within
Tell frantic Tales: my Hours ſhall paſs more pleaſingly,
If Love (which yet I know not) can give Pleaſure.
Love! what is Love? the Paſſion of a Boy,
That ſpends his Time in Lazineſs and Sonnets:

Luſt

Luſt is the Appetite of Man; and ſhall
Be ſated, till it loath the cloying Banquet.
The Wiſe are privileg'd by Human Frailty
To taſte theſe Pleaſures, but not dwell upon 'em;
They marr and dull the Faculty of Thinking:
One Night I ſafely may indulge in Riot,
'Tis politic Lewdneſs, and aſſiſts my Vengeance;
I will grow Young, and ſurfeit on her Charms,
Her luſcious Sweets; then riſing from her Arms,
The nauſeous, momentary Joy forget,
And be myſelf again; again be Wiſe and Great.

[*Exit* Mirza.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter ARTABAN *and* CLEANTHES.

ARTABAN.

'TIS baſe and impious! Where are the Ties
Shall keep Mankind in Order, if Religion
And public Faith be violated? 'Tis an Injury
That beards both Gods and Men, and dares their Juſtice.

CLEANTHES.

The fearful Crowd already take th' Alarm,
Break off their ſolemn Sports, their Songs and Dances,
And wildly in tumultuous Concert join;
Miſchief and Danger ſit in ev'ry Face,
And while they dread the Anger of the Gods,
The Wiſe, who know th' Effects of popular Fury,
From them expect that Vengeance which they fear.

ARTABAN.

The ſacred Power of Majeſty, which ſhould
Forbid, owns and protects the Violence.
It muſt not, ſhall not be: Who ſteals a Crown
By Arts like theſe, wears it unworthily.

CLEANTHES.

The Queen, your Mother, Sir, ſhe will expect
You ſhould approve that Act her Power has done.

ARTABAN.

I'll meet her as I ought, and ſhow myſelf
Worthy the noble Rivalſhip of Empire.

Exit

Enter the QUEEN, MIRZA, *and Attendants.*

QUEEN.

My Son, I come to joy you of a Crown
And Glory certain now; your Fate at length
Has maſter'd that malignant Influence
With which it ſtruggled long: You are a King,
The greateſt that our *Eaſtern* Word beholds;
And tho' my widow'd Bed be Cauſe for Grief,
Yet for thy Sake, my Son, I joy to ſay,
Arſaces is no more.

ARTABAN.

'Twere vain and fooliſh
To mourn his Death with ceremonious Sorrow;
For tho' he dy'd the greateſt of our Race,
Yet ſince decaying Age had ſunk him low,
And all the native Majeſty was loſt,
'Twas time the Soul ſhould ſeek for Immortality,
And leave the weary Body to enjoy
An honourable Reſt from Care and Sickneſs:
Peace to his Aſhes, and eternal Fame
Dwell with his Memory; while we who live
Look back with Emulation on his Greatneſs,
And with laborious Steps ſtrive to aſcend
That Height where once he ſat.

QUEEN.

Thou haſt already
Attain'd the lofty Summit of his Glory;
His Throne expects thee but to ſit and fill it.

ARTABAN.

No, Madam, when the Gods chooſe worthy Subjects
On whom to place ſuch Greatneſs, they ſurround
The glorious Prize with Toil and thorny Danger,
And bid the Man who would be Great, dare greatly.
Be it for dull Elder Brothers to poſſeſs
Without deſerving; mine's a nobler Claim,
Nor will I taſte the Godlike Joys of Power,
Till Men and Gods with Juſtice ſhall confeſs
'Tis barely the Reward of what I merit.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

What means my Son?

ARTABAN.

To wreſtle for a Crown.

QUEEN.

With what fantaſtic Shadow wouldſt thou ſtrive?
The haughty Rival of thy Hopes is fall'n;
He lives indeed, but 'tis to grace thy Triumph,
And bow before thee; then be ſwept away,
Like the Remembrance of an idle Dream,
Which, tho' of Yeſternight, is now forgotten.

ARTABAN.

It grieves me much to ſay, my Royal Mother,
I cannot take a Crown upon theſe Terms,
Tho' even from your Hands: The conſcious Virtue
That witneſſes within my Breaſt for Glory,
Points me to Greatneſs by the Paths of Honor,
And urges me to do as a King ought,
That would not wear his Purple as the Gift
Of impious Treachery and baſe Deceit.

QUEEN.

Amazement turns my Senſes! Or I dream!
For ſure thou canſt not mean ſo poor a Folly.
Haſt thou been bred in the wiſe Arts of Empire?
Been early taught to know the Worth of Power?
And wouldſt thou loſe the golden Opportunity
With which thy Fortune courts thee, for a Notion?
An empty Sound of Virtue? A dry Maxim,
Which Pedants have deviſ'd for Boys to canvas?
Can my Son think ſo meanly? Go, ſet free
(Since Honor bids) this Lordly Elder Brother,
Bow like a Slave before him, wait his Pleaſures,
And live dependant on his ſcanty Penſion;
He may reward thy ſervile Loyalty,
And make thee Ruler of ſome petty Province,
In Recompence of Royalty giv'n up.

ARTABAN.

No; (tho' I muſt confeſs I would not hold him
Caught in a Villain's Snare, nor do a Murder

Unwor'd

Unworthy of a Hangman) yet to Death
I ſtill defy him as my mortal Foe.
And ſince my Father's Fate diſſolves that Truce
To which I ſtood engag'd, 'tis War again.
Amidſt the ſteely Squadrons will I ſeek
This haughty Brother, by his Friends ſurrounded,
And back'd with all th' Advantage of his Birth;
Then bravely prove upon him with my Sword,
He falſly brands me for a bookiſh Coward,
That Nature's Error only gave him Preference,
Since Fate meant me the King.

QUEEN.

A Mother's Care is watchful for thy Safety,
Elſe wert thou loſt, thou honourable Fool;
Long might'ſt thou vainly hunt in bloody Fields
For that Advantage which thy willing Fortune
Now reaches to thy Hands: In Battles with
Uncertain Wings the wavering Goddeſs flies,
And oft with partial Hand beſtows her Favor
On Fools and thick-skull'd Heroes; ſeize her now
While ſhe is thine, or ſhe is loſt for ever.

ARTABAN.

No matter, let her fly; the Eagle Virtue
Shall ſoar beyond her, and command her Flight:
Fortune is not my Miſtreſs, but my Slave.
Poſterity, that reads the Name of *Artaban*
In the Records of Empire, ſhall not bluſh
To think I plotted with a knaviſh Prieſt,
The Scandal of his venerable Function,
And Mark of the God's Vengeance, to betray
A Prince my Enemy; as if being conſcious
Of leſſer Worth, and of unequal Courage,
I durſt not fairly ſtrive with him for Greatneſs.
Let the abhorr'd and impious Treachery
Obſcurely die unknown to future Ages;
Or if our Shame muſt be deliver'd down,
By all the Kingly Hopes that fire my Soul,
It ſhall not paſs without a Brand of Puniſhment.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

'Tis wondrous well! Young Man, you king it rarely!
You mean to be renown'd for early Juſtice,
And mark your oſtentatious Love of Virtue,
Ev'n in their Bloods who lift you up to Power:
Perhaps we too ourſelf muſt be arraign'd
Before your puny Bar, and feel your Ax;
'Twill be a noble Subject for your Praiſe,
And yield much Matter to declaiming Flatterers.

ARTABAN.

You, Madam, are my Mother; Nature blinds me,
And bids me ſee no Faults in her that bore me;
Thoſe other Slaves that dare——

QUEEN.

May be immortal,
For ought that thou canſt do to cauſe their Fate.
Is not thy Power the Creature of my Favor,
Which in precarious wiſe on me depending,
Exiſts by my Concurrence to its Being?
Miſtaken Youth! whoſe giddy Brain Ambition
Has, like the Fume of drunken Vapors, turn'd;
Think'ſt thou that I, whoſe Soul was form'd for Sway,
Would lay the golden Reins of Empire down?
Or truſt 'em to the Guidance of a Boy,
Who ſhall diſpoſe of me, or thoſe that ſerve me,
According to the Dictates of old Morals,
His bearded Tutor gleans from muſty Authors?

ARTABAN.

Nay then, 'tis time I ſhould exert myſelf;
And tho' you gave me Birth, yet from the Gods
(Who made my Father be as he was, Royal,
And ſtampt the Mark of Greatneſs on my Soul)
I claim my Right to Empire: may I fall
Vile and forgotten, if I ever own
Any ſuperior Being but thoſe Gods.

QUEEN.

Thou ſav'ſt, and haſt forgot me.

ARTABAN.

No, you are
My Mother, and a Woman, form'd to obey;

On that Condition all the Sex's Privileges
Are founded: the creating Hand has mix'd
Softneſs and Beauty in your Compoſition,
To charm and bend the Mind of Man, impatient
Of the ignoble Pleaſure; you were made for
The Weakneſs and Neceſſities of Nature:
Ill are your feeble Souls for Greatneſs ſuited;
Deſire of Government is monſtrous in you.

QUEEN.

Thou mighty Goddeſs, Nature! doſt thou hear
This Rebel Son? This inſolent Upbraider,
Still fondly nurs'd in my indulgent Boſom?
To build whoſe future Greatneſs to the Skies,
My anxious Soul has labor'd more than when
I felt a Mother's Sorrow for his Birth:
Ungrateful Boy!———
Know, Fool! that vaunt'ſt thyſelf upon thy Manhood,
The greateſt He that rougher Kind e'er had,
Muſt have confeſs'd Woman's ſuperior Wit,
And own'd our Sex's juſt Prerogative.
Did not a Mother's Fondneſs plead hard for thee,
Thy Head ſhould pay the Forfeit of thy Inſolence;
For know, young King, that I am Fate in *Perſia*,
And Life and Death depend upon my Pleaſure.

ARTABAN.

The World would be well govern'd, ſhould the Gods
Depute their Providence to Women's Care,
And truſt them with the Fate of Kings and Empires.

QUEEN.

Yet thou art ſafe. Away, nor tempt me further.
The Patience ev'n of Gods themſelves has Limits,
Tho' they with long Forbearance view Man's Folly:
Yet if thou ſtill perſiſt to dare my Power,
Like them I may be urg'd to looſe my Vengeance,
And tho' thou wert my Creature, ſtrike thee dead.

MIRZA.

'Beſeech you, Sir, retire; the Queen your Mother,
Labors with wiſeſt Foreſight for your Good,
And is Incens'd to ſee you thwart that Purpoſe.

ARTA-

ARTABAN.

What is the Good of Greatneſs, but the Power?
Madam, I leave you; my own innate Virtue
Arms me againſt your Rage, unjuſt and impotent:
Wait but the great Succeſs my Soul divines,
And you will own your little juggling Arts
Have only ſerv'd to obſtruct a while my Glory,
And ſcreen this elder Brother from my Conqueſt.

[*Exeunt* Artaban *and* Cleanthes.

QUEEN.

Some envious Pow'r above, ſome hoſtile *Damon*,
Works underhand againſt my ſtronger Genius,
And countermines me with domeſtic Jars.
Malicious Chance! When all abroad was Safe,
To ſtart an unſeen Danger from myſelf!
Mirza, didſt not thou mark the haughty Boy?
With what aſſuming Pride he own'd his daring,
And claim'd Superiority of Power?
Oh can I live and bear to be controll'd?
To ſhare the Pleaſure of ſupreme Command
With him or any one? Oh *Artemiſa!*
Didſt thou diſdain Subjection to a Huſband,
The proudeſt Title of that Tyrant Man,
And canſt thou yield t' a Boy, a Son, by Nature
And grateful Duty to Obedience bound?

MIRZA.

Madam, let me intreat you, by the Gods,
To calm your juſt Reſentments: Meddling Fortune,
(Whoſe Malice labors to perplex the Wiſe)
If not prevented, will unravel all
Thoſe finer Arts, which we with Care have wove.
The Prince led on by this pernicious Honor,
May ſet the Priſ'ners free; think, if that happen,
To what a Shock of Fate we ſtand expos'd.

QUEEN.

'Tis true; this fooliſh Honour ruins all.
Ridiculous Notion! as if Self-Intereſt
Were not the firſt and nobleſt Law of Nature.
Say then, wiſe Lord, and let thy ready Wit,
Still preſent to itſelf, avert this Blow.

MIRZ.

MIRZA.

One Method, tho' ungentle, yet remains
To remedy the Fears this Ill produces;
This Inſtant let a Guard confine the Prince,
Ere he can gain the Means t'effect that Miſchief
He medidates againſt himſelf and us:
To-morrow, early as the Morning dawns,
The Priſoners all ſhall die; that once diſpatch'd,
This raging Fit of Honor will relax,
And give him Leiſure to conſider cooly
Th'Advantage of his Fortune.

QUEEN.

You have Reaſon;
And tho' I fear his haughty Temper will
But badly brook Confinement, he muſt learn
To bear it as he can; perhaps 'twill bend him,
And make his Youth more pliant to my Will.

MIRZA.

Your Orders cannot be diſpatch'd too ſoon,
Each Minute of the flying Hours is precious.

QUEEN.

The Eunuch *Bugoas*, let him attend us,
He ſhall receive Inſtructions on the Inſtant.

[*Exeunt the Queen and* Mirza *ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

MIRZA'S *Palace.*

Enter CLEONE *in a Man's Habit, with a dark Lanthorn,* BELIZA *following.*

CLEONE.

YE gentle Powers, who view our Cares with Pity,
Lend your Compaſſion to the poor *Ameſtris.*
Oh my *Beliza!* was not thy Soul wounded,
To hear (when now we paſt by her Apartment)

The

The piercing Accents of her loud Complainings?
By Heav'n, my aking Heart bleeds for her Sufferings.

BELIZA.

'Tis ſure ſhe feels the bittereſt Pangs of Woe;
And were not all my Thoughts to you devoted,
Her Grief would deeply ſink into my Soul.
Why will you tempt alone ten Thouſand Dangers?
Your Father's and the furious Queen's Reſentment,
The cruel Guards, and all thoſe fatal Accidents,
Which in the Horror of this dreadful Night
Might ſhake the Reſolution of a Man?

CLEONE.

Pr'ythee no more; thou know'ſt I am reſolv'd,
And all thy kind Advice is urg'd in vain;
Thy fond miſtaking Fears preſent the Danger
More dreadful than it is: This Maſter-key
Admits me thro' that Paſſage to the Temple,
By which the Guards, who ſeiz'd th' unhappy Prince
This Morning, enter'd; that of all the reſt
Is only left unguarded, and from thence,
Aſſiſted by the friendly Veil of Night,
We may conduct him thro' my Father's Palace
In Safety to the Street; there undiſtinguiſh'd
Amongſt the buſy diſcontented Crowd,
That ſwarm in murmuring Heaps, he may retire;
Nor ſhall my Father or the Queen e'er know
The pious Fraud my Love was guilty of.

BELIZA.

Yet ſtill I fear——

CLEONE.

No more, retire and leave me;
My drooping Heart ſits lighter than it's wont,
And cheerfully preſages good Succeſs.

BELIZA.

Where ſhall I wait you?

CLEONE.

At my own Apartment.

BELIZA.

The mighty Gods protect you.

CLEONE.

Softly: Retire.

[*Exit* Beliza.

What Noiſe was that?—The Creature of my Fears.
In vain, fond Maid, wouldſt thou belye thy Sex,
Thy coward Soul confeſſes thee a Woman,
A fooliſh, raſh, fond Woman. Where am I going?
To ſave my Godlike Hero. Oh my Heart!
It pants and trembles! ſure 'tis Joy, not Fear:
The Thought has giv'n me Courage; I ſhall ſave him,
That darling of my Eyes. What if I fail?
Then Death is in my reach, and ends my Sorrows.

[*Shewing a Dagger.*

Why doſt thou ſhake, my Hand; and fear to graſp
This Inſtrument of Fate? If I ſucceed,
Yet *Artaxerxes* will not live for me;
And my Deſpair will want thy friendly Aid.
Death every way ſhuts up my gloomy Proſpect.
If then there be that *Lethe* and *Elyſium*,
Which Prieſts and Poets tell, to that dark Stream
My Soul, of life impatient, ſhall make haſte.
One healing Draught my Quiet ſhall reſtore,
And Love forgotten ne'er diſturb me more.

[*Exit* Cleone.

SCENE III.

A Night-Scene of the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ARTAXERXES *and* MEMNON.

ARTAXERXES.

STILL 'tis in vain! this idle Rage is vain;
And yet, my ſwelling Paſſions will have way,
And rend my lab'ring Breaſt till they find vent.
Was it for this, ye cruel Gods, you made me
Great like yourſelves, and as a King, to be

Your

Your ſacred Image? Was it but for this?
To be cut down, and mangled by vile Hands,
Like the falſe Object of miſtaken Worſhip?
Why rather was I not a peaſant Slave,
Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
And to my deſtin'd Load inur'd betimes?

MEMNON.

The Malice of our Fate were not compleat,
Had we not been by juſt degrees to Happineſs
Rais'd, only to be plung'd the deeper down
In an Abyſs of Woes. Early Succeſs
Met and attended all my youthful Wars;
And when I ruſh'd amidſt the dreadful Battle,
The weaker *Genii* of our *Aſian* Monarchs
Shrunk from the Force of a ſuperior Fate;
O'er-match'd they fell, and by my Sword were ſwept
Like common Beings from the glorious Field.
Then was the Day of joyous Triumph, then,
My Soul was lifted high, ev'n to the Stars.
But now——what am I now? O damn'd Reverſe of Fortune!
Now, when my Age would be indulg'd in Eaſe,
And Joy in Pleaſure of my former Fame,
Now I am curs'd; held at a Villain's Mercy,
My Foes Deriſion, and the Scorn of Cowards.

ARTAXERXES.

Oh Torture of my Soul! damn'd racking Thought!
Am not I too reſerv'd for ſervile Vaſſalage?
To be the Subject of a Boy's Command?
A Boy by Nature ſet beneath my Sway,
And born to be my Slave! Shall he triumph,
And bid me live or die? Shall he diſpoſe
His beardleſs Viſage to a ſcornful Smile,
And tell me that his Pleaſure is my Fate?
No; my diſdainful Soul ſhall ſtruggle out,
And ſtart at once from its diſhonor'd Manſion.

MEMNON.

Oh Royal Thought! Nor ſhall they keep back Death,
Altho' its common Means be not in reach.

Shall my old Soldier's Outſide rough and hardy,
Scarr'd o'er with many an honorable Mark,
Be cag'd for public Scorn? Shall a Dog tell me,
Thus didſt thou once, and now thou art my Slave;
My Foot ſhall ſpurn thee, tread upon thy Neck,
And trample in the Duſt thy Silver Hairs?
Shall I not rather choak, hold in my Breath,
Or ſmear ſome Wall or Pillar with my Brains?

ARTAXERXES.

Rage, or ſome God ſhall ſave us from Diſhonor.
But, Oh my Father! Can we take our Flight,
Tho' to the Stars, and leave my Love behind?
Where is ſhe now? Where is my Queen, my Bride,
My Charmer, my *Ameſtris?*

MEMNON

Speak not of her.

ARTAXERXES.

Not ſpeak?

MEMNON.

Nor think of her, if poſſible.

ARTAXERXES.

Was ſhe not ſnatch'd, torn from my helpleſs Arms,
Whilſt every God look'd on, and ſaw the Wrong,
Heard her loud Cries, which vainly ſtrove to rouze
Their ſlow and ready Vengeance? Was ſhe not
Forc'd from my panting Boſom (yet I live)
Ev'n on our Bridal Day? Then, when our Flames
Were kindly join'd, and made but one Deſire?
Then, when ſhe ſigh'd and gaz'd, and bluſh'd and ſigh'd?
When every Touch, when every Joy grew fiercer,
And thoſe that were behind were more than mortal?
To loſe her then! Oh!——
And yet you bid me think of her no more.

MEMNON.

I do; for the bare Mention turns my Brain,
And even now I border upon Madneſs;
So dreadful is the very Apprehenſion
Of what may be.

ARTAX.

ARTAXERXES.

Can we make Thought go back?
Will it not turn again, cleave to our Breasts,
And urge Remembrance till it sting us home?
Ha! Now the ghastly Scene is set before me;
And as thou saidst it runs me to Distraction:
Behold her Beauties, form'd for Kings to serve,
Held vile, and treated like an abject Slave!
Helpless amidst her cruel Foes she stands,
Insulting *Artemisa* mocks her Tears,
And bids her call the Gods and me in vain.

MEMNON.

Would that were all.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! Whither wouldst thou drive me?

MEMNON.

Did you like me consider that Dog *Mirza*,
Early to Hell devoted, and the Furies,
Born, nurs'd, and bred a Villain, you would fear
The worst Effects his Malice could express
On Virtue which he hates, when in his Power.

ARTAXERXES.

What is the worst?

MEMNON.

What my old faltring Tongue
Trembles to utter; goatish Lust and Rape.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! Rape! if there are Gods, it is impossible.

MEMNON.

Oh! dreadful Image for a Father's Thought!
To have his only Child, her Sex's Boast,
The Joy of Sight, and Comfort of his Age,
Dragg'd by a Villain Slave, his ruthless Hand
Wound in her Hair, to some remote dark Cell,
A Scene for Horror fit, there to be blotted
By his foul Lust, till Appetite be gorg'd.
Let me grow savage first, let this old Hand
That oft has bless'd her, in her Blood be drench'd;
Let me behold her dead, dead at my Foot,
To spare a Father's greater Shame and Sorrow.

ARTAXERXES.

A Father! What's a Father's Plague to mine?
A Husband and a Lover! If it can be,
If there is such a hoarded Curse in Store,
Transfix me now, ye Gods; now let your Thunder
Fall on my Head, and strike me to the Centre,
Left if I should survive my ruin'd Honor
And injur'd Love, I should ev'n curse your Godheads,
Run banning and blaspheming thro' the World,
And with my Execrations fright your Worshippers
From kneeling at your Altars.

Enter CLEONE *with a dark Lanthorn and Key.*

CLEONE.

This Way the echoing Accents seem to come:
Sure 'tis the wretched Prince! Oh can you hear him,
And yet refuse to lend your Aid, ye Gods?

ARTAXERXES.

This Gloom of horrid Night suits well my Soul,
Love, Sorrow, conscious Worth, and Indignation,
Stir mad Confusion in my lab'ring Breast
And I am all o'er Chaos.

CLEONE.

Is this, alas!
The State of *Artaxerxes*, *Persia*'s Heir?
Not one poor Lamp to chear the dismal Shade
Of this huge holy Dungeon! Slaves, Murderers,
Villains that Crosses wait for, are not us'd thus:
I'll shew myself.

[*She turns the Light, and comes towards* Artaxerxes *and* Memnon.

MEMNON.

Ha! whence this Gleam of Light?

ARTAXERXES.

Fate is at hand, let's haste to bid it welcome,
It brings an End of Wretchedness.

CLEONE.

Speak lower;
I am a Friend: long live Prince *Artaxerxes*.

ARTAX-

ARTAXERXES.

What Wretch art thou, that hail'ſt me with a Curſe?
Come from that Cloud that muffles up thy Face,
And if thou haſt a Dagger, ſhew it boldly:
We wiſh to die.

CLEONE.

Think better of my Errand;
I bring you Bleſſings, Liberty, and Life,
And come the Miniſter of happier Fate.
[*Turns the Light on herſelf.*
Now down, my Blood, down to my trembling Heart,
Nor ſparkle in my Viſage to betray me. [*Aſide.*

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! as I live, a Boy! a bluſhing Boy!
Thou wert not form'd ſure for a Murderer's Office;
Speak then, and tell me what and whence thou art.

CLEONE.

Oh ſeek not to unveil a trivial Secret,
Which known, imports you not. I am a Youth
Abandon'd to Misfortunes from my Birth,
And never knew one Cauſe to Joy in Life,
But this that puts it in my Power to ſave
A Prince like *Artaxerxes*. Aſk no more,
But follow thro' the Mazes that I tread,
Until you find your Safety.

ARTAXERXES.

Thus forbidding,
Thou giv'ſt me cauſe t'enquire: Are then the Guards,
That when the Day went down, with ſtricteſt Watch
Obſerv'd the Temple Gates, remov'd or fled?

CLEONE.

They are not, but with Numbers reinforc'd
Keep every Paſſage; only one remains
Thro' *Mirza*'s Palace, open to your Flight.

MEMNON.

Ha! *Mirza!* there's Damnation in his Name,
Ruin, Deceit, and Treachery attend it;
Can Life, can Liberty, or Safety come
From him? or ought that has an Intereſt in him?

Rather, ſuſpect this feigning Boy his Inſtrument,
To plunge us deeper yet, if poſſible,
In Miſery; perhaps ſome happy Accident,
As yet to us unknown, preſerves us from
The utmoſt Malice of his Hate while here,
This ſets his wicked Wit at work to draw us
Forth from this holy Place: Much better be
The Pris'ners of the Gods, than wear his Fetters.

CLEONE.

Unfortunate Suſpicion! What ſhall I ſay
To urge 'em to be ſafe, and yet preſerve
My wretched ſelf unknown? [*Aſide.*

ARTAXERXES.

Surely that Face
Was not deſign'd to hide diſſembled Malice:
Say, Youth, art thou of *Mirza*'s Houſe (as ſure thou muſt,
If thou pretend'ſt to lead us that Way forth)
And canſt thou be a friend to *Artaxerxes*,
Whom that fell Dog, that Miniſter of Devils,
With moſt opprobrious Injuries has loaded?

CLEONE.

Tho' I am his, yet ſure I never ſhar'd
His Hate.——Shall I confeſs and own my Shame?
Oh Heavens!—— [*Aſide.*

MEMNON.

Mark, th' unready Traitor ſtammers;
Half-bred and of the mungrel Strain of Miſchief,
He has not Art enough to hide the Cheat,
His deep-deſigning Lord had better plotted:
Away! thinks he ſo poorly of our Wit,
To gull us with a Novice? If our Fate
Ha's giv'n us up, and mark'd us for Deſtruction,
Tell him, we are reſolv'd to meet it here.

CLEONE.

Yet hear me, Prince, ſince you ſuſpect me ſent
By *Mirza*, to enſnare you, know I ſerve
(Oh Gods! to what am I reduc'd!) [*Aſide.*]——his Daughter:

Some

Some God compaſſionate of your Woes has ſtirr'd
A Woman's Pity in her ſofter Breaſt;
And 'tis from her I come to give you Liberty.
I beg you to believe me. [*She weeps.*

ARTAXERXES.

See, he weeps!

MEMNON.

The waiting Tears ſtood ready for Command,
And now they flow to varniſh the falſe Tale.

ARTAXERXES.

His Daughter! ſay'ſt thou? I have ſeen the Maid,
Doſt thou ſerve her? And could ſhe ſend thee to me?
'Tis an unlikely Riddle.

MEMNON.

Perhaps 'tis meant,
That She who ſhares his poiſonous Blood, ſhall ſhare
The Pleaſure of his Vengeance, and inure
The Woman's Hands and Eyes to Death and Miſchief.
But thou her Inſtrument, be gone, and ſay,
The Fate of Princes is not Sport for Girls.

CLEONE.

Some envious Power blaſts my pious Purpoſe,
And nought but Death remains: O that by that
I might perſuade him to believe and truſt me;
And fly that Fate which with the Morning waits him! [*Aſide.*
I grieve, my Lord, to find your hard Suſpicion
Debars me from preſerving your dear Life,
(Which not your own *Ameſtris* wiſhes more).
To-morrow's Dawn (Oh! let me yet prevail)
The cruel Queen reſolves ſhall be your laſt.
Oh fly! let me conjure you, ſave yourſelf.
May that moſt awful God that here is worſhipp'd
Deprive me of his chearful Beams for ever,
Make me the wretched'ſt Thing he ſees while living,
And after Death the loweſt of the Damn'd,
If I have any Thought but for your Safety.

ARTAXERXES.

No, I have found the Malice of thy Miſtreſs;
Since I refus'd her Love when ſhe was proferr'd

By her ambitious Father for my Bride,
And on a worthier Choice beſtow'd my Heart,
She vows Revenge on me for ſlighted Beauty.

CLEONE.

My Lord, you do her moſt unmanly Wrong,
She owns the Merit of the fair *Ameſtris*,
Nor ever durſt imagine ſhe deſerv'd you.
Oh! ſpare that Thought, nor blot her Virgin Fame:
In Silence ſtill ſhe wonder'd at your Virtues,
Bleſs'd you, nor at her own ill Fate repin'd;
This wounds her moſt, that you ſuſpect unkindly
Th' officious Piety that would have ſav'd you.
Careleſs of an offended Father's Rage,
For you alone concern'd, ſhe charg'd me guide you
When midnight Sleep had clos'd obſerving Eyes,
Safe thro' her Father's Palace with this Key----
And if I met with any that durſt bar
Your Paſſage forth, ſhe bid me greet him thus——

[*Stabs herſelf.*

ARTAXERXES. [*catching her as ſhe falls.*]

What haſt thou done, raſh Boy?

CLEONE.

Giv'n you the laſt,
And only Proof remain'd, that could convince you
I held your Life much dearer than my own.

MEMNON.

Horrid Amazement chills my freezing Veins!

CLEONE.

Let me conjure you with my lateſt Breath,
Make Haſte to ſeize the Means that may preſerve you;
This Key, amidſt the Tumult of this Night,

[*Giving the Key.*

Will open you a Way through *Mirza*'s Palace.
May every God aſſiſt and guard your Flight:
And oh! when all your Hopes of Love and Glory
Are crown'd with juſt Succeſs, will you be good,
And think with Pity on the loſt *Cleone?*

ARTAXERXES.

Ten thouſand diſmal Fancies crowd my Thoughts.
Oh! is it poſſible thou canſt be She,
Thou moſt unhappy Fair-one?

CLEONE.

Spare my Shame,
Nor call the Blood that flows to give me Peace,
Back to my dying Cheeks. Can you forget
Who was my Father? And remember only
How much I wiſh'd I had deſerv'd your Friendſhip?
Nay, let my Tongue grow bold, and ſay, your Love?
But 'twas not in my Fate.

ARTAXERXES.

What ſhall I ſay,
To witneſs how my grateful Heart is touch'd?
But, Oh! why woul'dſt thou give this fatal Inſtance?
Why haſt thou ſtain'd me with thy Virgin Blood?
I ſwear, ſweet Saint, for thee I could forgive
The Malice of thy Father, tho' he ſeeks
My Life and Crown; thy Goodneſs might atone
Ev'n for a Nation's Sins; look up, and live,
And thou ſhalt ſtill be near me as my Heart.

CLEONE.

Oh charming Sounds! that gently lull my Soul
To everlaſting Reſt; I ſwear 'tis more,
More Joy to die thus bleſs'd, than to have liv'd
A Monarch's Bride; may every Bleſſing wait you;
In War and Peace, ſtill may you be the greateſt,
The Favorite of the Gods, and Joy of Men——
I faint---Oh! let me lean upon your Arm--- [*She dies.*

ARTAXERXES.

Hold up the Light, my Father: Ha! ſhe ſwoons!
The Iron-hand of Death is on her Beauties,
And ſee, like Lillies nipp'd with Froſt, they languiſh.

MEMNON.

My tough old Soldier's Heart melts at the Sight,
And an unwonted Pity moves my Breaſt;
Ill-fated Maid! too good for that damn'd Race,
From which thou drew'ſt thy Being! Sure the Gods,
Angry a while, will be at length appeas'd
With this egregious Victim: let us tempt 'em
Now while they ſeem to ſmile.

ARTAXERXES.

A Beam of Hope
Strikes thro' my Soul, like the firſt infant Light
That glanc'd upon the Chaos; if we reach
The open City, Fate may be ours again:
But Oh! whate'er Succeſs or Happineſs
Attend my Life, ſtill fair unhappy Maid,
Still ſhall thy Memory be my Grief and Honor.
On one fix'd Day in each returning Year,
Cypreſs and Myrtle for thy Sake I'll wear,
Ev'n my *Ameſtris* thy hard Fate ſhall mourn,
And with freſh Roſes crown thy Virgin Urn;
Till in *Elyſium* bleſs'd, thy gentle Shade
Shall own my Vows of Sorrow juſtly paid.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

MIRZA's *Palace.*

Enter MIRZA, MAGAS, *and Attendants, with Lights.*

MIRZA.

HO! You o'er-rate the Danger.

MAGAS.

If I do,
err in the Extremes, ſince you eſteem it
much too lightly; think you then 'tis nothing,
a horrid Jar of Tumult and Confuſion?
ds white with Years, and vers'd in long Experience,
o yet remember all the different Changes
olling Age produces, cannot call
Mind one Inſtance dreadful as this Night:
rnal Diſcord, hideous to behold,
gs like its evil Genius o'er the City,
ſends a Snake to every vulgar Breaſt.
n ſeveral Quarters the mad Rabble ſwarm,
d'd with the Inſtruments of haſty Rage,
in confus'd diſorderly Array
t formidable march: their differing Clamors,
ether join'd, compoſe one deaf'ning Sound;
! Arm! they cry, Religion is no more,
Gods are ſlighted, whom if we revenge not,
, Peſtilence, and Famine will enſue,
univerſal Ruin ſwallow all.

MIRZA.

Crew of mean unthinking heartleſs Slaves,
h Eaſe ſtirr'd up to Mutiny, and quell'd
h the ſame Eaſe, with like Expreſſions ſhew

Their

Their Joy or Anger, both are Noiſe and Tumult;
And ſtill, when Holidays make Labor ceaſe,
They meet and ſhout: do theſe deſerve our Fears?

MAGAS.

Moſt certainly they may; if we conſider
Each Circumſtance of Peril that concurs;
Tigranes, with the reſt that ſcap'd the Temple,
Are mix'd amongſt this Herd, and urge the Wrongs
Which, with the Gods, their Prince and *Memnon* ſuffer.

MIRZA.

Nor need we fear ev'n that, ſafe in the Aid
And Number of our Friends, who treble theirs:
For this mad Rout that hum and ſwarm together,
For want of ſomewhat to employ their Folly,
Indulge 'em in their Fancy for Religion.
Thou and thy holy Brotherhood of Prieſts,
Shall in Proceſſion bear the ſacred Fire,
And all our golden Gods; let their Friends judge
If ſtill they look not kindly as of old:
'Tis a moſt apt Amuſement for a Crowd,
They'll gaze and gather round the gaudy Show,
And quite forget the Thoughts of Mutiny.
A Guard ſhall wait you.

MAGAS.

Why go not you too with us?
They hold your Wiſdom in moſt high Regard,
And will be greatly ſway'd by your Perſuaſion;
Th' Occaſion is well worth your Care and Preſence.

MIRZA.

Oh! you'll not need my Aid: Beſides, my Friend,
My Hours this Night are deſtin'd to a Taſk
Of more Import, than are the Fates of Millions
Such groveling Souls as theirs. As yet the Secret
Is immature, not worth your preſent Knowledge:
To-morrow that and all my Breaſt is yours.
I muſt not, dare not truſt him with my Weakneſs,
'Twill mark me for his Scorn; 'tis yet ſome Wiſdom,
If we muſt needs be Fools, to hide our Folly. *Aſide.*

MAGAS.

MAGAS.

He means the Pris'ners Death; let him engroſs
The People's Hate, monopolize Damnation,
I will be ſafely ignorant of Miſchief. [*Aſide.*
Hereafter when your Wiſdom ſhall think fit
To ſhare thoſe Thoughts, and truſt 'em with your Friend,
I ſhall be pleas'd to know; this inſtant Hour,
My Cares are all employ'd on my own Province,
Which haſtes me hence.

MIRZA.

May all your Gods aſſiſt you.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in MIRZA's *Palace.*

Enter AMESTRIS.

AMESTRIS.

WILL ye not hear, ye ever-gracious Gods?
(Since ſure you do not joy in our Misfortunes,
But only try the Strength of our frail Virtue)
Are not my Sorrows full? Can ought be added?
My Royal Lord, and Father! Yet dear Names
In which my all of Happineſs was ſumm'd,
What have the Miniſters of Fate done with you?
Are you not dead? Too ſure! That's paſt a Doubt:
O *Memnon!* Oh my Prince! My Father! Oh my Huſband!

Enter MIRZA.

MIRZA.

Such *Juno* was (except alone thoſe Tears)
When, upon *Ida*'s Top, ſhe charm'd the God,
That long had been a Stranger to her Bed;
Made him forget the Buſineſs of the World,
And lay aſide his Providence, t'employ
The whole Divinity upon her Beauty.

And

And ſure 'twas worth the while; had I been *Jove*,
So had I too been pleas'd to be deceiv'd
Into immortal Joys. O ceaſe thy Tears!——

AMESTRIS.

Give 'em me back, or if the Grave and thou
Reſtore to none, Oh join my Fate to theirs!
Shut us together in ſome ſilent Vault,
Where I may ſit and weep till Death's kind Hand
Shall lay me gently by my Lord's dear Side,
And huſh my Sorrows in eternal Slumber.

MIRZA.

In Pity to your Form aſſwage thoſe Tears;
Sorrow is Beauty's Bane; nor let your Breaſt
Harbor a Fear: I wage not War with Fair-ones;
Bnt wiſh you would efface thoſe ugly Thoughts,
That live in your Remembrance to perplex you;
Let Joy, the Native of your Soul, return,
And Love's gay God ſit ſmiling in your Eyes,
As erſt he did; I wiſh you wondrous well,
And would ſo fully recompence the Loſs
You fondly mourn, that when you count the Gains,
Yourſelf ſhould own your Fortunes are well chang'd.

AMESTRIS.

Oh impious Comforter! talk'ſt thou of Joy,
When Nature dictates only Death and Horror?
Is there a God can break the Laws of Fate,
And give me back the precious Lives I've loſt?
What nam'ſt thou Recompence? Can ought atone
For Blood? A Father's and a Huſband's Blood?
Such Comfort brings the hungry midnight Wolf,
When having ſlain the Shepherd, ſmear'd with Gore,
He leaps amidſt the helpleſs bleating Flock.

MIRZA.

Away with this Perverſeneſs of thy Sex,
Theſe fooliſh Tears, theſe peeviſh Sighs and Sobbings;
Look up, be gay, and chear me with thy Beauties,
And to thy Wiſh I will indulge thy Fancy.
Not all th' imagin'd Splendor of the Gods
Shall match thy Pomp, ſublimely ſhalt thou ſhine,

The

The Boaſt and Glory of our *Aſian* World;
Nor ſhall one She of all thy tow'ring Sex
Out-rival thee (thou lovely Fair) in Power.
Oh think on Power, on Power and Place ſupreme.

AMESTRIS.

There is but one, one only Thing, to think on,
My murder'd Lord, and his dark gaping Grave,
That waits unclos'd impatient of my coming.

MIRZA.

Oh liſten, gentle Maid, while I impart
A Story of ſuch Softneſs to thy Ear,
As (like the Halcyon brooding o'er the Waves)
May with its Influence huſh thy ſtormy Griefs.

AMESTRIS.

Be gone; and if thou bear'ſt one Thought of Pity
In that hard Breaſt, Oh leave me to myſelf,
Nor by thy Preſence, hideous to my Soul,
And horrid Conſolations, ſtrive to add
To my full of Woes, that ſwell'd without thy Help,
Already riſe and bubble o'er the Margin.

MIRZA.

What if I talk'd of Love?

AMESTRIS.

Of Love? Oh Monſter!

MIRZA.

If Love be monſtrous, ſo is this fair Frame,
This beauteous World, this Canopy, the Sky;
That ſparkling ſhines with Gems of Light innumerable:
And ſo art thou and I, ſince Love made all;
Who kindly reconcil'd the jarring Atoms
In friendly Leeague, and bid 'em be a World.
Frame not thy lovely Mouth then to blaſpheme
Thy great Creator; thou art his, and made for
His more peculiar Service; thy bright Eyes,
Thy moiſt red Lip, thy riſing ſnowy Boſom,
Thy every Part was made to furniſh Joy,
Ev'n to a riotous Exceſs of Happineſs:
Oh give me but to taſte thy bliſful Charms,
And take my Wealth, my Honor, Pow'r; take all,
All, all for Recompence.

AMESTRIS.

Let me conjure you, ſpare my Virgin Honor;
Spare to commit a Wrong to you unprofitable,
Yet worſe to me than Torments, Racks, and Death:
Kill me, the laſt of my unhappy Race,
And let old *Memnon*'s Name with me be loſt.
If Death be not enough, let me live wretched;
Pull off theſe Robes, and clothe me like a Slave,
Then ſend me out to labor at ſome Village,
Where I may groan beneath a cruel Maſter,
Be hardly us'd, and want e'en Food and Raiment:
Till Cold, and Dirt, and Poverty, ſhall change
And make me loathſome as my Fellow-wretches.
Oh! let my Rags claim this one Privilege,
To wrap me in the Grave a ſpotleſs Maid.

MIRZA.

That Tongue which pleads makes all intreating vain;
Thy every Motion, each complaining Accent
Warms me afreſh, and urges new Deſire;
Thou art, thou muſt be mine; nor Heaven, nor Earth,
Nor the conſpiring Power of Hell ſhall ſave thee;
I long to loſe my Age in thy Embraces,
To baſk and wanton in thy warmer Sun,
Till a new Youth ſhoot thro' me.

AMESTRIS.

Chaſte *Diana*,
And thou the Guardian of the Marriage-Bed,
[*Getting looſe from him.*
Thou Royal *Juno*, Oh protect thy Votary!

MIRZA.

My jaded Age and weak enervate Limbs
Falter and ſhrink, unequal to their Office.
I pr'ythee yield; come, yield and be a Queen;
[*Laying hold on her again.*
Yield, and be any thing. I cannot bear
Theſe fierce convulſive Starts, this raging Flame
That drinks my blood.

AMESTRIS.

Oh never, never, never.
A Cauſe like this will turn me to a Fighter,
To my laſt Gaſp, to Death I will reſiſt.

MIRZA.

MIRZA.

My coward Strength, doſt thou go back from Beauty?
Rouze, and deſerve the Pleaſure thou wouldſt taſte.

AMESTRIS.

Unmanly Traitor! ſeize him, all ye Fiends.
[*In the Struggle ſhe draws his own Ponyard, and ſtabs him.*

MIRZA, [*falling.*]

Damnation! Oh my Heart! the curſed Steel
Has ſtruck me to the Earth.

AMESTRIS.

There ſink for ever;
Nor riſe again to plague the wretched world.

MIRZA.

My heated Blood ebbs out, and now too late
My cooler Reaſon bids me curſe my Folly.
Oh Idiot, Idiot! to be caught ſo poorly!
Where are thy fine Arts now? Unravel'd all,
Mangl'd and cut to Pieces by a Girl!
Oh Shame of Wiſdom! When Revenge was ſure,
And Fate was in my Graſp, to loſe it all,
Neglect the noble Game, run out my Years
On the Purſuit of Joys I could not taſte!——
My Memory muſt be the Jeſt of Boys.

AMESTRIS.

My boaſted Courage ſinks at Sight of Blood.
[*Letting fall the Ponyard.*
Tho' juſtly ſhed, and I grow ſtiff with Horror.
[Mirza *attempting to riſe, falls again.*

MIRZA.

It wo' not be! Life guſhes out amain,
And I ſhall die without Revenge or Aid:
What Noiſe is that without there? Help!
[*Trampling without.*

AMESTRIS.

Oh Heavens!
What will become of me?

Enter

Enter ORCHANES *haſtily.*

ORCHANES.

My Lord! Where are you?
Bleeding! and on the Ground! What wretched Accident?
Then Fate reſolves to make this Night compleat,
Such as ſucceeding Horrors ne'er ſhall match.

MIRZA.

Oh my *Orchanes!* I am fall'n vilely,
And this laſt Part of Life will ſully all
The Wiſdom and Renown of what is paſt.
Methought thou talk'ſt of Horrors, ſpeak 'em boldly,
And try if aught can add to this Confuſion.

ORCHANES.

Prepare, my Lord, and ſummon all your Wiſdom,
Your utmoſt Conſtancy of Soul to hear——

MIRZA.

No more? I cannot wait thy Preparation,
Let the ill Fortune take me as it finds me.

ORCHANES.

Then hear it thus; your Daughter's dead——

MIRZA.

My Daughter!
Thy Words have met with an unguarded Side,
And pierce ev'n thro' my Soul. Say, How? Where?
Tell me!——

ORCHANES.

As with a Guard I kept the Temple-Gates,
I heard old *Memnon* and the Pris'ner Prince
Loud as the roaring Ocean in a Storm,
Ecchoing their Rage thro' the vaſt ſounding Dome;
When on a ſudden, ere the Night had gain'd
Four Hours at moſt, the Noiſe was huſh'd in Silence.
Wond'ring, and curious of the Cauſe, I enter'd,
And found (Oh Grief to Sight!) your lovely Daughter
Dreſs'd like a Boy, then warm, and newly dead.
One Wound was on her Breaſt. Why ſhe was there,
Or how, we know not; to compleat the Ill,
The Pris'ners both are fled.

MIRZA.

MIRZA.

Fled! 'tis impoſſible.
Ha! which Way? whither? how? they could not fly.

AMESTRIS.

O wond'rous Turn of Joy! Are they not dead then? [*Aſide.*

ORCHANES.

They could not 'ſcape the Guards; no other Paſſage
Remain'd but yours, and even that was faſt.
Upon the Inſtant I beſet each Avenue
Which to your Palace leads; happily as yet
They are not paſs'd from thence.

AMESTRIS.

Guard 'em, ye Gods! [*Aſide.*

MIRZA.

Find 'em again, *Orchanes*, ere I die,
Or I am more than doubly damn'd; this Loſs
Is worſe than mine, worſe than my Daughter's Death.
'Tis Death of my Revenge. Malicious Fortune!
She took the Moment when my Wiſdom nodded,
And ruin'd me at once. O doating Fool!
Thou Fool of Love, and of pernicious Woman!
I ſicken; Nature fails me: Oh Revenge!
Will not thy Cordial keep back flying Life?
It ſhall; *Orchanes*, drag that Traitreſs to me.

AMESTRIS.

Oh if thou art a Man, I charge thee looſe me,
And ſcorn his Bidding; ſcorn to be his Slave,
A Devil's Drudge in Miſchief. Save me from Death,
Have Pity on my Youth, Oh ſpare my Youth!

[Orchanes *pulls* Ameſtris *down to* Mirza.

MIRZA.

Hearken not to her, drag her, pull her down:
Shall *Memnon* boaſt of thee, while I die childleſs?
No, to *Cleone*'s Ghoſt thou art a Victim.
O could I but have ſeen thee with thoſe Eyes
I view thee now, I had been wiſe and ſafe;
That Face ſhall make no more Fools in this World.

Down

Down; bear thy fatal Beauties down to Hell,
And try if thou canſt charm amongſt the Dead.
Die, Witch; Enchantreſs, die. [*He ſtabs her.*

AMESTRIS.

Ah! Mercy, Heavens!

MIRZA.

I thank thee, Hand, at leaſt for this laſt Service.
Now fly, *Orchanes*, haſte and tell the Queen,
My lateſt Breath ſtays for her.——Something I would
[*Exit* Orchanes.
Important to her Service.——I breathe ſhort,
Life ſtays in Pain, and ſtruggles to be gone;
I ſtrive in vain to hold it——Ha! what mean
Theſe fleeting Shades that dance before my Sight?
'Tis Death, I feel it plain; the dreadful Change
That Nature ſtarts at. Death!——Death!—What is
Death?
'Tis a vaſt Diſquiſition; Prieſts and Scholars
Enquire whole Ages, and are yet in doubt.
My Head turns round—I cannot form one Thought
That pleaſes me about it.——Dying—muſt reſolve me.
[Mirza *dies.*

AMESTRIS.

Oh my hard Fortune! muſt I die? die now,
When *Artaxerxes* calls and bids me live?
His dear lov'd Image ſtays my parting Soul,
And makes it linger in its ruin'd Houſe.
Ha! ſure he's dead——'tis ſo, and now he ſtands
[*Looking on* Mirza.
Arraign'd before the dread impartial Judges,
To anſwer to a long Account of Crimes;
Had I but Strength, perhaps my Fate may yet [*Riſing.*
Find out a Way to ſave me.
My Love and Father make Life worth my Care,
Alas! my Blood flows faſt; this Way, I think.
[*Goes off faintly.*

Enter

Enter at the other side ARTAXERXES *and* MEMNON, *with a Sword and Dark-Lanthorn.*

MEMNON.

Ha! here are Lights; hold up thy Weapon, Son.

ARTAXERXES.

And see, Blood and a Body on the Floor!
What means this Scene of Death? What Wretch art thou?
Oh all ye juster Powers! 'tis *Mirza*; see,
He seems now dead.

MEMNON.

Damnation then is new to him;
And if there be one deeper Pit of Sulphur,
One Plague above the rest in those dark Regions,
He, as the most abandon'd Dog, may claim it,
And vie for Preference with Devils themselves.

Re-enter AMESTRIS.

AMESTRIS.

The Doors are guarded, Fate has clos'd me round.

ARTAXERXES.

Ha! art thou my *Amestris?*

MEMNON.

Oh my Daughter!

[*They run to her.*

AMESTRIS.

Are ye then come at last to bless my Eyes,
Which could not close without one parting View?
O hold me, or I sink——

MEMNON.

Alas! my Child——

ARTAXERXES.

My cruel Fears! Why art thou pale and faint?
Ha, whence this Blood? Oh killing Spectacle!

AMESTRIS.

Forth from my Heart the crimson River flows;
My lavish Heart, that hastily consumes

Its ſmall Remain of Life: Oh lay me gently
On my laſt Bed the Earth, whoſe cold hard Boſom
Muſt ſhortly be the Place of my long Reſt.

MEMNON.

What have we done? or, Oh! if we have ſinn'd,
What has thy Innocence done to merit this?

AMESTRIS.

That Villain *Mirza*———

MEMNON.

Ha! Say, what of him?

AMESTRIS.

Offer'd moſt brutal Outrage to my Honor.

ARTAXERXES.

Oh ye eternal Rulers of the World,
Could you look on unmov'd? But ſay, inſtruct me,
That I may bow before the God that ſav'd thee.

AMESTRIS.

Sure 'twas ſome chaſter Pow'r that made me bold,
And taught my trembling Hand to find the Way
With his own Ponyard to the Villain's Heart.

MEMNON.

Thou art my Daughter ſtill! Oh noble Action!
That gives in Death an interval of Joy.

AMESTRIS.

Juſt in that Hour of Fate a Villain enter'd,
By whoſe Aſſiſtance the revengeful *Mirza*
Porc'd me to ſhare Death with him.

ARTAXERXES.

'Tis paſt, 'tis paſt; [*Lying down.*
And all thoſe Fires that lighted up my Soul,
Glory and bright Ambition languiſh now,
And leave me dark and gloomy as the Grave.
Oh thou ſoft dying Sweetneſs!——ſhall I rage
And curſe myſelf? Curſe ev'n the Gods?—Oh no;
I am the Slave of Fate, and bow beneath
The Load that preſſes me; am ſunk to Earth,
And ne'er ſhall riſe again: here will I ſit
And gaze till I am nothing.

AMESTRIS.

AMESTRIS.

Alas! my Lord,
Fain would I ſtrive to bid you not be ſad,
Fain would I chear your Grief, but 'tis in vain:
I know by my own Heart it is impoſſible;
For we have lov'd too well. Oh mournful Nuptials!
Are theſe the Joys of Brides; Indeed 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to part; I cannot leave you;
The agonizing Thought diſtracts me; hold me,
Oh hold me faſt, Death ſhall not tear me from you.

ARTAXERXES.

O could my Arms fence thee from Deſtiny,
The Gods might launch their Thunder on my Head,
Plague me with Woes treble to what I feel:
With Joy I would endure it all to ſave thee.
What ſhall I ſay? What ſhall I do to ſave thee?
Grief ſhakes my Frame, it melts my very Temper;
My manly Conſtancy and Royal Courage
Run guſhing thro' my Eyes: Oh my *Ameſtris!*

AMESTRIS.

And ſee my Father! his white Beard is wet
With the ſad Dew.

MEMNON.

I try'd to man my Heart,
But could not ſtand the Buffet of this Tempeſt.
It tears me up——My Child! Ha! art thou dying?

AMESTRIS.

Indeed I'm very ſick: Oh hold me up!
My Pain increaſes, and a cold damp Dew
Hangs on my Face. Is there no Help? no Eaſe?
Have I your Arm, my Love?

ARTAXERXES.

Thou haſt; my Heart,
Doſt thou yet hold?

AMESTRIS.

Say, will you not forget me,
When I am laid to moulder in my Tomb?
'Tis ſure you will not, ſtill there will be Room
For my Remembrance in your noble Heart;

I know you lov'd me truly. Now I faint.
Oh, ſhield me, ſhield me from that ugly Phantom,
The Cave of Death! How dark and deep it is!
I tremble at the Sight——'tis hideous Horror!
The Gloom grows o'er me——Let me not lie there.
[Ameſtris *dies.*

ARTAXERXES.

There Life gave way, and the laſt roſy Breath
Went in that Sigh. Death, like a brutal Victor,
Already enter'd, with rude Haſte defaces
The lovely Frame he'as maſter'd; ſee how ſoon
Theſe ſtarry Eyes have loſt their Light and Luſtre!
Stay, let me cloſe their Lids. Now for the reſt;
Old *Memnon!* Ha! Grief has transfix'd his Brain,
And he perceives me not!——Now what of thee?
Think'ſt thou to live, thou Wretch? Think not of any Thing;
Thought is Damnation, 'tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are. And ſee, this Weapon
Shall ſhield me from it, plunge me in Forgetfulneſs,
Ere the dire Scorpion, Thought, can rouze to ſting me.
Lend me thy Boſom, my cold Bride: Ill Fortune
[*Lying by her.*
Has done its worſt, and we ſhall part no more;
Wait for me, gentle Spirit, ſince the Stars
Together muſt receive us. [*Stabs himſelf.*] Oh well aim'd!
How fooliſh is the Coward's Fear of Death!
Of Death, the greateſt——ſureſt Way to Peace.
[Artaxerxes *dies.*

[Memnon *ſtands looking on the Bodies ſome Time, and then ſpeaks.*

MEMNON.

Yet will I gaze! Yet, tho' my Eyes grow ſtiff,
And turn to Steel or Marble. Here's a Sight
To bleſs a Father! Theſe, theſe were your Gifts,
Ye bounteous Gods! You'll ſpare my Thanks for them.
You gave me Being too, and ſpun me out
To hoary Wretchedneſs: away, 'twas Cruelty:
Oh curſed, curſed, curſed fourſcore Years,
Ye Heap of Hills, ye monſtrous Pile of Plagues!

Sure they lov'd well, the very Streams of Blood,
That flow from their pale Boſoms, meet and mingle.
Stay, let me view 'em better—Nay, 'tis thus——
If thou art like thy Mother—She dy'd too——
Where is ſhe?—Ha! that Dog, that Villain *Mirza*,
He bears her from me: Shall we not purſue?——
The Whirl of Battle comes acroſs me, fly;
Be gone; they ſhall not, dare not brave me thus;
Hey, 'tis a glorious Sound! Ruſh on, my Prince,
We'll ſtart and reach the Goal of Fate at once.

[*Runs off.*

Enter, on the other Side, QUEEN, *and Attendants with Lights.*

QUEEN.

Why am I ſummon'd with this Call of Death?
This is no common Ruin; *Artaxerxes!*
And *Memnon*'s Daughter! *Mirza*, thou art fallen
In pompous Slaughter: Could not all thy Arts,
That dol'd about Deſtruction to our Enemies,
Guard thy own Life from Fate? Vain Boaſt of Wiſdom,
That with fantaſtic Pride, like Buſy Children,
Builds Paper Towns and Houſes, which at once
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and looſely ſcatters!

1 *ATTENDANT.*

Oh diſmal Sight! [*Looking.*

QUEEN.

What is it frights thy Eyes?

1 *ATTENDANT.*

Old *Memnon*'s Body.

QUEEN.

'Tis a grateful Horror,

1 *ATTENDANT.*

Upon the Floor the batter'd Carcaſe lies
Weltring in Gore, whilſt on the Marble Wall
A dreadful Maſs of Brains, grey Hair, and Blood,
Is ſmear'd in hideous Mixture.

QUEEN.

Fierce Deſpair
Has forc'd a Way for the impetuous Soul.

'Tis well, he is in Peace—What means this Tumult?
[*Shout, clashing of Swords.*

Enter an Officer, his Sword drawn.

OFFICER.

Fly, Madam, leſt your Perſon be not ſafe;
The Traitor *Bagoas*, to whoſe Charge you truſted
The Prince your Son, has drawn the Guards to join him,
And now aſſiſted by the furious Rabble,
On every Side they charge thoſe few who keep
This Palace and the Temple, with loud Outcries,
Proclaiming that they mean to free the Priſ'ners.
Orchanes, ere I fled to give you Notice,
Fell by the Prince's hand; the raging Torrent
Bore down our weak Reſiſtance, and purſuing
With furious Haſte, ev'n trod upon my Flight:
This Inſtant brings 'em here.

QUEEN.

Let 'em come on,
I cannot fear; this Storm is rais'd too late,
I ſtand ſecure of all I wiſh already.
[*Shout and clashing of Swords again.*

Enter ARTABAN, CLEANTHES, *and Attendants, their Swords drawn*

ARTABAN.

Then Virtue is in vain, ſince baſe Deceit
And Treachery have triumph'd o'er the Mighty.
Oh Nature! let me turn my Eyes away,
Leſt I am blaſted by a Mother's Sight.

QUEEN.

Ungrateful Rebel! Do thy impious Arms
Purſue me for my too indulgent Fondneſs
And Care for thee?

ARTABAN.

Well has that Care been ſhewn;
Have you not foully ſtain'd my ſacred Fame?
Look on that Scene of Blood; the dire Effects
Of cruel Female Arts. But oh what Recompence?
What can you give me for my murder'd Love?

Has

Has not the Labyrinth of your fatal Counſels
Involv'd my fair, my lovely, loſt *Cleone?*
By our bright Gods I ſwear, I will aſſert
The Majeſty of manly Government,
Nor wear again your Chains: Still as our Mother
Be honor'd; rule amongſt your Maids and Eunuchs,
Nor mingle in our State, where mad Confuſion
Shakes the whole Frame, to boaſt a Woman's Cunning.

QUEEN.

Thou talk'ſt as if thy infant Hand could graſp,
Guide, and command the Fortune of the World;
But thou art young in Pow'r. Remember, Boy,
Thy Father, once the Hero of his Age,
Was proud to be the Subject of my Sway;
The Warrior to the Woman's Wit gave way,
And found it was his Intereſt to obey.
And doſt thou hope to ſhake off my Command?
Doſt thou, the Creature of my forming Hand?
When I aſſert the Pow'r thou dar'ſt invade,
Like Heaven I will reſolve to be obey'd,
And rule or ruin that which once I made.

[*Exeunt Queen and Attendants.*

ARTABAN.

Let a Guard wait the Queen: Tho' Nature plead
For Reverence to her Perſon, jealous Power
Muſt watch her ſubtle and ambitious Wit.
Haſt thou ſecur'd the impious Prieſt, *Cleanthes?*
Magas, that Wretch that proſtitutes our Gods?

CLEANTHES.

Already he has met the Fate he merited;
This Night the Hypocrite in grand Proceſſion
March'd thro the City to appeaſe the People,
And bore the Gods along to aid his Purpoſe:
When, on a ſudden, like a Hurricane,
That ſtarts at once, and ruffles all the Ocean,
Some Fury more than mortal ſeiz'd the Crowd;
At once they ruſh'd, at once they cry'd Revenge;
Then ſnatch'd and tore the trembling Prieſt to Pieces.
What was *moſt ſtrange*, no Injury was offer'd

To any of the Brotherhood beſide,
But all their Rage was ended in his Death:
Like formal Juſtice that ſeverely ſtrikes,
And in an Inſtant is ſerene and calm.

ARTABAN.

Oh my *Cleanthes*, do but caſt thy Thoughts
Back on the recent Story of this Night;
And thou with me wilt wonder, and confeſs
The Gods are great and juſt. Well have you mark'd,
Celeſtial Powers, your righteous Deteſtation
Of Sacrilege, of baſe and bloody Treachery.
May this Example guide my future Sway:
Let Honour, Truth and Juſtice crown my Reign,
Ne'er let my Kingly Word be given in vain,
But ever ſacred with my Foes remain.
On theſe Foundations ſhall my Empire ſtand,
The Gods ſhall vindicate my juſt Command,
And guard that Power they truſted to my Hand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

THE Spleen and Vapors, and this doleful Play,
Have mortify'd me to that Height to Day,
That I am almoſt in the mortal Mind
To die indeed, and leave you all behind.
Know then, ſince I reſolve in Peace to part,
I mean to leave to one alone my Heart:
(Laſt Favours will admit of no Partage,
I bar all Sharing, but upon the Stage)
To one who can with one alone be bleſt,
The peaceful Monarch of a ſingle Breaſt:
To one —— But oh! how hard 't will be to find
That Phœnix in your fickle changing Kind!
New Loves, new Intereſts, and Religions new.
Still your fantaſtic Appetites purſue.
Your fickly Fancies loath what you poſſeſs,
And every reſtleſs Fool would change his Place.
Some weary of their Peace and Quiet grown,
Want to be hoiſted up aloft, and ſhewn;
Whilſt from the envy'd Height, the Wiſe get ſafely down.
We find your wavering Temper to our Coſt,
Since all our Pains and Care to pleaſe is loſt.
Muſic in vain ſupports with friendly Aid
Her Siſter Poetry's declining Head:
Show but a Mimic Ape, or French *Buffoon,*
You to the other Houſe in Shoals are gone,
And leave us here to tune our Crowds alone.
Muſt Shakeſpear, Fletcher *and laborious* Ben
Be left for Scaramouch *and* Harlequin?
Allow you are unconſtant, yet 'tis ſtrange,
For Senſe is ſtill the ſame, and ne'er can change:
Yet ev'n in that you vary as the reſt,
And every Day new Notions are profeſt.

EPILOGUE.

Nay there's a * *Wit has found, as I am told,*
New Ways to Heav'n, deſparing of the old:
He ſwears he'll ſpoil the Clerk and Sexton's Trade;
Bells ſhall no more be rung, nor Graves be made;
The Hearſe and ſix no longer be in Faſhion,
Since all the Faithful may expect Tranſlation.
What think you of the Project? I'm for trying;
I'll lay aſide theſe fooliſh Thoughts of dying;
Preſerve my Youth and Vigor for the Stage,
And be tranſlated in a good old Age.

* Aſgill.

TAMER-

TAMERLANE:

A

TRAGEDY.

——— ——— *Magnus ad altum*
Fulminat Euphraten bello, victorque volentes
Per Populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.
VIRG. Georg. 4.

Printed in the YEAR 1746.

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM,

Lord Marquis of HARTINGTON,

(Now Duke of DEVONSHIRE.)

My LORD,

EVERY Body is now ſo full of Buſineſs, that Things of this Kind, which are generally taken for the Entertainment of leiſure Hours only, look like Impertinence and Interruption. I am ſure it is a Reaſon why I ought to beg Your Lordſhip's Pardon, for troubling You with this Tragedy: Not but that Poetry has always been, and will ſtill be the Entertainment of all wiſe Men, that have any Delicacy in their Knowledge: Yet at ſo critical a Juncture as this is, I muſt confeſs I think Your Lordſhip ought

to

to give entirely into thoſe Public Affairs, which at this Time ſeem to Demand you. It is that happy Turn which Your Lordſhip has to Buſineſs, that right Underſtanding of your Country's Intereſt, and that conſtant Zeal to purſue it, that juſt Thinking, that ſtrong and perſuaſive Elocution, that firm and generous Reſolution, which upon all Occaſions You have ſhewn in Parliaments; and to add, that which is the crowning good Quality, Your Lordſhip's continual Adherence and unſhaken Loyalty to His preſent Majeſty, which make You at this Time ſo neceſſary to the Public. I muſt confeſs, (tho' there is no Part in Your Lordſhip's Character, but what the World ſhould be fond of) I cannot help Diſtinguiſhing the laſt Inſtance very particularly: It is doing (methinks) ſuch a Juſtice to Goodneſs, to Greatneſs, and to Right Reaſon, that Poſterity will believe there could be no Man of good Senſe, but what muſt have agreed with your Lordſhip in it. When the next Age ſhall Read the Hiſtory of this, What Excuſe can they make for thoſe who did not Admire a Prince

whoſe

whoſe Life has been a Series of good Offices done to Mankind? When they ſhall reckon up his Labours from the Battle of *Seneff*, to ſome Glorious Action, which ſhall be his Laſt, (and which I therefore hope is very far remov'd from the Preſent Time) will they ever believe that he could have been too well belov'd, or too faithfully ſerv'd and defended? The great Things which he did before we had that immediate Intereſt in him, which we now happily have, are a noble and juſt Subject for Panegyric; but as Benefits done to others, can never touch us ſo ſenſibly as thoſe we receive ourſelves, tho' the Actions may be equally great; ſo, methinks, I can hardly have Patience to run back to his having ſav'd his own Country, when I conſider he has ſince done the ſame for Us; Let that be ſufficient to us, for all we can ſay of him, or do for him. What Dangers and Difficulties has he not ſtruggled through, for the Honor and Safety of theſe Kingdoms? 'Tis a common Praiſe, and what every one ſpeaks, to ſay, He has continually expos'd his Life for his People; but there

are ſome Things more particular in his Character, ſome Things rarely found amongſt the Policies of Princes; a Zeal for Religion, moderated by Reaſon, without the Rage and Fire of Perſecution; a charitable Compaſſion for thoſe who cannot be convinc'd, and an unalterable Perſeverance in thoſe Principles of whoſe Truth he is ſatisfied; a Deſire of War for the ſake of Peace; and of Peace for the Good and Honor of his Subjects equally with his own; a pious Care for compoſing Factions, tho' to foment them might make him Arbitrary; and a generous Ambition that only aims at Power, to enable him to do Good to all the reſt of the World. I might add here, that Inviolable and Religious Obſervance of his Royal Word, which the beſt part of the Powers of *Europe* have ſo frequently and ſo happily, for themſelves, depended upon in the greateſt Emergencies. But as this Virtue is generally reckon'd as no more than that common Honeſty, which the meaneſt Man would bluſh to be without, ſo it can hardly claim a Place amongſt the more particular Excellencies of a Great Prince. It

were

were to be wiſh'd, indeed, that the World were honeſt to ſuch a Degree, and that there were not that ſcandalous Defect of common Morality. Certainly nothing can be more ſhocking to Humanity, to the Peace and Order of the World; nothing can approach nearer to that ſavage State of Nature, in which every Man is to eat his Fellow if he can maſter him, than an avow'd Liberty of breaking thro' all the moſt ſolemn Engagements of public Faith. 'Tis ſomething that brands a Man with an Infamy, which nothing can extenuate or wipe out; he may proteſt and pretend to explain his Meaning, but the World has generally too much Indignation for the Affront, to bear it at that eaſy Rate. Miniſters and Secretaries of State may diſplay their own Parts in Memorials, with as much Pomp and Flouriſh as they pleaſe: I fancy the common Anſwer upon ſuch Occaſions will always be, You have deceiv'd us groſly, and we neither can nor will truſt you any more. When this Vice comes amongſt Men of the firſt Rank, it is the more ſhocking, and I could wiſh there were none ſuch, *to whoſe Charge* it might be laid.

Some

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Some People (who do me a very great Honor in it) have fancy'd that in the Perſon of *Tamerlane* I have alluded to the greateſt Character of the preſent Age. I don't know, whether I ought not to apprehend a great deal of Danger from avowing a Deſign like that. It may be a Taſk indeed worthy the greateſt Genius, which this, or any other Time has produc'd. But therefore I ought not to ſtand the Shock of a Parallel, leſt it ſhould be ſeen, to my Diſadvantage, how far the *Hero* has *tranſcended the Poet's Thought.* There are many Features, 'tis true, in that great Man's Life, not unlike his Majeſty: His Courage, his Piety, his Moderation, his Juſtice, and his Fatherly Love of his People; but above all, his Hate of Tyranny and Oppreſſion, and his zealous Care for the common Good of Mankind, carry a large Reſemblance of Him: Several Incidents are alike in their Stories; and there wants nothing to his Majeſty but ſuch a deciding Victory, as that by which *Tamerlane* gave Peace to the World. That is yet to come; *but I* hope we may reaſonably expect it from

the

the Unanimity of the preſent Parliament, and ſo formidable a Force as that Unanimity will give Life and Vigor to.

If Your Lordſhip can find any Thing in this Poem like a Prince, who is ſo juſtly the Object of Your Lordſhip's, and indeed of the World's Veneration, I perſuade myſelf it will prevail with You to forgive every thing elſe that You find amiſs. You will excuſe the Faults in Writing, for the Goodneſs of the Intention. I hope too, Your Lordſhip will not be diſpleas'd, that I take this Opportunity of renewing the Honor which I formerly had, to be known to Your Lordſhip, and which gives me at once the Pleaſure of expreſſing thoſe Juſt and Dutiful Sentiments I have for his Majeſty, and that ſtrong Inclination which I have always had to be thought,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's *moſt obedient*

humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

OF all the Muſes various Labours, none
Have laſted longer, or have higher flown,
Than thoſe that tell the Fame by ancient Heroes won.
With Pleaſure Rome, *and great* Auguſtus *heard*
Arms and the Man ſung by the Mantuan *Bard;*
In ſpite of Time, the ſacred Story lives,
And Cæſar *and his Empire ſtill ſurvives.*
Like him, (tho' much unequal to his Flame)
Our Author makes a pious Prince his Theme.
High with the foremoſt Names in Arms he ſtood,
Had fought, and ſuffer'd for his Country's Good,
Yet ſought not Fame, but Peace, in Fields of Blood.
Safe under him his happy People ſate,
And griev'd at Diſtance for their Neighbour's Fate.
Whilſt with Succeſs a Turkiſh *Monarch crown'd,*
Like ſpreading Flame deform'd the Nations round;
With Sword and Fire he forc'd his impious Way,
To Lawleſs Pow'r, and Univerſal Sway:
Some abject States for Fear the Tyrant join;
Others for Gold their Liberties reſign,
And venal Princes ſold their Right Divine.
Till Heav'n, the growing Evil to redreſs,
Sent Tamerlane *to give the World a Peace.*
The Hero rouz'd aſſerts the glorious Cauſe,
And to the Field the chearful Soldier draws:
Around in Crowds his valiant Leaders wait,
Anxious for Glory, and ſecure of Fate;
Well pleas'd, once more to venture on his Side,
And prove that Faith again which had ſo oft been try'd.
The peaceful Fathers, who in Senates *meet,*
Approve an Enterprize ſo Juſt, ſo Great;

While

PROLOGUE.

While with their Prince's Arms, their Voice thus join'd,
Gains half the Praiſe of having ſav'd Mankind.
Ev'n in a Circle, where, like this, the Fair
Were met, the bright Aſſembly did declare
Their Houſe with one Conſent were for the War.
Each urg'd her Lover to unſheath his Sword,
And never ſpare a Man who broke his Word.
Thus fir'd, the Brave on to the Danger preſs;
Their Arms were crown'd Abroad with juſt Succeſs,
And bleſt at Home with Beauty and with Peace.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

TAMERLANE.	*Mr.* Betterton.
Bajazet, Emperor of the *Turks*.	*Mr.* Verbruggen.
Axalla, an *Italian* Prince, General and Favorite of *Tamerlane*.	*Mr.* Booth.
Moneſes, a *Grecian* Prince, and a Chriſtian.	*Mr.* Powell.
Stratocles, his Friend.	*Mr.* Pack.
Prince of *Tanais*, Kinſman and General to *Tamerlane*.	*Mr.* Fieldhouſe.
Omar, a *Tartar* General.	*Mr.* Freeman.
Mirvan, *Parthian* Generals to *Tamerlane*.	*Mr.* Cory.
Zama, *Parthian* Generals to *Tamerlane*.	*Mr.* Huſbands.
Haly, Favourite Eunuch to *Bajazet*.	*Mr.* Baily.
A *Turkiſh* Derviſe.	*Mr.* Arnold.

WOMEN.

Arpaſia, a *Grecian* Princeſs.	*Mrs.* Barry.
Selima, Daughter of *Bajazet*.	*Mrs.* Bracegirdle.

Parthian and *Tartar* Soldiers.
Mutes belonging to *Bajazet*.
Other Attendants.

SCENE, *Tamerlane*'s Camp, near *Angoria* in *Galatia*.

TAMER-

TAMERLANE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before TAMERLANE's *Tent.*

Enter the Prince of TANAIS, ZAMA, *and* MIRVAN.

Prince of TANAIS.

HAIL to the Sun! from whoſe returning Light
The chearful Soldier's Arms new Luſtre take,
To deck the Pomp of Battle. O my Friends!
Was ever ſuch a glorious Face of War?
See, from this Height! how all *Galatia's* Plains
With Nations numberleſs are cover'd o'er;
Who, like a Deluge, hide the Face of Earth,
And leave no Object in the vaſt Horizon,
But glitt'ring Arms, and Skies.

ZAMA.

Our *Aſian* World,
From this important Day expects a Lord;
This Day they hope an End of all their Woes,
Of Tyranny, of Bondage, and Oppreſſion,
From our victorious Emp'ror, *Tamerlane.*

MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Well has our holy *Alha* mark'd him out
The Scourge of lawleſs Pride, and dire Ambition,
The great Avenger of the groaning World.
Well has he worn the ſacred Cauſe of Juſtice
Upon his proſp'rous Sword: approving Heav'n
Still crown'd the right'ous Warrior with Succeſs;
As if he ſaid, Go forth, and be my Champion,
Thou moſt like me of all my Works below.

PRINCE.

No Luſt of Rule, the common Vice of Kings,
No furious Zeal inſpir'd by hot-brain'd Prieſts,
Ill hid beneath Religion's ſpecious Name,
E'er drew his temp'rate Courage to the Field:
But to redreſs an injur'd People's Wrongs,
To ſave the weak one from the ſtrong Oppreſſor,
Is all his End of War; and when he draws
The Sword to puniſh, like relenting Heav'n,
He ſeems unwilling to deface his Kind.

MIRVAN.

So rich his Soul in ev'ry virtuous Grace,
That, had not Nature made him great by Birth,
Yet all the Brave had ſought him for their Friend:
The Chriſtian Prince *Axalla*, nicely bred
In poliſh'd Arts of *European* Courts,
For him forſakes his native *Italy*,
And lives a happy Exile in his Service.

PRINCE.

Pleas'd with the gentle Manners of that Prince,
Our mighty Lord is laviſh to his Friendſhip;
Tho' *Omar*, and the *Tartar* Lords repine,
And loudly tax their Monarch as too partial.

ZAMA.

Ere the mid Hour of Night, from Tent to Tent,
Unweary'd, thro' the num'rous Hoſt he paſt,
Viewing with careful Eyes each ſev'ral Quarter;
Whilſt from his Looks, as from Divinity,
The Soldiers took Preſage, and cry'd, Lead on;
Great Alha, and our Emperor, Lead on,
To Victory, and everlaſting Fame.

MIRVAN.

PRINCE.

Late in the Evening
A Slave of near Attendance on his Perſon,
'Scap'd to our Camp: from him we learn'd the Tyrant,
With Rage redoubled, for the Fight prepares;
Some accidental Paſſion fires his Breaſt,
(Love, as 'tis thought, for a fair *Grecian* Captive)
And adds new Horror to his native Fury:
For five returning Suns, ſcarce was he ſeen
By any the moſt favor'd of his Court,
But in laſcivious Eaſe among his Women,
Liv'd from the War retir'd; or elſe alone
In ſullen Mood ſat meditating Plagues,
And Ruin to the World, 'till Yeſter Morn,
Like Fire that lab'ring upwards rends the Earth,
He burſt with Fury from his Tent, commanding
All ſhould be ready for the Fight this Day.

ZAMA.

I know his Temper well, ſince in his Court
Companion of the brave *Axalla*'s Embaſſy,
I oft obſerv'd him, proud, impatient
Of ought Superior, ev'n of Heav'n that made him;
Fond of falſe Glory, of the ſavage Pow'r
Of ruling without Reaſon, of confounding
Juſt and Unjuſt, by an unbounded Will;
By whom Religion, Honor, all the Bands
That ought to hold the jarring World in Peace,
Were held the Tricks of State, Snares of wiſe Princes
To draw their eaſy Neighbours to Deſtruction.

MIRVAN.

Thrice, by our Law and Prophet, has he ſworn,
By the World's Lord, and Maker, laſting Peace
With our great Maſter, and his Royal Friend
The *Grecian* Emperor; as oft regardleſs
Of plighted Faith, with moſt Un-kingly Baſeneſs,
H'has ta'en the Advantage of their abſent Arms,
Without a War proclaim'd, or Cauſe pretended,
To waſte with Sword and Fire their fruitful Fields:
Like ſome accurſed Fiend, who 'ſcap'd from Hell,

Poiſons the balmy Air thro' which he flies,
He blaſts the bearded Corn, and loaded Branches,
The lab'ring Hind's beſt Hopes, and marks his Way with Ruin.

PRINCE.

But ſee! his Fate, the mighty *Tamerlane*,
Comes like the Proxy of inquiring Heav'n,
To Judge, and to Redreſs. [*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

Enter TAMERLANE, *Guards, and other Attendants.*

TAMERLANE.

Yet, yet a little, and deſtructive Slaughter
Shall rage around, and mar this beauteous Proſpect;
Paſs but an Hour, which ſtands betwixt the Lives
Of Thouſands and Eternity, what Change
Shall haſty Death make in yon glitt'ring Plain?
Oh thou fell Monſter, War! that in a Moment
Lay'ſt waſte the nobleſt Part of the Creation,
The Boaſt and Maſter-piece of the Great Maker,
That wears in vain th' Impreſſion of his Image,
Unprivileg'd from thee.
Health to our Friends, and to our Arms Succeſs,
[*To the Prince,* Zama, *and* Mirvan.
Such as the Cauſe, for which we fight, deſerves.

PRINCE.

Nor can we aſk beyond what Heav'n beſtows,
Preventing ſtill our Wiſhes. See, great Sir,
The univerſal Joy your Soldiers wear,
Omen of proſp'rous Battle.
Impatient of the tedious Night, in Arms
Watchful they ſtood, expecting op'ning Day;
And now are hardly by their Leaders held
From darting on the Foe; like a hot Courſer,
That bounding paws the mould'ring Soil, diſdaining
The Rein that checks him, eager for the Race.

TAMERLANE.

Yes, Prince, I mean to give a looſe to War:
This Morn *Axalla*, with my *Parthian* Horſe,
Arrives to join me: He, who like a Storm

Swept

Swept with his flying Squadrons all the Plain
Between *Angoria*'s Walls, and yon tall Mountains,
That ſeem to reach the Clouds; and now he comes
Loaden with Spoils, and Conqueſt, to my Aid.
[*Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

ZAMA.

Theſe Trumpets ſpeak his Preſence——

Enter AXALLA *with Soldiers.* MONESES, STRATOCLES *and* SELIMA, *Priſoners.* [AXALLA *kneels to* TAMERLANE.]

TAMERLANE.

Welcome! thou worthy Partner of my Laurels,
Thou Brother of my Choice, a Band more ſacred
Than Nature's brittle Tye. By holy Friendſhip!
Glory and Fame ſtood ſtill for thy Arrival,
My Soul ſeem'd wanting in its better Half,
And languiſh'd for thy Abſence, like a Prophet,
That waits the Inſpiration of his God

AXALLA.

My Emperor! My ever royal Maſter!
To whom my ſecret Soul more lowly bends,
Than Forms of outward Worſhip can expreſs;
How poorly does your Soldier pay this Goodneſs,
Who wears his every Hour of Life out for you?
Yet 'tis his All, and what he has he offers;
Nor now diſdain t'accept the Gift he brings,
This Earneſt of your Fortune. See, my Lord,
The nobleſt Prize that ever grac'd my Arms:
Approach my Fair——

TAMERLANE.

This is indeed to conquer,
And well to be rewarded for thy Conqueſt;
The Bloom of opening Flow'rs, unſully'd Beauty,
Softneſs, and ſweeteſt Innocence ſhe wears,
And looks like Nature in the World's firſt Spring;
But ſay, *Axalla*——

SELIMA.

Moſt renown'd in War,
[Kneeling to Tamerlane.

Look with Compaſſion on a captive Maid,
Tho' born of hoſtile Blood; nor let my Birth,
Deriv'd from *Bajazet*, prevent that Mercy,
Which every Subject of your Fortune finds:
War is the Province of ambitious Man,
Who tears the miſerable World for Empire;
Whilſt our weak Sex, incapable of Wrong,
On either Side claims Privilege of Safety.

TAMERLANE. [*Raiſing her.*]

Riſe, royal Maid, the Pride of haughty Pow'r
Pays Homage, not receives it from the Fair;
Thy angry Father fiercely calls me forth,
And urges me unwillingly to Arms;
Yet, tho' our frowning Battles menace Death
And mortal Conflict, think not that we hold
Thy Innocence and Virtue as our Foe.
Here, till the Fate of *Aſia* is decided,
In Safety ſtay. To-morrow is your own,
Nor grieve for who may conquer, or who loſe;
Fortune on either Side ſhall wait thy Wiſhes.

SELIMA.

Where ſhall my Wonder and my Praiſe begin!
From the ſucceſsful Labors of thy Arms?
Or from a Theme more ſoft, and full of Peace,
Thy Mercy, and thy Gentleneſs? Oh, *Tamerlane!*
What can I pay thee for this noble Uſage
But grateful Praiſe? So Heav'n itſelf is paid.
Give Peace, ye Pow'rs above, Peace to Mankind;
Nor let my Father wage unequal War,
Againſt the Force of ſuch united Virtues.

TAMERLANE.

Heav'n hear thy pious Wiſh!---But ſince our Proſpect
Looks darkly on Futurity, till Fate
Determine for us, let thy Beauty's Safety
Be my *Axalla*'s Care; in whoſe glad Eyes
I read what Joy the pleaſing Service gives him.
Is there amongſt thy other Priſ'ners ought [*To* Axalla.
Worthy our Knowledge?

AXALLA.

AXALLA.

This brave Man, my Lord,
[*Pointing to* Moneſes.
With long Reſiſtance held the Combat doubtful:
His Party, preſt with Numbers, ſoon grew faint,
And would have left their Charge an eaſy Prey:
Whilſt he alone, undaunted at the Odds,
Tho' hopeleſs to eſcape, fought well and firmly:
Nor yielded, 'till o'ermatch'd by many Hands,
He ſeem'd to ſhame our Conqueſt, whilſt he own'd it.

TAMERLANE.

Thou ſpeak'ſt him as a Soldier ſhould a Soldier,
Juſt to the Worth he finds. I would not war
[*To* Moneſes.
With ought that wears thy virtuous Stamp of Greatneſs:
Thy Habit ſpeaks thee Chriſtian——Nay, yet more,
My Soul ſeems pleas'd to take Acquaintance with thee,
As if ally'd to thine: Perhaps 'tis Sympathy
Of honeſt Minds; like Strings wound up in Muſic,
Where by one Touch, both utter the ſame Harmony:
Why art thou then a Friend to *Bajazet*?
And why my Enemy?

MONESES.

If human Wiſdom
Could point out every Action of our Lives,
And ſay, Let it be thus, in ſpite of Fate,
Or partial Fortune, then I had not been
The Wretch I am.

TAMERLANE.

The Brave meet every Accident
With equal Minds: Think nobler of thy Foes,
Than to account thy Chance in War an Evil.

MONESES.

Far, far from that; I rather hold it grievous
That I was forc'd ev'n but to ſeem your Enemy;
Nor think the Baſeneſs of a vanquiſh'd Slave
Moves me to flatter for precarious Life,
Or ill-bought Freedom, when I ſwear, by Heav'n,
Were I to chooſe from all Mankind a Maſter,
It ſhould be Tamerlane.

TAMERLANE.

A noble Freedom
Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd.
I take thy Praiſe as Earneſt of thy Friendſhip.

MONESES.

Still you prevent the Homage I ſhould offer.
O Royal Sir! let my Misfortunes plead,
And wipe away the hoſtile Mark I wore.
I was, when not long ſince my Fortune hail'd me,
Bleſs'd to my Wiſh, I was the Prince *Moneſes*;
Born and bred up to Greatneſs; witneſs the Blood,
Which thro' ſucceſſive Heroes Veins ally'd
To our *Greek* Emperors, roll'd down to me,
Feeds the bright Fame of Glory in my Heart.

TAMERLANE.

Ev'n that! that Princely Tye ſhould bind thee to me,
If Virtue were not more than all Alliance.

MONESES.

I have a Siſter (Oh ſevere Remembrance!),
Our noble Houſe's, nay, her Sex's Pride:
Nor think my Tongue too laviſh, if I ſpeak her
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaſte
As its cold Precepts, wiſe beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth; ſoft as forgiving Mercy,
Yet greatly Brave, and jealous for her Honor:
Such as ſhe was, to ſay I barely lov'd her,
Is poor to my Soul's Meaning: From our Infancy
There grew a mutual Tenderneſs between us,
Till not long ſince her Vows were kindly plighted
To a young Lord, the Equal of her Birth.
The happy Day was fix'd, and now approaching,
When faithleſs *Bajazet* (upon whoſe Honor,
In ſolemn Treaty giv'n, the *Greeks* depended)
With ſudden War broke in upon the Country,
Secure of Peace, and for Defence unready.

TAMERLANE.

Let Majeſty no more be held Divine,
Since Kings, who are call'd Gods, profane themſelves.

MONESES.

MONESES.

Among the Wretches whom that Deluge ſwept
Away to Slavery, myſelf and Siſter,
Then paſſing near the Frontiers to the Court,
(Which waited for her Nuptials) were ſurpriz'd,
And made the Captives of the Tyrant's Power.
Soon as we reach'd his Court, we found our Uſage
Beyond what we expected, fair and noble;
'Twas then the Storm of your victorious Arms
Look'd black, and ſeem'd to threaten, when he preſt me
(By oft repeating Inſtances) to draw
My Sword for him: But when he found my Soul
Diſdain'd his Purpoſe, he more fiercely told me,
That my *Arpaſia*, my lov'd Siſter's Fate
Depended on my Courage ſhewn for him.
I had long learnt to hold myſelf at nothing;
But for her Sake, to ward the Blow from her,
I bound my Service to the Man I hated.
Six Days are paſt, ſince by the Sultan's Order
I left the Pledge of my Return behind,
And went to guard this Princeſs to his Camp:
The reſt the brave *Axalla*'s Fortune tells you.

TAMERLANE.

Wiſely the Tyrant ſtrove, to prop his Cauſe
By leaguing with thy Virtue: but juſt Heav'n
Has torn thee from his Side, and left him naked
To the avenging Bolt that drives upon him:
Forget the Name of Captive, and I wiſh
I could as well reſtore that Fair One's Freedom,
Whoſe Loſs hangs heavy on thee: Yet ere Night
Perhaps we may deſerve thy Friendſhip nobler;
Th' approaching Storm may caſt thy Shipwreck'd Wealth
Back to thy Arms: 'Till that be paſt, ſince War
(Tho' in the juſteſt Cauſe) is ever doubtful,
I will not aſk thy Sword to aid my Victory,
Leſt it ſhould hurt that Hoſtage of thy Valor
Our common Foe detains.

MONESES.

Let *Bajazet*
Bend to his Yoke repining Slaves by Force,

You, Sir, have found a nobler way to Empire,
Lord of the willing World.

TAMERLANE.

Oh, my *Axalla!*
Thou haſt a tender Soul, apt for Compaſſion,
And art thyſelf a Lover and a Friend:
Does not this Prince's Fortune move thy Temper?

AXALLA.

Yes, Sir, I mourn the brave *Moneſes'* Fate;
The Merit of his Virtue hardly match'd
With diſadvent'rous Chance: Yet, Prince, allow me,
Allow me, from th' Experience of a Lover,
To ſay; one Perſon, whom your Story mention'd,
(If he ſurvive) is far beyond you wretched:
You nam'd the Bridegroom of your beauteous Siſter.

MONESES.

I did: Oh, moſt accurſt!

AXALLA.

Think what he feels,
Daſh'd in the Fierceneſs of his Expectation;
Then when th' approaching Minute of Poſſeſſion
Had wound Imagination to the Height,
Think if he lives!——

MONESES.

He lives, he does; 'tis true
He lives; but how? To be a Dog, and dead,
Were Paradiſe to ſuch a State as his:
He holds down Life as Children do a Potion,
With ſtrong Reluctance and convulſive Struggling,
Whilſt his Misfortunes preſs him to diſgorge it.

TAMERLANE.

Spare the Remembrance; 'tis an uſeleſs Grief,
And adds to the Misfortune by repeating it.
The Revolution of a Day may bring
Such Turns, as Heav'n itſelf could ſcarce have promis'd,
Far, far beyond thy Wiſh: Let that Hope cheer thee.
Haſte, my *Axalla* to diſpoſe, with Safety,
Thy beauteous Charge, and on the Foe revenge
The Pain, which Abſence gives; thy other Care,

Honor

Honor and Arms, now ſummon thy Attendance;
Now do thy Office well, my Soul; remember
Thy Cauſe; the Cauſe of Heav'n and injur'd Earth.
O thou Supreme! if thy Great Spirit warms
My glowing Breaſt, and fires my Soul to Arms,
Grant that my Sword, aſſiſted by thy Pow'r
This Day may Peace and Happineſs reſtore,
That War and lawleſs Rage may vex the World no more.

[*Exeunt* Tamerlane, Moneſes, Stratocles, *Prince of* Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, *and Attendants.*

Manent Axalla, *and* Selima, *with Soldiers.*

AXALLA.

The Battle calls, and bids me haſte to leave thee,
Oh, *Selima!*——But let Deſtruction wait:
Are there not Hours enough for Blood and Slaughter?
This Moment ſhall be Love's, and I will waſte it
In ſoft Complainings, for thy Sighs and Coldneſs,
For thy forgetful Coldneſs; even at *Birna*,
When in thy Father's Court my Eyes firſt own'd thee,
Fairer than Light, the Joy of their beholding,
Ev'n then thou wert not thus.

SELIMA.

Art not thou chang'd?
Chriſtian, *Axalla*, art thou ſtill the ſame?
Thoſe were the gentle Hours of Peace, and thou
The World's good Angel, that didſt kindly join
Its mighty Maſters in harmonious Friendſhip:
But ſince thoſe Joys, that once were ours, are loſt,
Forbear to mention 'em, and talk of War;
Talk of thy Conqueſt and my Chains, *Axalla.*

AXALLA.

Yet I will liſten, fair unkind Upbraider,
Yet I will liſten to thy charming Accents,
Altho' they make me curſe my Fame and Fortune,
My Laurel-wreaths, and all the glorious Trophies,
For which the Valiant bleed—Oh! thou unjuſt one,
Doſt thou then envy me this ſmall Return

My niggard Fate has made for all the Mournings,
For all the Pains, for all the ſleepleſs Nights
That cruel Abſence brings?

SELIMA.

Away, Deceiver!
I will not hear thy Soothing: Is it thus
That Chriſtian Lovers prove the Faith they ſwear?
Are War and Slavery the ſoft Endearments
With which they court the Beauties they admire?
'Twas well my Heart was cautious of believing
Thy Vows, and thy Proteſting. Know, my Conqueror,
Thy Sword has vanquiſh'd but the Half of *Selima*,
Her Soul diſdains thy Victory.

AXALLA.

Hear, ſweet Heav'n,
Hear the fair Tyrant, how ſhe wreſts Love's Laws,
As ſhe had vow'd my Ruin! What is Conqueſt?
What Joy have I from that, but to behold thee,
To kneel before thee, and with lifted Eyes
To view thee, as Devotion does a Saint,
With awful, trembling Pleaſure: Then to ſwear
Thou art the Queen, and Miſtreſs of my Soul?
Has not ev'n *Tamerlane* (whoſe Word next Heav'n's,
Makes Fate at ſecond hand) bid thee diſclaim
Thy Fears? And doſt thou call thyſelf a Slave?
Only to try how far the ſad Impreſſion
Can ſink into *Axalla!*

SELIMA.

Oh *Axalla!*
Ought I to hear you?

AXALLA:

Come back, ye Hours,
And tell my *Selima* what ſhe has done:
Bring back the Time, when to her Father's Court
I came Ambaſſador of Peace from *Tamerlane*;
When hid by conſcious Darkneſs and Diſguiſe,
I paſs'd the Dangers of the watchful Guards;
Bold as the Youth who nightly ſwam the *Helleſpont*:
Then, then ſhe was not ſworn the Foe of Love;

When,

When, as my Soul confeſt its Flame, and ſu'd
In moving Sounds for Pity, ſhe frown'd rarely,
But, bluſhing, heard me tell the gentle Tale:
Nay, ev'n confeſt, and told me ſoftly, ſighing,
She thought there was no Guilt in Love like mine.

SELIMA.

Young, and unſkilful in the World's falſe Arts,
I ſuffer'd Love to ſteal upon my Softneſs,
And warm me with a lambent guiltleſs Flame:
Yes, I have heard thee ſwear a thouſand Times,
And call the conſcious Pow'rs of Heav'n to witneſs
The tend'reſt, trueſt, everlaſting Paſſion:
But, Oh! 'tis paſt; and I will charge Remembrance
To baniſh the fond Image from my Soul:
Since thou art ſworn the Foe of Royal *Bajazet*,
I have reſolv'd to hate thee.

AXALLA.

Is it poſſible!
Hate is not in thy Nature: thy whole Frame
Is Harmony, without one jarring Atom.
Why doſt thou force thy Eyes to wear this Coldneſs?
It damps the Springs of Life. Oh! bid me die,
Much rather bid me die, if it be true,
That thou haſt ſworn to hate me.——

SELIMA.

Let Life and Death
Wait the Deciſion of the bloody Field;
Nor can thy Fate (my Conqueror) depend
Upon a Woman's Hate. Yet ſince you urge
A Pow'r, which once perhaps I had, there is
But one Requeſt, that I can make with Honor.

AXALLA.

O! name it! ſay——

SELIMA.

Forego your Right of War,
And render me this Inſtant to my Father.

AXALLA.

Impoſſible!——The Tumult of the Battle,
That haſtes to join, cuts off all Means of Commerce
Betwixt the Armies.

SELIMA.

Swear then to perform it,
Which Way ſoe'er the Chance of War determines,
On my firſt Inſtance.

AXALLA.

By the ſacred Majeſty
Of Heav'n, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;
Yes, I will give thee this ſevereſt Proof
Of my Soul's vow'd Devotion, I will part with thee
(Thou Cruel, to command it,) I will part with thee,
As Wretches that are doubtful of Hereafter,
Part with their Lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,
And trembling at Futurity. But is there nothing;
No ſmall Return that Honor can afford
For all this Waſte of Love?

SELIMA.

The Gifts of Captives
Wear ſomewhat of Conſtraint; and generous Minds
Diſdain to give, where Freedom of the Choice
Does but ſeem wanting.

AXALLA.

What! not one kind Look?
Then thou art chang'd indeed. * Hark I am ſummon'd
[*Trumpet.
And thou wilt ſend me forth like one unbleſs'd;
Whom Fortune has forſaken, and ill Fate
Mark'd for Deſtruction. Thy ſurpriſing Coldneſs
Hangs on my Soul, and weighs my Courage down;
And the firſt feeble Blow I meet ſhall raze me
From all Remembrance: Nor is Life or Fame
Worthy my Care, ſince I am loſt to thee. [Going

SELIMA.

Ha! Goeſt thou to the Fight!——

AXALLA.

I do.---Farewel!——

SELIMA.

What! and no more? A Sigh heaves in my Breaſt,
And ſtops the ſtruggling Accents on my Tongue,
Elſe, ſure, I ſhould have added ſomething more,
And made our Parting ſofter.

AXALLA

AXALLA.

Give it way.
The niggard Honor, that affords not Love,
Forbids not Pity——

SELIMA.

Fate perhaps has ſet
This Day, the Period of thy Life, and Conqueſts;
And I ſhall ſee thee borne at Evening back,
A breathleſs Coarſe;—Oh! Can I think on that,
And hide my Sorrows?—No—they will have way,
And all the Vital Air, that Life draws in,
Is render'd back in Sighs.

AXALLA.

The murm'ring Gale revives the drooping Flame,
That at thy Coldneſs languiſh'd in my Breaſt;
So breathe the gentle Zephrys on the Spring,
And waken every Plant, and od'rous Flower,
Which Winter Froſt had blaſted, to new-Life.

SELIMA.

To ſee thee for this Moment, and no more.——
Oh! help me to reſolve againſt this Tenderneſs,
That charms my fierce Reſentments, and preſents thee
Not as thou art, mine and my Father's Foe,
But as thou wert, when firſt thy moving Accents
Won me to hear; when, as I liſten'd to thee,
The happy Hours paſt by us unperceiv'd,
So was my Soul fix'd to the ſoft Enchantment.

AXALLA.

Let me be ſtill the ſame; I am, I muſt be.
If it were poſſible my Heart could ſtray,
One Look from thee would call it back again,
And fix the Wanderer for ever thine.

SELIMA.

Where is my boaſted Reſolution now?
[*Sinking into his Arms.*
Oh! Yes! Thou art the ſame; my Heart joins with thee,
And to betray me will believe thee ſtill:
It dances to the Sounds that mov'd it firſt,
And owns at once the Weakneſs of my Soul:

So

So when ſome ſkilful Artiſt ſtrikes the Strings,
The magic Numbers rouze our ſleeping Paſſions,
And force us to confeſs our Grief, and Pleaſure.
Alas! *Axalla*, ſay——doſt thou not pity
My artleſs Innocence, and eaſy Fondneſs?
Oh! turn thee from me, or I die with bluſhing.

AXALLA.

No——let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,
And bleſs the new-born Glories that adorn thee;
From every Bluſh, that kindles in thy Cheeks,
Ten thouſand little Loves and Graces ſpring,
To revel in the Roſes——'two' not be, [*Trumpets.*
This envious Trumpet calls, and tears me from thee——

SELIMA.

My Fears increaſe, and doubly preſs me now;
I charge thee, if thy Sword comes croſs my Father,
Stop for a Moment, and remember me.

AXALLA.

Oh! doubt not, but his Life ſhall be my Care,
Ev'n dearer than my own——

SELIMA.

Guard that for me too.

AXALLA.

Oh! *Selima!* thou haſt reſtor'd my Quiet,
The noble Ardor of the War, with Love
Returning, brightly burns within my Breaſt,
And bids me be ſecure of all hereafter.
So chears ſome pious Saint a dying Sinner,
(Who trembled at the Thought of Pains to come)
With Heav'n's Forgiveneſs, and the Hopes of Mercy;
At length the Tumult of his Soul appeas'd,
And every Doubt and anxious Scruple eas'd,
Boldly he proves the dark, uncertain Road,
The Peace, his holy Comforter beſtow'd,
Guides and protects him like a Guardian God.

[*Exit.*

Manent

Manent SELIMA *and Guards.*

SELIMA.

n vain all Arts a Love-ſick Virgin tries,
ects to frown, and ſeem ſeverely wiſe,
opes to cheat the wary Lover's Eyes.
he dear Youth her Pity ſtrives to move,
d pleads with tenderneſs, the Cauſe of Love,
ture aſſerts her Empire in her Heart,
d kindly takes the faithful Lover's Part.
Love, herſelf, and Nature thus betray'd,
more ſhe truſts in Pride's fantaſtic Aid,
bids her Eyes confeſs the yielding Maid.

[*Exit* Selima, *Guards following.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

TAMERLANE's *Camp.*

Enter MONESES.

MONESES.

THE dreadful Buſineſs of the War is over;
And Slaughter, that, from Yeſter Morn 'till Ev'n,
With Giant Steps, paſt ſtriding o'er the Field,
Beſmear'd and horrid with the Blood of Nations,
Now weary ſits among the mangled Heaps,
And ſlumbers o'er her Prey; while from this Camp
The chearful Sounds of Victory, and *Tamerlane*,
Beat the high Arch of Heav'n: deciding Fate,
That Crowns him with the Spoils of ſuch a Day,
Has giv'n it as an Earneſt of the World
That ſhortly ſhall be his.

Enter STRATOCLES.

My *Stratocles!*
Moſt happily return'd; might I believe
Thou bring'ſt me any Joy?

STRATOCLES.

With my beſt Diligence,
This Night I have enquir'd of what concerns you.
Scarce was the Sun, who ſhone upon the Horror
Of the paſt Day, ſunk to the Weſtern Ocean,
When by Permiſſion from the Prince *Axalla*,
I mixt among the Tumult of the Warriors,
Returning from the Battle: Here a Troop
Of hardy *Parthians* red with honeſt Wounds,

Confeſt

Confeſt the Conqueſt, they had well deſerv'd:
There a dejected Crew of wretched Captives,
Sore with unprofitable Hurts, and groaning
Under new Bondage, follow'd ſadly after
The haughty Victor's Heels; but that, which fully
Crown'd the Succeſs of *Tamerlane*, was *Bajazet*,
Fall'n like the proud Archangel, from the Height,
Where once (ev'n next to Majeſty Divine)
Enthron'd he ſat, down to the vile Deſcent
And lowneſs of a Slave; but oh! to ſpeak
The Rage, the Fierceneſs, and the Indignation!——
It bars all Words, and cuts Deſcription ſhort.

MONESES.

Then he is fall'n! that Comet which, on high,
Portended Ruin; he has ſpent his Blaze,
And ſhall diſtract the World with Fears no more:
Sure it muſt bode me well, for oft my Soul
Has ſtarted into Tumult at his Name,
As if my Guardian Angel took th' Alarm,
At the Approach of ſomewhat mortal to me:
But ſay, my Friend, what hear'ſt thou of *Arpaſia*?
For there my Thoughts, my every Care is center'd.

STRATOCLES.

Tho' on that Purpoſe ſtill I bent my Search,
Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this,
That in the Pillage of the Sultan's Tent
Some Women were made Priſ'ner's, who this Morning
Were to be offer'd to the Emperor's View;
Their Names, and Qualities, tho' oft enquiring
I could not learn.

MONESES.

Then muſt my Soul ſtill labor
Beneath Uncertainty, and anxious Doubt,
The Mind's worſt State. The Tyrant's Ruin gives me
But a Half-Eaſe.

STRATOCLES.

'Twas ſaid, not far from hence
The Captives were to wait the Emperor's Paſſage.

MONESES.

MONESES.

Haſte we to find the Place. Oh! my *Arpaſia!*
Shall we not meet? Why hangs my Heart thus heavy
Like Death within my Boſom? Oh! 'tis well,
The Joy of meeting pays the Pangs of Abſence,
Elſe who could bear it?
When thy lov'd Sight ſhall bleſs my Eyes again,
Then I will own, I ought not to complain,
Since that ſweet Hour is worth whole Years of Pain.

[*Exeunt* Moneſes *and* Stratocles.

SCENE II.

The Inſide of a Magnificent Tent.

Symphony of Warlike Muſic.

Enter TAMERLANE, AXALLA, *Prince of* TANAIS, ZAMA, MIRVAN, *Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

AXALLA.

FROM this auſpicious Day the *Parthian* Name
Shall date its Birth of Empire, and extend
Ev'n from the dawning Eaſt to utmoſt *Thule*
The Limits of its Sway.

PRINCE.

Nations unknown,
Where yet the *Roman* Eagles never flew,
Shall pay their Homage to Victorious *Tamerlane*:
Bend to his Valor, and ſuperior Virtue,
And own, that Conqueſt is not given by Chance,
But, bound by fatal and reſiſtleſs Merit,
Waits on his Arms.

TAMERLANE.

It is too much: you dreſs me
Like an Uſurper in the borrow'd Attributes
Of injur'd Heav'n: Can we call Conqueſt ours?

Shall

Shall Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
Vaunt of himſelf, and ſay, Thus have I done this?
Oh! vain Pretence to Greatneſs! Like the Moon,
We borrow all the Brightneſs, which we boaſt,
Dark in ourſelves, and uſeleſs. If that Hand
That rules the Fate of Battles ſtrike for us,
Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honor;
'Twere moſt ungrateful to diſown the Benefit,
And arrogate a Praiſe which is not ours.

AXALLA.

With ſuch unſhaken Temper of the Soul
To bear the ſwelling Tide of proſp'rous Fortune,
Is to deſerve that Fortune: In Adverſity
The Mind grows tough by buffetting the Tempeſt;
Which, in Succeſs diſſolving, ſinks to Eaſe,
And loſes all her Firmneſs.

TAMERLANE.

Oh! *Axalla!*
Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickneſs, or Thirſt, and Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clamorous Appetites, aſſerting
An Equal Right in Kings and common Men,
Reprove me daily?——No——If I boaſt of ought,
Be it, to have been Heav'n's happy Inſtrument,
The Means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures;
This is a King's beſt Praiſe.

Enter OMAR.

OMAR.

Honor and Fame
[*Bowing to* Tamerlane.
For ever wait the Emperor; may our Prophet
Give him ten thouſand thouſand Days of Life,
And every Day like this. The Captive Sultan,
Fierce in his Bonds, and at his Fate repining,
Attends your ſacred Will.

TAMERLANE.

Let him approach.

Enter

Enter BAJAZET *and other* Turkiſh *Priſoners in Chains, with a Guard of Soldiers.*

When I ſurvey the Ruins of this Field,
The wild Deſtruction, which thy fierce Ambition
Has dealt among Mankind, (ſo many Widows
And helpleſs Orphans has thy Battle made,
That half our Eaſtern World this Day are Mourners)
Well may I, in Behalf of Heav'n and Earth,
Demand from thee Atonement for this Wrong.

BAJAZET.

Make thy Demand to thoſe that own thy Pow'r;
Know, I am ſtill beyond it; and tho' Fortune
(Curſe on that Changeling Deity of Fools!)
Has ſtript me of the Train and Pomp of Greatneſs,
That Out-ſide of a King, yet ſtill my Soul,
Fixt high, and of itſelf alone dependant,
Is ever Free and Royal; and ev'n now,
As at the head of Battle, does defy thee:
I know what Pow'r the Chance of War has giv'n,
And dare thee to the Uſe on't. This vile Speeching,
This After-game of Words, is what moſt irks me;
Spare that, and for the reſt 'tis equal all———
Be it as it may.

TAMERLANE.

Well was it for the World,
When on their Borders Neighbouring Prince's met,
Frequent in friendly Parle, by cool Debates
Preventing waſteful War; ſuch ſhould our Meeting
Have been, had'ſt thou but held in juſt regard
The Sanctity of Leagues ſo often ſworn to.
Canſt thou believe thy Prophet, or, what's more,
That Pow'r Supreme, which made thee, and thy Prophet,
Will, with Impunity, let paſs that Breach
Of ſacred Faith giv'n to the Royal *Greek?*

BAJAZET.

Thou Pedant Talker! ha! art thou a King
Poſſeſt of ſacred Pow'r, Heav'n's darling Attribute,

And

And doſt thou prate of Leagues, and Oaths, and Prophets?
I hate the *Greek* (Perdition on his Name!)
As I do thee, and would have met you both,
As Death does human Nature, for Deſtruction.

TAMERLANE.

Cauſeleſs to hate is not of human kind;
The ſavage Brute, that haunts in Woods remote,
And Deſart Wilds, tears not the fearful Traveller,
If Hunger, or ſome Injury, provoke not.

BAJAZET.

Can a King want a Cauſe, when Empire bids
Go on? What is he born for but Ambition?
'Tis his Hunger, 'tis his Call of Nature,
The noble Appetite which will be ſatisfy'd,
And like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal.

TAMERLANE.

Henceforth I will not wonder we were Foes,
Since Souls that differ ſo, by Nature Hate,
And ſtrong Antipathy forbids their Union.

BAJAZET.

The noble Fire that warms me does indeed
Tranſcend thy Coldneſs; I am pleas'd we differ,
Nor think alike.

TAMERLANE.

No——for I think like Man,
Thou like a Monſter; from whoſe baleful Preſence
Nature ſtarts back; and tho' ſhe fix'd her Stamp
On thy rough Maſs, and mark'd thee for a Man,
Now conſcious of her Error ſhe diſclaims thee,
As form'd for her Deſtruction.——
'Tis true, I am a King, as thou haſt been:
Honor, and Glory too have been my Aim;
But tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers,
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
Yet would I chooſe to fix my Name by Peace,
By Juſtice, and by Mercy; and to raiſe
My Trophies on the Bleſſings of Mankind;
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I ſway,
Or Forfeit of my Honor.

BAJAZET.

Prophet, I thank thee.——
Damnation!——Couldſt thou rob me of my Glory,
To dreſs up this tame King, this preaching *Derviſe?*
Unfit for War, thou ſhouldſt have liv'd ſecure
In lazy Peace, and with debating Senates
Shar'd a precarious Scepter, ſat tamely ſtill,
And let bold Factions canton out thy Pow'r,
And wrangle for the Spoils they robb'd thee of;
Whilſt I (curſe on the Pow'r that ſtops my Ardor!)
Would, like a Tempeſt, ruſh amidſt the Nations,
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like *Alha*,
My angry Thunder on the frighted World.

TAMERLANE.

The World!—'twould be too little for thy Pride:
Thou would'ſt ſcale Heav'n.——

BAJAZET.

I would:——Away! my Soul
Diſdains thy Conference.

TAMERLANE.

Thou vain, raſh Thing,
That, with gigantic Inſolence, haſt dar'd
To lift thy wretched ſelf above the Stars,
And mate with Pow'r Almighty: Thou art fall'n!

BAJAZET.

'Tis falſe! I am not fall'n from ought I've been:
At leaſt my Soul reſolves to keep her State,
And ſcorns to take Acquaintance with ill Fortune.

TAMERLANE.

Almoſt beneath my Pity art thou fall'n;
Since, while th' avenging Hand of Heav'n is on thee,
And preſſes to the Duſt thy ſwelling Soul,
Fool-hardy, with the ſtronger thou contendeſt;
To what vaſt Heights had thy tumultuous Temper
Been hurry'd, if Succeſs had crown'd thy Wiſhes;
Say, what had I to expect, if thou had'ſt conquer'd?

BAJAZET.

Oh, Glorious Thought! By Heav'n! I will enjoy it,
Tho' but in Fancy; Imagination ſhall

Make

Make room to entertain the vaſt Idea.
Oh! had I been the Maſter but of Yeſterday,
The World, the World had felt me; and for thee,
I had us'd thee, as thou art to me,——a Dog,
The Object of my Scorn, and mortal Hatred:
I would have taught thy Neck to know my Weight,
And mounted from that Footſtool to my Saddle:
Then, when thy daily ſervile Taſk was done,
I would have cag'd thee, for the Scorn of Slaves,
'Till thou hadſt begg'd to die; and ev'n that Mercy
I had deny'd Thee: Now thou know'ſt my Mind,
And queſtion me no farther.

TAMERLANE.

Well doſt thou teach me
What Juſtice ſhould exact from thee: Mankind
With one Conſent cry out for Vengeance on thee;
Loudly they call, to cut off this League-breaker,
This wild Deſtroyer, from the Face of Earth.

BAJAZET.

Do it, and rid thy ſhaking Soul at once
Of its worſt Fear.

TAMERLANE.

Why ſlept the Thunder,
That ſhould have arm'd the Idol Deity,
And giv'n thee Pow'r, ere Yeſter Sun was ſet,
To ſhake the Soul of *Tamerlane:* Hadſt thou an Arm
To make thee fear'd, thou ſhould'ſt have prov'd it on me,
Amidſt the Sweat and Blood of yonder Field,
When, thro' the Tumult of the War, I ſought thee,
Fenc'd in with Nations.

BAJAZET.

Curſe upon the Stars,
That fated us to different Scenes of Slaughter!
Oh! could my Sword have met thee!——

TAMERLANE.

Thou hadſt then
As now, been in my Pow'r, and held thy Life
Dependant on my Gift——Yes, *Bajazet,*
I bid thee, Live.——So much my Soul diſdains,
That thou ſhould'ſt think, I can fear ought but Heav'n:

Nay

Nay more; could'ſt thou forget thy brutal Fierceneſs,
And form thyſelf to Manhood, I would bid thee
Live, and be ſtill a King, that thou may'ſt learn
What Man ſhould be to Man, in War remembring
The common Tye, and Brotherhood of Kind.
This Royal Tent, with ſuch of thy Domeſtics
As can be found, ſhall wait upon thy Service;
Nor will I uſe my Fortune, to demand
Hard Terms of Peace, but ſuch as thou may'ſt offer
With Honor, I with Honor may receive. *

[* Tamerlane *ſigns to an Officer, who unbinds* me,
Bajazet.

BAJAZET.

Ha! ſay'ſt thou—no!—our Prophet's Vengeance blaſt
If thou ſhalt buy my Friendſhip with thy Empire.
Damnation on thee! thou ſmooth fawning Talker!
Give me again my Chains, that I may curſe thee,
And gratify my Rage: Or, if thou wilt
Be a vain Fool, and play with thy Perdition,
Remember I'm thy Foe, and hate thee deadly.
Thy Folly on thy Head!

TAMERLANE.

Be ſtill my Foe.
Great Minds (like Heav'n) are pleas'd in doing good,
Tho' the ungrateful Subjects of their Favors
Are barren in Return: Thy ſtubborn Pride,
That ſpurns the gentle Office of Humanity,
Shall in my Honor own, and thy Deſpite,
I have done, as I ought. Virtue ſtill does
With Scorn the Mercenary World regard
Where abjects Souls do good, and hope Reward:
Above the worthleſs Trophies Men can raiſe,
She ſeeks not Honors, Wealth, nor airy Praiſe,
But with herſelf, Herſelf, the Goddeſs pays.

[*Exeunt* Tamerlane, Axalla, *Prince of* Tanais, Mirvan, Zama, *and Attendants.*

Manent BAJAZET, OMAR, *Guards.*

BAJAZET.

BAJAZET.

Come, lead me to my Dungeon; plunge me down
Deep from the hated Sight of Man, and Day,
Where, under Covert of the Friendly Darkneſs,
My Soul may brood, at leiſure, o'er its Anguiſh.

OMAR.

Our Royal Maſter wou'd, with noble Uſage,
Make your Misfortunes light: he bids you hope,——

BAJAZET.

I tell thee, Slave, I have ſhook hands with Hope,
And all my Thoughts are Rage, Deſpair, and Horror.

Enter HALY, ARPASIA, *and Women Attendants.*

Ha! wherefore am I thus?——Perdition ſeize me!
But my cold Blood runs ſhiv'ring to my Heart,
As at ſome Fantom, that in Dead of Night,
With dreadful Action ſtalks around our Beds.
The Rage and fiercer Paſſions of my Breaſt
Are loſt in new Confuſion.—*Arpaſia!—Haly!*

HALY.

Oh Emperor! for whoſe hard Fate our Prophet,
And all the Heroes of thy ſacred Race
Are ſad in Paradiſe, thy faithful *Haly*,
The Slave of all thy Pleaſures, in this Ruin,
This univerſal Shipwreck of thy Fortunes,
Has gather'd up this Treaſure for thy Arms:
Nor ev'n the Victor, haughty *Tamerlane*,
(By whoſe Command once more thy Slave beholds thee)
Denies this Bleſſing to thee, but with Honor
Renders thee back thy Queen, thy beauteous Bride.

BAJAZET.

Oh! had her Eyes, with Pity, ſeen my Sorrows,
Had ſhe the Softneſs of a tender Bride,
Heav'n cou'd not have beſtow'd a greater Bleſſing,
And Love had made Amends for Loſs of Empire.
But ſee, what Fury dwells upon her Charms!
What Light'ning flaſhes from her angry Eyes!
With a malignant Joy ſhe views my Ruin:
Ev'n beauteous in her Hatred, ſtill ſhe charms me,
And awes my fierce tumultuous Soul to Love.

ARPASIA.

And dar'ſt thou hope, thou Tyrant! Ravither!
That Heav'n has any Joy in Store for thee?
Look back upon the Sum of thy paſt Life,
Where Tyranny, Oppreſſion, and Injuſtice,
Perjury, Murders, ſwell the black Account;
Where loſt *Arpaſia*'s Wrongs ſtand bleeding freſh,
Thy laſt recorded Crime; but Heav'n has found thee,
At length the tardy Vengeance has o'erta'en thee.
My weary Soul ſhall bear a little longer
The Pain of Life, to call for Juſtice on thee;
That once complete, ſink to the peaceful Grave,
And loſe the Mem'ry of my Wrongs and Thee.

BAJAZET.

Thou rail'ſt! I thank thee for't——Be perverſe,
And muſter all the Woman in thy Soul;
Goad me with Curſes, be a very Wife,
That I may fling off this tame Love, and hate thee,

Enter MONESES. [BAJAZET *ſtarting.*]

Ha!—Keep thy Temper, Heart! nor take alarm
At a Slave's Preſence.

MONESES.

It is *Arpaſia*!—Leave me, thou cold Fear.
Sweet as the roſy Morn ſhe breaks upon me,
And Sorrow, like the Night's unwholſome Shade,
Gives way before the Golden Dawn ſhe brings.

BAJAZET. [*Advancing towards him.*]

Ha, Chriſtian! Is it well that we meet thus?
Is this thy Faith?

MONESES.

Why does thy frowning Brow
Put on this Form of Fury? Is it ſtrange
We ſhould meet here Companions in Misfortune,
The Captives of one common Chance of War?
Nor ſhould'ſt thou wonder, that my Sword has fail'd
Before the Fortune of victorious *Tamerlane*,
When thou, with Nations like the ſanded Shore,
With Half the warring World upon thy Side,

Could'ſt

Could'ſt not ſtand up againſt his dreadful Battle,
That cruſh'd thee with its Shock. Thy Men can witneſs,
Thoſe Cowards, that forſook me in the Combat,
My Sword was not unactive.

BAJAZET.

No,——'tis falſe.
Where is my daughter, thou vile *Greek*? thou haſt
Betray'd her to the *Tartar*; or, ev'n worſe,
Pale with thy Fears, didſt loſe her like a Coward:
And like a Coward now, would'ſt caſt the Blame
On Fortune, and ill Stars.

MONESES.

Ha! ſaid'ſt thou like a Coward?
What Sanctity, what Majeſty Divine
Haſt thou put on, to guard thee from my Rage,
That thus thou dar'ſt to wrong me?

BAJAZET.

Out thou Slave,
And know me for thy Lord——

MONESES.

I tell thee, Tyrant,
When in the Pride of Pow'r thou ſat'ſt on high,
When like an Idol thou wert vainly worſhipp'd,
By proſtrate Wretches, born with ſlaviſh Souls:
Ev'n when thou wert a King, thou wert not more
Nor greater than *Moneſes*; born of a Race,
Royal, and Great as thine: What art thou now then?
The Fate of War has ſet thee with the Loweſt;
And Captives (like the Subjects of the Grave)
Loſing Diſtinction, ſerve one common Lord.

BAJAZET.

Brav'd by this Dog! Now give a looſe to Rage,
And curſe thyſelf, curſe thy falſe cheating Prophet.
Ha! yet there's ſome Revenge. Hear me, thou Chriſtian:
Thou left'ſt that Siſter with me:——Thou Impoſtor!
Thou Boaſter of thy Honeſty! Thou Liar!
But take her to thee back.
Now to explore my Priſon——If it holds
Another Plague like this, the reſtleſs Damn'd

(If *Muftiet* lye not) wander thus in Hell:
From ſchorching Flames to chilling Froſts they run,
Then from their Froſts to Fires return again,
And only prove Variety of Pain.

[*Exeunt* Bajazet *and* Haly.

ARPASIA.

Stay, *Bajazet*, I charge thee by my Wrongs!
Stay and unfold a Tale of ſo much Horror,
As only fits thy telling——Oh, *Moneſes!*

MONESES.

Why doſt thou weep? why this tempeſtuous Paſſion,
That ſtops thy falt'ring Tongue ſhort on my Name?
Oh, ſpeak! unveil this Myſtery of Sorrow,
And draw the diſmal Scene, at once to Sight.

ARPASIA.

Thou art undone, loſt, ruin'd, and undone!

MONESES.

I will not think 'tis ſo, while I have thee,
While thus 'tis giv'n to fold thee in my Arms;
For while I ſigh upon thy panting Boſom,
The ſad Remembrance of paſt Woes is loſt.

ARPASIA.

Forbear to ſooth thy Soul with flatt'ring Thoughts,
Of Evils overpaſt, and Joys to come:
Our Woes are like the genuine Shade beneath,
Where Fate cuts off the very Hopes of Day,
And everlaſting Night and Horror reign.

MONESES.

By all the Tenderneſs, and chaſte Endearments
Of our paſt Love, I charge thee, my *Arpaſia*,
To eaſe my Soul of Doubts; give me to know
At once the utmoſt Malice of my Fate.

ARPASIA.

Take thy wretched Share in all I ſuffer,
Still Partner of my Heart. Scarce hadſt thou left
The Sultan's Camp, when the Imperious Tyrant,
Soft'ning the Pride and Fierceneſs of his Temper,
With gentle Speech made Offer of his Love.
Amaz'd, as at the Shock of ſudden Death,

I ſtarted

I ſtarted into Tears, and often urg'd
(Tho ſtill in vain) the Difference of our Faiths:
At laſt, as flying to the utmoſt Refuge,
With lifted Hands, and ſtreaming Eyes, I own'd
The Fraud; which when we firſt were made his Pris'ners,
Conſcious of my unhappy Form, and fearing
For thy dear Life, I forc'd thee to put on
Thy borrow'd Name of Brother, mine of Siſter:
Hiding beneath that Veil the nearer Tie,
Our mutual Vows had made before the Prieſt.
Kindling to Rage at hearing of my Story,
Then, Be it ſo, he cry'd. Think'ſt thou thy Vows
Giv'n to a Slave ſhall bar me from thy Beauties?
Then bade the Prieſt pronounce the Marriage Rites,
Which he perform'd, whilſt ſhrieking with Deſpair,
I call'd in vain the Pow'rs of Heav'n to aid me.

MONESES.

Villain! Imperial Villain!——Oh, the Coward!
Aw'd by his Guilt, tho' back'd by Force and Power,
He durſt not to my Face avow his Purpoſe;
But in my Abſence, like a lurking Thief,
Stole on my Treaſure, and at once undid me.

ARPASIA.

Had they not kept me from the Means of Death,
Forgetting all the Rules of Chriſtian Suffering,
I had done a deſp'rate Murder on my Soul,
Ere the rude Slaves, that waited on his Will,
Had forc'd me to his——

MONESES.

Stop thee there, *Arpaſia*,
And bar my Fancy from the guilty Scene;
Let not Thought enter, leſt the buſy Mind
Should muſter ſuch a Train of monſtrous Images,
As would diſtract me. Oh! I cannot bear it
Thou lovely Hoard of Sweets, where all my Joys
Were treaſur'd up, to have thee rifled thus!
Thus torn untaſted from my eager Wiſhes!
But I will have thee from him. *Tamerlane*
(The Sovereign Judge of Equity on Earth)

Shall do me Juſtice on this mighty Robber,
And render back thy Beauties to *Moneſes*.

ARPASIA.

And who ſhall render back my Peace, my Honor,
The ſpotleſs Whiteneſs of my Virgin Soul?
Ah! no, *Moneſes*——think not I will ever
Bring a polluted Love to thy chaſte Arms:
I am the Tyrant's Wife. Oh, fatal Title!
And, in the Sight of all the Saints, have ſworn,
By Honor, Womanhood, and bluſhing Shame,
To know no ſecond Bride-bed but my Grave.

MONESES.

I ſwear it muſt not be, ſince ſtill my Eye
Finds thee as heav'nly white, as Angel pure,
As in the earlieſt Hours of Life thou wert.
Nor art thou his but mine; thy firſt Vow's mine,
Thy Soul is mine——

ARPASIA.

Oh! think not, that the Pow'r
Of moſt perſuaſive Eloquence can make me
Forget I've been another's, been his Wife;
Now by my Bluſhes! by the ſtrong Confuſion,
And Anguiſh of my Heart! ſpare me, *Moneſes*,
Nor urge my trembling Virtue to the Precipice.
Shortly, (oh! very ſhortly) if my Sorrows
Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,
Death ſhall diſſolve the fatal Obligation,
And give me up to Peace, to that bleſt Place
Where the Good reſt from Care and anxious Life.

MONESES.

Oh! teach me, thou fair Saint, like thee to ſuffer:
Teach me, with hardy Piety, to combat
The preſent Ills; inſtruct my Eyes to paſs
The narrow Bounds of Life, this Land of Sorrow,
And with bold Hopes to view the Realms beyond,
Thoſe diſtant Beauties of the future State.
Tell me, *Arpaſia*,——ſay, what Joys are thoſe,
That wait to crown the Wretch who ſuffers here?
Oh! tell me, and ſuſtain my failing Faith.

ARPASIA.

ARPASIA.

Imagine ſomewhat exquiſitely fine,
Which Fancy cannot paint, which the pleas'd Mind
Can barely know, unable to deſcribe it;
Imagine, 'tis a Tract of endleſs Joys,
Without Satiety, or Interruption;
Imagine 'tis to meet, and part no more.

MONESES.

Grant, gentle Heav'n, that ſuch may be our Lot!
Let us be bleſt together.——Oh! my Soul!
Build on that Hope, and let it arm thy Courage,
To ſtruggle with the Storm, that parts us now.

ARPASIA.

Yes! my *Moneſes*, now the Surges riſe,
The ſwelling Sea breaks in between our Barks,
And drives us to our Fate on different Rocks.
Farewel——my Soul lives with thee.——

MONESES.

Death is parting,
'Tis the laſt ſad Adieu 'twixt Soul and Body,
But this is ſomewhat worſe—my Joy, my Comfort,
All that was left in Life, fleets after thee.
My aking Sight hangs on thy parting Beauties,
Thy lovely Eyes all drown'd in Floods of Sorrow!
So ſinks the ſetting Sun beneath the Waves,
And leaves the Traveller in pathleſs Woods,
Benighted and forlorn—Thus with ſad Eyes
Weſtward he turns, to mark the Light's Decay,
Till having loſt the laſt faint Glimpſe of Day,
Chearleſs, in Darkneſs, he purſues his Way.

[*Exeunt* Moneſes *and* Arpaſia *ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Inside of the Royal Tent.

Enter AXALLA, SELIMA, *and Women Attendants.*

AXALLA.

CAN there be ought in Love, beyond this Proof,
This wond'rous Proof, I give thee of my Faith!
To tear thee from my bleeding Boſom thus?
To rend the Strings of Life, to ſet thee free,
And yield thee to a cruel Father's Power,
Foe to my Hopes? What canſt thou pay me back,
What but thyſelf (thou Angel) for this Fondneſs?

SELIMA.

Thou doſt upbraid me, Beggar as I am,
And urge me with my Poverty of Love.
Perhaps thou think'ſt, 'tis nothing for a Maid
To ſtruggle through the Niceneſs of her Sex,
The Bluſhes and the Fears, and own ſhe loves:
Thou think'ſt, 'tis nothing for my artleſs Heart
To own my Weakneſs, and confeſs thy Triumph.

AXALLA.

Oh! yes, I own it; my charm'd Ears ne'er knew
A Sound of ſo much Rapture, ſo much Joy.
Not Voices, Inſtruments, not warbling Birds,
Not Winds, not murm'ring Waters join'd in Conſort
Not tuneful Nature, not th'according Spheres
Utter ſuch Harmony, as when my *Selima*
With down-caſt Looks, and Bluſhes, ſaid---I love—

SELIMA.

And yet thou ſay'ſt, I am a Niggard to thee:
I ſwear the Balance ſhall be held between us,

And Love be Judge, if after all the Tenderneſs,
Tears and Confuſion of my Virgin Soul,
Thou ſhould'ſt complain of ought, unjuſt *Axalla!*

AXALLA.

Why was I ever bleſt?——Why is Remembrance
Rich with a thouſand pleaſing Images
Of paſt Enjoyments, ſince 'tis but to plague me?
When thou art mine no more, what will it eaſe me
To think of all the golden Minutes paſt,
To think, that thou wert kind, and I was happy?
But like an Angel fall'n from Bliſs, to curſe
My preſent State, and mourn the Heav'n I've loſt.

SELIMA.

Hope better for us both; nor let thy Fears,
Like an unlucky Omen, croſs my Way.
My Father, rough and ſtormy in his Nature,
To me was always gentle, and with Fondneſs
Paternal, ever met me with a Bleſſing.
Oft when Offence had ſtirr'd him to ſuch Fury,
That not grave Counſellors for Wiſdom fam'd,
Nor hardy Captains that had fought his Battles,
Preſum'd to ſpeak, but ſtruck with awful Dread,
Were huſh'd as Death; yet has he ſmil'd on me,
Kiſs'd me, and bade me utter all my Purpoſe;
Till, with my idle Prattle, I had ſooth'd him,
And won him from his Anger.

AXALLA.

Oh! I know
Thou haſt a Tongue to charm the wildeſt Tempers.
Herds would forget to graze, and ſavage Beaſts
Stand ſtill and loſe their Fierceneſs, but to hear thee,
As if they had Reflexion, and by Reaſon
Forſook a leſs Enjoyment for a greater.
But oh! when I revolve each Circumſtance,
My Chriſtian Faith, my Service cloſely bound
To *Tamerlane* my Maſter, and my Friend:
Tell me (my Charmer) if my Fears are vain?
Think what remains for me, if the fierce Sultan
Should doom thy Beauties to another's Bed?

SELIMA.

'Tis a ſad Thought; but to appeaſe thy Doubts,
Here, in the awful Sight of Heav'n, I vow,
No Pow'r ſhall e'er divide me from thy Love,
Ev'n Duty ſhall not force me to be falſe.
My cruel Stars may tear thee from my Arms,
But never from my Heart; and when the Maids
Shall yearly come with Garlands of freſh Flow'rs,
To mourn with pious Office o'er my Grave,
They ſhall ſit ſadly down, and weeping tell,
How well I lov'd, how much I ſuffer'd for thee,
And while they grieve my Fate, ſhall praiſe my Conſtancy.

AXALLA.

But ſee the Sultan comes!---my beating Heart
Bounds with exulting Motion; Hope and Fear
Fight with alternate Conqueſt in my Breaſt.
Oh! Can I give her from me? Yield her up!
Now mourn, thou God of Love, ſince Honor triumphs,
And crowns his cruel Altars with thy Spoils.

Enter BAJAZET.

BAJAZET.

To have a nauſeous Courteſy forc'd on me,
Spite of my Will, by an inſulting Foe,——
Ha! they would break the Fierceneſs of my Temper,
And make me ſupple for their ſlaviſh Purpoſe:
Curſe on their fawning Arts; from Heav'n itſelf
I wou'd not on ſuch Terms receive a Benefit,
But ſpurn it back upon the Giver's Hand.

[Selima *comes forward and kneels to* Bajazet.

SELIMA.

My Lord; my Royal Father!

BAJAZET.

Ha! what art thou?
What heav'nly Innocence? that, in a Form
So known, ſo lov'd, haſt left thy Paradiſe,
For joyleſs Priſon, for this Place of Woe!
Art thou *Selima?*

SELIMA.

SELIMA.

Have you forgot me?
Alas, my Piety is then in vain!
Your *Selima*, your Daughter whom you lov'd,
The Fondling once of her dear Father's Arms,
Is come to claim her Share in his Misfortunes;
To wait and tend him with obsequious Duty;
To sit, and weep for every Care he feels;
To help to wear the tedious Minutes out,
To soften Bondage, and the Loss of Empire.

BAJAZET.

Now by our Prophet! If my wounded Mind
Could know a Thought of Peace, it would be now;
Ev'n from thy prating Infancy thou wert
My Joy, my little Angel; smiling Comfort
Came with thee still to glad me: Now I'm curs'd
Ev'n in thee too; Reproach and Infamy
Attend the Christian Dog, to whom thou wert trusted;
To see thee here!——'twere better see thee dead.

AXALLA.

Thus *Tamerlane* to Royal *Bajazet*,
With Kingly Greeting sends: Since with the Brave,
(The bloody Business of the Fight once ended)
Stern Hate and Opposition ought to cease,
Thy Queen already to thy Arms restor'd,
Receive this second Gift, thy beauteous Daughter:
And if there be ought farther in thy Wish,
Demand with Honor, and obtain it freely.

BAJAZET.

Bear back thy fulsom Greeting to thy Master;
Tell him, I'll none on't: Had he been a God,
All his Omnipotence could not restore
My Fame diminish'd, Loss of sacred Honor,
The Radiancy of Majesty eclips'd.
For ought besides, it is not worth my Care;
The Giver and his Gifts are both beneath me.

AXALLA.

Enough of War the wounded Earth has known;
Weary at length, and wasted with Destruction,

Sadly ſhe rears her ruin'd Head, to ſhew
Her Cities humbled, and her Countries ſpoil'd,
And to her mighty Maſters ſues for Peace.
Oh, Sultan! by the Pow'r Divine I ſwear!
With Joy I wou'd reſign the ſavage Trophies
In Blood and Battle gain'd, could I atone
The fatal Breach 'twixt thee and *Tamerlane*;
And think a Soldier's Glory well beſtow'd,
To buy Mankind a Peace.

BAJAZET.

And what art thou?
That doſt preſume to mediate 'twixt the Rage
Of angry Kings?

AXALLA.

A Prince, born of the nobleſt,
And of a Soul that anſwers to that Birth,
That dares not but do well. Thou doſt put on
A forc'd Forgetfulneſs, thus not to know me,
A Gueſt ſo lately to thy Court, then meeting
On gentler Terms.——

SELIMA.

Could ought efface the Merit
Of brave *Axalla's* Name, yet, when your Daughter
Shall tell, how well, how nobly ſhe was us'd;
How light this gallant Prince made all her Bondage;
Moſt ſure the Royal *Bajazet* will own
That Honor ſtands indebted to ſuch Goodneſs,
Nor can a Monarch's Friendſhip more than pay it.

BAJAZET.

Ha! Know'ſt thou that, fond Girl?——Go——'tis not well——
And when thou couldſt defend, to take a Benefit
From a vile Chriſtian, and thy Father's Foe,
Thou didſt an Act diſhoneſt to thy Race;
Henceforth, unleſs thou mean'ſt to cancel all
My Share in thee, and write thyſelf a Baſtard,
Die, ſtarve, know any Evil, any Pain,
Rather than taſte a Mercy from theſe Dogs.

SELIMA.

Alas! Axalla!

AXALLA.

AXALLA.

Weep not, lovely Maid;
I ſwear, one pearly Drop from thoſe fair Eyes
Would over-pay the Service of my Life;
One Sigh from thee has made a large Amends
For all thy angry Father's Frowns and Fierceneſs.

BAJAZET.

Oh! my curs'd Fortune!—am I fall'n thus low?
Diſhonor'd to my Face? thou Earth-born Thing,
Thou Clod! how haſt thou dar'd to lift thy Eyes
Up to the Sacred Race of mighty *Ottoman?*
Whom Kings, whom ev'n our Prophet's holy Offspring
At Diſtance have beheld; and what art thou?
What glorious Titles blazon out thy Birth?
Thou vile Obſcurity! Ha!—ſay—thou baſe one.

AXALLA.

Thus challeng'd, Virtue, modeſt as ſhe is,
Stands up to do herſelf a common Juſtice,
To anſwer, and aſſert that inborn Merit,
That Worth, which conſcious to herſelf ſhe feels.
Were Honor to be ſcann'd by long Deſcent,
From Anceſtors illuſtrious, I could vaunt
A Lineage of the Greateſt, and recount
Among my Fathers, Names of ancient Story,
Heroes and God-like Patriots, who ſubdu'd
The World by Arms and Virtue, and being *Romans*
Scorn'd to be Kings; but that be their own Praiſe:
Nor will I borrow Merit from the Dead,
Myſelf an Undeſerver. I could prove
My Friendſhip ſuch, as thou might'ſt deign t'accept
With Honor, when it comes with friendly Office,
To render back thy Crown, and former Greatneſs:
And yet ev'n this, ev'n all is poor, when *Selima*
With matchleſs Worth weighs down the adverſe Scale.

BAJAZET.

To give me back what Yeſterday took from me,
Wou'd be to give like Heav'n, when having finiſh'd
This World, (the goodly Work of his Creation)
He bid his Fav'rite Man be Lord of all.
But this———

AXALLA.

AXALLA.

Nor is this Gift beyond my Pow'r;
Oft has the mighty Maſter of my Arms
Urg'd me with large Ambition to demand
Crowns and Dominions from his bounteous Pow'r;
'Tis true I wav'd the Proffer, and have held it
The worthier Choice, to wait upon his Virtues,
To be the Friend and Partner of his Wars,
Than to be *Aſia*'s Lord: Nor wonder then,
If in the Confidence of ſuch a Friendſhip,
I promiſe boldly for the Royal Giver,
Thy Crown, and Empire.

BAJAZET.

For our Daughter thus
Mean'ſt thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Chriſtian,
There is but one, one Dow'ry, thou canſt give,
And I can aſk, worthy my Daughter's Love.

AXALLA.

Oh! name the mighty Ranſom, taſk my Pow'r,
Let there be Danger, Difficulty, Death,
T' enhance the Price.

BAJAZET.

I take thee at thy Word.
Bring me the *Tartar*'s Head.

AXALLA.

Ha!

BAJAZET.

Tamerlane's,
That Death, that deadly Poiſon to my Glory.

AXALLA.

Prodigious! Horrid!

SELIMA.

Loſt! for ever loſt!

BAJAZET.

And cou'dſt thou hope to bribe me with ought elſe?
With a vile Peace patch'd up on ſlaviſh Terms?
With tributary Kingſhip?——No——To merit
A Recompence from me, ſate my Revenge.
The *Tartar* is my Bane, I cannot bear him;
One Heav'n and Earth can never hold us both;

Still

Still ſhall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be loſt for ever;
As if two Suns ſhould meet in the Meridian,
And ſtrive in fiery Combat for the Paſſage.
Weep'ſt thou, fond Girl? Now as thy King, and Father,
I charge thee, drive this Slave from thy Remembrance:
Hate ſhall be pious in thee; * come and join
* [*Laying hold on her Hand.*
To curſe thy Father's Foes.

SELIMA.

Undone for ever!
Now Tyrant Duty, art thou yet obey'd?
There is no more to give thee. Oh *Axalla!*

[Bajazet *leads out* Selima, *ſhe looking back on* Axalla.

AXALLA.

'Tis what I fear'd; Fool that I was t' obey:
The Coward Love, that could not bear her Frown,
Has wrought his own Undoing. Perhaps ev'n now,
The Tryant's Rage prevails upon her Fears.
Fiercely he ſtorms, ſhe weeps, and ſighs, and trembles,
But ſwears at length, to think on me no more,
He bade me take her.—But, oh gracious Honor!
Upon what Terms? My Soul yet ſhudders at it,
And ſtands but half recover'd of her Fright.
The Head of *Tamerlane!* monſtrous Impiety!
Bleed, bleed to Death, my Heart, be Virtue's Martyr.
Oh, Emperor, I own I ought to give thee
Some nobler Mark, than Dying, of my Faith.
Then let the Pains I feel my Friendſhip prove,
'Tis eaſier far to die, than ceaſe to love.

[*Exit* Axalla.

SCENE

SCENE II.

TAMERLANE's *Camp.*

Enter severally MONESES, *and Prince of* Tanais.

MONESES.

IF I not press untimely on his Leisure,
You would much bind a Stranger to your Service,
To give me Means of Audience from the Emperor.

PRINCE.

Most willingly, tho' for the present Moment
We must intreat your Stay; he holds him private.

MONESES.

His Council, I presume?

PRINCE.

No; the Affair
Is not of Earth, but Heav'n——A Holy Man,
(One whom our Prophet's Law calls such) a *Dervise*,
Keeps him in Conference.

MONESES.

Hours of Religion,
Especially of Princes, claim a Reverence,
Nor will be interrupted.

PRINCE.

What his Business
Imports, we know not: but with earnest Sute
This Morn he begg'd Admittance. Our great Master
(Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heav'n)
In reverend Regard holds all that bear
Relation to Religion, and, on Notice
Of his Request, receiv'd him on the Instant.

MONESES.

We will attend his Pleasure. [*Exeunt.*

Enter TAMERLANE, *and a* DERVISE.

TAMERLANE.

Thou bring'st me thy Credentials from the Highest,
From *Alla*, and our Prophet: Speak thy Message,
It must import the best and noblest Ends.

DERVISE.

Thus ſpeaks our Holy *Mahomet*, who has giv'n thee
To reign, and conquer: Ill doſt thou repay
The Bounties of his Hand, unmindful of
The Fountain, whence thy Streams of Greatneſs flow;
Thou haſt forgot high Heav'n, haſt beaten down,
And trampled on Religion's Sanctity.

TAMERLANE.

Now, as I am a Soldier, and a King,
(The greateſt Names of Honor) do but make
Thy Imputation out, and *Tamerlane*
Shall do thee ample Juſtice on himſelf:
So much the Sacred Name of Heav'n awes me,
Could I ſuſpect my Soul of harb'ring ought
To its Diſhonor, I would ſearch it ſtrictly,
And drive th' offending Thought with Fury forth.

DERVISE.

Yes, thou haſt hurt our Holy Prophet's Honor,
By ſoſt'ring the pernicious Chriſtian Sect;
Thoſe, whom his Sword purſu'd with fell Deſtruction,
Thou tak'ſt into thy Boſom, to thy Councils;
They are thy only Friends: The true Believers
Mourn to behold thee favor this *Axalla*.

TAMERLANE.

I fear me, thou out-go'ſt the Prophet's Order!
And bringſt his venerable Name to ſhelter
A Rudeneſs ill becoming thee to uſe,
Or me to ſuffer. When thou nam'ſt my Friend,
Thou nam'ſt a Man beyond a Monk's diſcerning,
Virtuous, and Great, a Warrior, and a Prince.

DERVISE.

He is a Chriſtian; there our Law condemns him,
Altho' he were ev'n all thou ſpeak'ſt, and more.

TAMERLANE.

'Tis falſe; no Law Divine condemns the Virtuous,
For differing from the Rules your Schools deviſe.
Look round, how Providence beſtows alike
Sunſhine and Rain, to bleſs the fruitful Year,
On different Nations, all of diff'rent Faiths;

And

And (tho' by ſeveral Names and Titles worſhipp'd)
Heav'n takes the various Tribute of their Praiſe;
Since all agree to own, at leaſt to mean,
One beſt, one greateſt, only Lord of All.
Thus when he view'd the many Forms of Nature,
He found that all was good, and bleſt the fair Variety.

DERVISE.

Moſt impious, and profane!——nay, frown not, Prince.
Full of the Prophet, I deſpiſe the Danger
Thy angry Pow'r may threaten: I command thee
To hear, and to obey; ſince thus ſays *Mahomet!*
Why have I made thee dreadful to the Nations?
Why have I giv'n thee Conqueſt? but to ſpread
My ſacred Law ev'n to the utmoſt Earth,
And make my Holy *Mecca* the World's Worſhip?
Go on, and whereſoe'er thy Arms ſhall proſper,
Plant there the Prophet's Name: with Sword and Fire
Drive out all other Faiths, and let the World
Confeſs him only.

TAMERLANE.

Had he but commanded
My Sword to conquer all, to make the World
Know but one Lord, the Taſk were not ſo hard;
'Twere but to do what has been done already;
And *Philip*'s Son, and *Cæſar* did as much:
But to ſubdue th' unconquerable Mind,
To make one Reaſon have the ſame Effect
Upon all Apprehenſions; to force this,
Or this Man, juſt to think, as thou and I do;
Impoſſible! Unleſs Souls were alike
In all, which differ now like Human Faces.

DERVISE.

Well might the Holy Cauſe be carry'd on,
If *Muſſulmen* did not make War on *Muſſulmen.*
Why hold'ſt thou Captive a believing Monarch?
Now as thou hop'ſt to 'ſcape the Prophet's Curſe,
Releaſe the Royal *Bajazet*, and join
With Force united, to deſtroy the Chriſtians.

TAMER-

TAMERLANE.

'Tis well—I've found the Cauſe that mov'd thy Zeal:
at ſhallow Politician ſet thee on,
opes to fright me this Way to Compliance?

DERVISE.

)ur Prophet only.——

TAMERLANE.

No—thou doſt belye him,
)u Maker of new Faiths! that dar'ſt to build
r fond Inventions on Religion's Name.
igion's Luſtre is by native Innocence
inely pure, and ſimple from all Arts;
: daub, and dreſs her like a common Miſtreſs,
: Harlot of your Fancies; and by adding
e Beauties, which ſhe wants not, make the World
)eſt her Angel's Face is foul beneath,
l wo'not bear all Lights. Hence! I have found thee.

DERVISE.

have but one reſort. Now aid me, Prophet. [*Aſide.*
I have ſomewhat further to unfold;
Prophet ſpeaks to thee in Thunder—— * thus——

[* *The* Derviſe *draws a conceal'd Dagger and offers to ſtab* Tamerlane.

TAMERLANE.

'o, Villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its Worſhippers,
[*Wreſting the Dagger from him.*
: blaſts the Murderer's Purpoſe. Think, thou Wretch,
nk on the Pains that wait thy Crime, and tremble
:n I ſhall doom thee——

DERVISE.

'Tis but Death at laſt,
I will ſuffer greatly for the Cauſe
t urg'd me firſt to the bold Deed.

TAMERLANE.

Oh, impious!
huſiaſm thus makes Villains, Martyrs.
ſing.] It ſhall be ſo——To die! 'twere a Reward—
v learn the Difference t'wixt thy Faith and mine:
ne bids thee lift thy Dagger to my Throat;

Mine

Mine can forgive the Wrong, and bid thee live.
Keep thy own wicked Secret, and be ſafe:
If thou continu'ſt ſtill to be the ſame,
'Tis Puniſhment enough to be a Villain:
If thou repent'ſt, I have gain'd one to Virtue,
And am, in that, rewarded for my Mercy.
Hence! from my Sight—It ſhocks my Soul, to think
That there is ſuch a Monſter in my Kind. [*Exit* Derviſe.
Whither will Man's Impiety extend?
Oh gracious Heav'n! doſt thou withhold thy Thunder,
When bold Aſſaſſins take thy Name upon 'em,
And ſwear, they are the Champions of thy Cauſe?

Enter MONESES.

MONESES.

Oh Emperor! before whoſe awful Throne
Th' Afflicted never kneel in vain for Juſtice,
[*Kneeling to* Tamerlane.
Undone, and ruin'd, blaſted in my Hopes,
Here let me fall before your ſacred Feet,
And groan out my Misfortunes, till your Pity,
(The laſt Support and Refuge that is left me)
Shall raiſe me from the Ground, and bid me live.

TAMERLANE.

Riſe, Prince, nor let me reckon up thy Worth,
And tell how boldly That might bid thee aſk,
Leſt I ſhould make a Merit of my Juſtice,
The common Debt I owe to thee, to All,
Ev'n to the meaneſt of Mankind, the Charter
By which I claim my Crown, and Heav'n's Protection:
Speak then as to a King, the Sacred Name
Where Pow'r is lodg'd, for Righteous Ends alone.

MONESES.

One only Joy, one Bleſſing, my fond Heart
Had fix'd its Wiſhes on, and that is loſt;
That Siſter, for whoſe Safety my ſad Soul
Endur'd a thouſand Fears——

TAMERLANE.

I well remember,

When

When, ere the Battle join'd, I ſaw thee firſt,
With Grief uncommon to a Brother's Love,
Thou told'ſt a moving Tale of her Misfortunes,
Such as beſpoke my Pity. Is there ought
Thou canſt demand from Friendſhip? Aſk and have it.

MONESES.

Firſt, oh! let me intreat your Royal Goodneſs,
Forgive the Folly of a Lover's Caution
That forg'd a Tale of Falſhood to deceive you:
Said I, ſhe was my Siſter?——Oh! 'tis falſe,
She holds a dearer Intereſt in my Soul,
Such as the cloſeſt Ties of Blood ne'er knew:
An Int'reſt, ſuch as Power, Wealth, and Honor
Can't buy, but Love, Love only can beſtow;
She was the Miſtreſs of my Vows, my Bride,
By Contract mine; and long ere this the Prieſt
Had ty'd the Knot for ever, had not *Bajazet*——

TAMERLANE.

Ha! *Bajazet!*——If yet his Pow'r withholds
The Cauſe of all thy Sorrows, all thy Fears,
E'en Gratitude for once ſhall gain upon him,
Spite of his Savage Temper, to reſtore her.
This Morn a Soldier brought a Captive Beauty,
Sad 'tho' ſhe ſeem'd, yet of a Form moſt rare,
By much the nobleſt Spoil of all the Field:
Ev'n *Scipio*, or a Victor yet more cold,
Might have forgot his Virtue, at her Sight.
Struck with a pleaſing Wonder, I beheld her,
Till by a Slave that waited near her Perſon,
I learnt ſhe was the Captive Sultan's Wife;
Strait I forbid my Eyes the dangerous Joy
Of gazing long, and ſent her to her Lord.

MONESES.

There was *Moneſes* loſt.—Too ſure my Heart
(From the firſt Mention of her wond'rous Charms)
Preſag'd it cou'd be only my *Arpaſia.*

TAMERLANE.

Arpaſia! didſt thou ſay?

MONESES.

Yes, my *Arpaſia.*

TAMER-

TAMERLANE.

Sure I miſtake, or fain I would miſtake thee.
I nam'd the Queen of *Bajazet*, his Wife.

MONESES.

His Queen! His Wife! He brings that Holy Title
To varniſh o'er the monſtrous Wrongs he has done me.

TAMERLANE.

Alas! I fear me, Prince, thy Griefs are juſt;
Thou art indeed unhappy———

MONESES.

Can you pity me,
And not redreſs? * Oh, Royal *Tamerlane!* [* *Kneeling.*
Thou Succor of the Wretched, reach thy Mercy,
To ſave me from the Grave, and from Oblivion;
Be gracious to the Hopes that wait my Youth,
Oh let not Sorrow blaſt me, leſt I wither,
And fall in vile Diſhonor. Let thy Juſtice
Reſtore me my *Arpaſia*; give her back,
Back to my Wiſhes, to my Tranſports give her,
To my fond, reſtleſs, bleeding, dying Boſom;
Oh! give her to me yet while I have Life
To bleſs thee for the Bounty. Oh, *Arpaſia!*

TAMERLANE.

Unhappy Royal Youth, why doſt thou aſk
What Honor muſt deny? Ha! Is ſhe not
His Wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?
And would'ſt thou have my partial Friendſhip break
That Holy Knot, which ty'd once, all Mankind
Agree to hold Sacred, and Undiſſolveable?
The Brutal Violence would ſtain my Juſtice,
And brand me with a Tyrant's hated Name
To late Poſterity.

MONESES.

Are then the Vows,
The Holy Vows we regiſter'd in Heav'n,
But common Air?

TAMERLANE.

Could thy fond Love forget
The Violation of a firſt Enjoyment?———

But Sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy Mind.

MONESES.

Perhaps it has, and like an idle Madman,
That wanders with a Train of hooting Boys,
I do a thousand Things to shame my Reason.
Then let me fly, and bear my Follies with me
Far, far from the World's Sight; Honor and Fame,
Arms, and the glorious War shall be forgotten:
No noble Sound of Greatness, or Ambition,
Shall wake my drowzy Soul from her dead Sleep,
Till the last Trump do summon.

TAMERLANE.

Let thy Virtue
Stand up, and answer to these warring Passions,
That vex thy manly Temper. From the Moment
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble
Shone thro' thy Form, and won my Friendship for thee,
Without the tedious Form of long Acquaintance;
Nor will I lose thee poorly for a Woman.
Come droop no more, thou shalt with me pursue
True Greatness, till we rise to Immortality;
Thou shalt forget these lesser Cares, *Moneses*,
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the World.

MONESES.

So the good Genius warns his mortal Charge,
To fly the evil Fate, that still pursues him,
Till it have wrought his Ruin. Sacred *Tamerlane*,
Thy Words are as the Breath of Angels to me:
But oh! too deep the wounding Grief is fixt
For any Hand to heal.

TAMERLANE.

This dull Despair
Is the Soul's Laziness: Rouse to the Combat,
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee;
The Sound of Arms shall wake thy martial Ardor,
And cure this amorous Sickness of thy Soul,
Begun by Sloth, and nurs'd by too much Ease;
The idle God of Love supinely dreams,
Amidst inglorious Shades, and purling Streams;

In roſy Fetters, and fantaſtic Chains,
He binds deluded Maids and ſimple Swains;
With ſoft Enjoyments, wooes 'em to forget
The hardy Toils, and Labors of the Great.
But if the warlike Trumpet's loud Alarms
To virtuous Acts excite, and manly Arms;
The Coward Boy avows his abject Fear,
On ſilken Wings ſublime he cuts the Air,
Scar'd at the noble Noiſe, and Thunder of the War.

[*Exeunt*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

BAJAZET's *Tent.*

Enter HALY, *and the* DERVISE.

HALY.

TO 'ſcape with Life from an Attempt like this,
Demands my Wonder juſtly.

DERVISE.

True, it may;
But 'tis a Principle of his new Faith;
'Tis what his Chriſtian Favorites have inſpir'd,
Who fondly make a Merit of Forgiveneſs,
And give their Foes a ſecond Opportunity,
If the firſt Blow ſhould miſs:——Failing to ſerve
The Sultan to my Wiſh, and ev'n deſpairing
Of further Means, t'effect his Liberty,
A lucky Accident retriev'd my Hopes.

HALY.

The Prophet and our Maſter will reward
Thy Zeal in their Behalf: But ſpeak thy Purpoſe.

DERVISE.

Juſt ent'ring here I met the *Tartar* General,
Fierce *Omar.*

HALY.

He commands (if I miſtake not)
This Quarter of the Army, and our Guards?

DERVISE.

The ſame; by his ſtern Aſpect, and the Fires
That kindled in his Eyes, I gueſs'd the Tumult
Some Wrong had rais'd in his tempeſtuous Soul;
A Friendſhip of old Date had giv'n me Privilege,

To aſk of his Concerns; in ſhort, I learn'd,
That burning for the Sultan's beauteous Daughter,
He had begg'd her, as a Captive of the War,
From *Tamerlane*; but meeting with Denial
Of what he thought his Services might claim,
Loudly he ſtorms, and curſes the *Italian*,
As Cauſe of this Affront: I join'd his Rage,
And added to his Injuries the Wrongs
Our Prophet daily meets from this *Axalla*.
But ſee, he comes. Improve what I ſhall tell,
And all we wiſh is ours.——

[*They ſeem to talk together aſide.*

Enter OMAR.

OMAR.

No——if I forgive it,
Diſhonor blaſt my Name; was it for this
That I directed his firſt Steps to Greatneſs?
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is?
When our great *Cam* firſt bent his Eyes towards him,
(Then petty Prince of *Parthia*) and by me
Perſuaded, rais'd him to his Daughter's Bed,
Call'd him his Son, and Succeſſor of Empire:
Was it for this, that like a Rock I ſtood,
And ſtemm'd the Torrent of our *Tartar* Lords,
Who ſcorn'd his upſtart Sway? When *Calibes*
In bold Rebellion drew ev'n Half the Provinces
To own his Cauſe, I, like his better Angel,
Stood by his ſhaking Throne, and fixt it faſt;
And am I now ſo loſt to his Remembrance,
That, when I aſk a Captive, he ſhall tell me,
She is *Axalla*'s Right, his Chriſtian Minion?

DERVISE.

Allow me, valiant *Omar*, to demand,
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourſelf?
The Prize you aſk is in your Power.

OMAR.

It is,
And I will ſeize it in deſpite of *Tamerlane*,
And that *Italian* Dog.

HALY.

HALY.

What need of Force,
When ev'ry Thing concurs to meet your Wiſhes?
Our mighty Maſter would not wiſh a Son
Nobler than *Omar*; from a Father's Hand
Receive that Daughter, which ungrateful *Tamerlane*
Has to your Worth deny'd.

OMAR.

Now by my Arms,
It will be great Revenge. What will your Sultan
Give to the Man that ſhall reſtore his Liberty,
His Crown, and give him Pow'r to wreck his Hatred
Upon his greateſt Foe?

HALY.

All he can aſk,
And far beyond his Wiſh.—— [*Trumpets.*

OMAR.

Theſe Trumpets ſpeak
The Emperor's Approach; he comes, once more,
To offer Terms of Peace; retire——within
I will know farther,—he grows deadly to me;
And curſe me, Prophet, if I not repay
His Hate, with Retribution full as mortal. [*Exeunt.*

Scene draws, diſcovers ARPASIA *lying on a Couch.*

A SONG to *Sleep*. By a LADY.

TO Thee, oh! gentle Sleep, alone
Is owing all our Peace,
By Thee our Joys are heighten'd ſhown,
By Thee our Sorrows ceaſe.

The Nymph, whoſe Hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has poſſeſs'd,
By Thee, obtaining a Divorce
In her own Choice is bleſs'd.

Oh! ſtay; Arpaſia *bids thee ſtay:*
The ſadly weeping Fair
Conjures Thee, not to loſe in Day
The Object of her Care:

To graſp whoſe pleaſing Form ſhe ſought,
That Motion chas'd her Sleep;
Thus by ourſelves, are oft'neſt wrought,
The Griefs for which we weep.

ARPASIA.

Oh! Death! thou gentle End of human Sorrows,
Still muſt my weary Eye-lids vainly wake
In tedious Expectation of thy Peace:
Why ſtand thy thouſand thouſand Doors ſtill open,
To take the Wretched in, if ſtern Religion
Guards ev'ry Paſſage, and forbids my Entrance?——
Lucrece could bleed, and *Porcia* ſwallow Fire,
When urg'd with Griefs beyond a mortal Suff'rance;
But here it muſt not be. Think then, *Arpaſia*,
Think on the ſacred Dictates of thy Faith,
And let that arm thy Virtue, to perform
What *Cato*'s Daughter durſt not——Live *Arpaſia*,
And dare to be unhappy.

Enter TAMERLANE, *and Attendants.*

TAMERLANE.

When Fortune ſmiles upon the Soldier's Arms,
And adds ev'n Beauty to adorn his Conqueſt,
Yet ſhe ordains, the Fair ſhould know no Fears,
No Sorrows, to pollute their lovely Eyes;
But ſhould be us'd even nobly, as herſelf,
The Queen and Goddeſs of the Warrior's Vows.——
Such Welcome, as a Camp can give, fair Sultaneſs,
We hope you have receiv'd; it ſhall be larger,
And better as it may.

ARPASIA.

Since I have borne
That miſerable Mark of fatal Greatneſs,

I have

I have forgot all Diff'rence of Conditions,
Scepters and Fetters are grown equal to me,
And the beſt Change my Fate can bring is Death.

TAMERLANE.

When Sorrow dwells in ſuch an Angel Form,
Well may we gueſs, that thoſe above are Mourners;
Virtue is wrong'd, and bleeding Innocence
Suffers ſome wond'rous Violation here,
To make the Saints look ſad. Oh teach my Pow'r,
To cure thoſe Ills which you unjuſtly ſuffer.
Leſt Heav'n ſhould wreſt it from my idle Hand,
If I look on and ſee you weep in vain.

ARPASIA.

Not that my Soul diſdains the gen'rous Aid
Thy royal Goodneſs proffers; but oh! Emperor,
It is not in my Fate to be made Happy:
Nor will I liſten to the Cos'ner, Hope;
But ſtand reſolv'd to bear the beating Storm,
That roars around me; ſafe in this alone,
That I am not Immortal.——Tho' tis hard,
'Tis wond'rous hard, when I remember thee,
(Dear native *Greece*) and you, ye weeping Maids,
That were Companions of my Virgin Youth:
My noble Parents! Oh! the Grief of Heart!
The Pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down
Their reverend Ages to the Grave with Sorrow:
And yet there is a Woe ſurpaſſing all;
Ye Saints and Angels, give me of your Conſtancy,
If you expect I ſhall endure it long.

TAMERLANE.

Why is my Pity all that I can give,
To Tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;
Nor dare I aſk, what mighty Loſs you mourn,
Leſt Honor ſhould forbid to give it back.

ARPASIA.

No, *Tamerlane*, nor did I mean thou ſhould'ſt.
But know (tho' to the weakneſs of my Sex
I yield theſe Tears) my Soul is more than Man.
Think I am born a *Greek*, nor doubt my Virtue;

A *Greek!* from whoſe fam'd Anceſtors of old,
Rome drew the Patterns of her boaſted Heroes:
They muſt be mighty Evils that can vanquiſh
A *Spartan* Courage, and a Chriſtian Faith.

Enter BAJAZET.

BAJAZET.

To know no Thought of Reſt! to have the Mind
Still miniſtring freſh Plagues! as in a Circle,
Where one Diſhonor treads upon another;
What know the Fiends beyond it?——* Ha! by Hell!
[* *Seeing* Arp. *and* Tam.
There wanted only this to make me mad.
Comes he to triumph here? to rob my Love?
And violate the laſt Retreat of Happineſs?

TAMERLANE.

But that I read upon thy frowning Brow,
That War yet lives, and rages in thy Breaſt;
Once more (in pity to the ſuff'ring World)
I meant to offer Peace.——

BAJAZET.

And mean'ſt thou too
To treat it with our Empreſs? and to barter
The Spoils, which Fortune gave thee, for her Favors?

ARPASIA.

What wou'd the Tyrant?—— [*Aſide.*

BAJAZET.

Seek'ſt thou thus our Friendſhip?
Is this the Royal Uſage thou didſt boaſt?

TAMERLANE.

The boiling Paſſion that diſturbs thy Soul,
Spreads Clouds around, and makes thy Purpoſe dark—
Unriddle what thy myſtic Fury aims at.

BAJAZET.

Is it a Riddle?——Read it there explain'd,
There in my Shame. Now judge me thou, O Prophet,
And equal Heav'n, if this demand not Rage!
The Peaſant Hind, begot and born to Slav'ry,
Yet dares aſſert a Huſband's ſacred Right,

An

And guard his homely Couch from Violation:
And ſhall a Monarch tamely bear the Wrong,
Without complaining?

TAMERLANE.

If I could have wrong'd thee,
If conſcious Virtue, and all-judging Heav'n
Stood not between, to bar ungovern'd Appetite,
What hinder'd, but in ſpite of thee, my Captive,
I might have us'd a Victor's boundleſs Pow'r,
And ſated every Wiſh my Soul could form?
But to ſecure thy Fears, know, *Bajazet*,
This is among the Things I dare not do.

BAJAZET.

By Hell 'tis falſe; elſe, wherefore art thou preſent?
What cam'ſt thou for, but to undo my Honor?
I found thee holding amorous Parly with her,
Gazing and gloting on her wanton Eyes,
And bargaining for Pleaſures yet to come;
My Life, I know, is the devoted Price;
But take it, I am weary of the Pain.

TAMERLANE.

Yet ere thou raſhly urge my Rage too far,
I warn thee to take Heed: I am a Man,
And have the Frailties common to Man's Nature;
The fiery Seeds of Wrath are in my Temper,
And may be blown up to ſo fierce a Blaze,
As Wiſdom cannot rule. Know, thou haſt touch'd me
Ev'n in the niceſt, tend'reſt Part, my Honor.
My Honor! which, like Pow'r, diſdains being queſtion'd;
Thy Breath has blaſted my fair Virtue's Fame,
And mark'd me for a Villain and a Tyrant.

ARPASIA.

And ſtand I here an idle Looker-on,
To ſee my Innocence murder'd and mangled
By barbarous Hands, nor can revenge the Wrong?
Art thou a Man, and dar'ſt thou uſe me thus?
[*To Bajazet.*
Haſt thou not torn me from my Native Country!
From the dear Arms of my lamenting Friends!

From my Soul's Peace, and from my injur'd Love?
Haſt thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,
And driv'n me to the Brink of black Deſpair;
And is it in thy Malice yet, to add
A Wound more deep, to ſully my white Name,
My Virtue?——

BAJAZET.

Yes, thou haſt thy Sex's Virtues,
Their Affectation, Pride, Ill-nature, Noiſe,
Proneneſs to change, ev'n from the Joy that pleas'd 'em:
So gracious is your Idol, dear Variety,
That for another Love you would forego
An Angel's Form, to mingle with a Devil's;
Through ev'ry State, and Rank of Men you wander;
Till ev'n your large Experience takes in all
The different Nations of the peopled Earth.

ARPASIA.

Why ſought'ſt thou not from thy own Impious Tribe
A Wife, like one of theſe? for ſuch thy Race
(If human Nature brings forth ſuch) affords.
Greece, for chaſte Virgins fam'd, and pious Matrons,
Teems not with Monſters, like your *Turkiſh* Wives;
Whom guardian Eunuchs, haggard and deform'd,
Whom Walls and Bars make honeſt by Conſtraint.
Know, I deteſt, like Hell, the Crime thou mention'ſt:
Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou Tyrant:
But that my Soul, conſcious of whence it ſprung,
Sits unpolluted in its ſacred Temple,
And ſcorns to mingle with a Thought ſo mean.

TAMERLANE.

Oh Pity! that a Greatneſs ſo divine
Should meet a Fate ſo wretched, ſo unequal.——
Thou blind and wilful, to the Good that courts thee;
[*To* Bajazet.
With open-handed Bounty Heav'n purſues thee,
And bids thee (undeſerving as thou art,
And monſtrous in thy Crimes) be happy yet:
Whilſt thou, in Fury, doſt avert the Bleſſings,
And art an evil Genius to thyſelf.

BAJAZET.

BAJAZET.

No—Thou! Thou art my greateſt Curſe on Earth:
Thou, who haſt robb'd me of my Crown and Glory,
And now purſu'ſt me to the Verge of Life,
To ſpoil me of my Honor. Thou! thou Hypocrite!
That wear'ſt a Pageant Outſide Shew of Virtue,
To cover the hot Thoughts that glow within,
Thou rank Adulterer!

TAMERLANE.

Oh! that thou wert
The Lord of all thoſe Thouſands, that lie breathleſs
On yonder Field of Blood: That I again
Might hunt thee in the Face of Death and Danger,
Through the tumultuous Battle, and there force thee,
Vanquiſh'd and ſinking underneath my Arm,
To own thou haſt traduc'd me like a Villain.

BAJAZET.

Ha! does it gall thee, *Tartar?* By Revenge,
It joys me much, to find thou feel'ſt my Fury.
Yes! I will echo to thee, Thou Adulterer!
Thou doſt profane the Name of King and Soldier,
And like a Ruſſian Bravo cam'ſt with Force
To violate the holy Marriage-Bed.

TAMERLANE.

Wert thou not ſhelter'd by thy abject State,
The Captive of my Sword, by my juſt Anger!
My Breath, like Thunder, ſhould confound thy Pride,
And doom thee dead, this Inſtant, with a Word.

BAJAZET.

'Tis falſe! my Fate's above thee, and thou dar'ſt not.

TAMERLANE.

Ha! dare not? Thou haſt rais'd my pond'rous Rage,
And now it falls to cruſh thee at a Blow.
A Guard there.—* Seize and drag him to his Fate.

[* *Enter a Guard, they ſeize* Bajazet.

Tyrant, I'll do a double Juſtice on thee,
At once revenge myſelf, and all Mankind.

BAJAZET.

Well doſt thou, ere thy Violence and Luſt

Invade my Bed, thus to begin with Murder;
Drown all thy Fears in Blood, and ſin ſecurely.

TAMERLANE.

Away!———

ARPASIA, kneeling.

Oh ſtay! I charge thee, by Renown;
By that bright Glory, thy great Soul purſues!
Call back the Doom of Death.

TAMERLANE.

Fair injur'd Excellence,
Why doſt thou kneel, and waſte ſuch precious Pray'rs,
(As might ev'n bribe the Saints to partial Juſtice)
For one to Goodneſs loſt? Who firſt undid thee,
Who ſtill purſues, and aggravates the Wrong.

BAJAZET.

By *Alha!* no——I will not wear a Life
Bought with ſuch vile Diſhonor.—Death ſhall free me
At once from Infamy, and thee, thou Trait'reſs!

ARPASIA.

No Matter, tho' the whiſtling Winds grow loud,
And the rude Tempeſt roars, 'tis idle Rage;
Oh! mark it not. But let thy ſteady Virtue
Be conſtant to its Temper; ſave his Life,
And ſave *Arpaſia* from the Sport of Talkers.
Think, how the buſy, meddling World ſhall toſs
Thy mighty Name about, in ſcurril Mirth;
Shall brand thy Vengeance, as a foul Deſign,
And make ſuch monſtrous Legends of our Lives,
As late Poſterity ſhall bluſh in reading.

TAMERLANE.

Oh matchleſs Virtue! Yes, I will obey;
Tho' Laggard in the Race, admiring yet,
I will purſue the ſhining Path thou tread'ſt.
Sultan, be ſafe, Reaſon reſumes her Empire,
And I am cool again.——[*The Guards releaſe* Bajazet.
Here break we off,
Leſt farther Speech ſhould miniſter new Rage.
Wiſely from dangerous Paſſions I retreat,
To keep a Conqueſt which was hard to get:

And

And oh! 'tis Time I ſhou'd for Flight prepare,
A War more fatal ſeems to threaten there,
And all my Rebel-blood aſſiſts the Fair:
One Moment more, and I too late ſhall find,
That Love's the ſtrongeſt Pow'r that lords it o'er the Mind. [*Exit* Tam. *follow'd by the Guards.*

BAJAZET.

To what new Shame, what Plague am I reſerv'd?
Why did my Stars refuſe me to die warm?
While yet my regal State ſtood unimpeach'd,
Nor knew the Curſe of having One above me;
Then too (altho' by Force I graſp'd the Joy)
My Love was ſafe, nor felt the Rack of Doubt:
Why haſt thou forc'd this nauſeous Life upon me?
Is it to triumph o'er me?——But I will,
I will be free, I will forget thee all;
The Bitter and the Sweet, the Joy and Pain,
Death ſhall expunge at once, and eaſe my Soul.
Prophet, take Notice, I diſclaim thy Paradiſe,
Thy fragrant Bow'rs, and everlaſting Shades,
Thou haſt plac'd Woman there, and all thy Joys are tainted. [*Exit* Bajazet.

ARPASIA.

A little longer yet, be ſtrong, my Heart,
A little longer let the buſy Spirits
Keep on their chearful Round.——It wo'not be;
Love, Sorrow, and the Sting of vile Reproach,
Succeeding one another in their Courſe,
Like Drops of eating Water on the Marble,
At length have worn my boaſted Courage down:
I will indulge the Woman in my Soul,
And give a looſe to Tears, and to Impatience;
Death is at laſt my Due, and I will have it.——
And ſee the poor *Moneſes* comes to take
One ſad Adieu, and then we part for ever.

Enter MONESES.

MONESES.

Already am I onward of my Way;
Thy tuneful Voice comes like a hollow Sound

At Diſtance to my Ears. My Eyes grow heavy,
And all the glorious Lights of Heav'n look dim;
'Tis the laſt Office they ſhall ever do me,
To view thee once, and then to cloſe and die.

ARPASIA.

Alas! How happy have we been, *Moneſes?*
Ye gentle Days, that once were ours; what Joys
Did every chearful Morning bring along?
No Fears, no Jealouſies, no angry Parents,
That for unequal Births, or Fortunes, frown'd;
But Love, that kindly join'd our Hearts, to bleſs us,
Made us a Bleſſing too to all beſides.

MONESES.

Oh! caſt not thy Remembrance back, *Arpaſia*;
'Tis Grief unutterable, 'tis Diſtraction!
But let this laſt of Hours be peaceful Sorrow;
Here let me kneel, and pay my lateſt Vows;
Be witneſs all ye Saints, thou Heav'n and Nature,
Be witneſs of my Truth, for you have known it;
Be witneſs, that I never knew a Pleaſure,
In all the World could offer, like *Arpaſia*;
Be witneſs, that I liv'd but in *Arpaſia*;
And oh! be witneſs, that her Loſs has kill'd me.

ARPASIA.

While thou art ſpeaking, Life begins to fail;
And every tender Accent chills like Death.
Oh! let me haſte then yet, ere Day declines,
And the long Night prevail, once more to tell thee
What, and how dear, *Moneſes* has been to me.
What has he not been?----All the Names of Love,
Brothers, or Fathers, Huſbands, all are poor:
Moneſes is myſelf, in my fond Heart,
Ev'n in my vital Blood he lives and reigns;
The laſt dear Object of my parting Soul
Will be *Moneſes*; the laſt Breath that lingers
Within my panting Breaſt, ſhall ſigh *Moneſes*.

MONESES.

It is enough! Now to thy Reſt, my Soul;
The World and thou have made an End at once.

ARPASIA.

ARPASIA.

ain would I ſtill detain thee, hold thee ſtill:
Honor can forbid, that we together
uld ſhare the poor few Minutes that remain;
ear, methinks this ſad Society
ſomewhat pleaſing in it.—Death's dark Shades
n, as we journey on, to loſe their Horror:
ear Approach the Monſters form'd by Fear
vaniſh'd all, and leave the Proſpect clear:
dſt the gloomy Vale, a pleaſing Scene
h Flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading Green,
ting ſtands to take the Wretched in.
Wars, no Wrongs, no Tyrants, no Deſpair
urb the Quiet of a Place ſo fair;
injur'd Lovers find *Elyſium* there. [*Exeunt.*

r BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, *and the* DERVISE.

BAJAZET.

ow by the glorious Tomb that ſhrines our Prophet,
Mecca's ſacred Temple! here I ſwear!
Daughter is thy Bride; and to that Gift
n Wealth, ſuch Pow'r, ſuch Honors will I add,
t Monarchs ſhall with Envy view thy State,
lown, Thou art a Demigod to them.
u haſt giv'n me what I wiſh'd, Pow'r of Revenge;
when a King rewards, 'tis ample Retribution.

OMAR.

welve *Tartar* Lords, each potent in his Tribe,
e ſworn to own my Cauſe, and draw their Thouſands
morrow, from th' ungrateful *Parthian*'s ſide.
Day declining ſeems to yield to Night,
little more than Half her Courſe be ended,
n auſpicious Hour prepare for Flight;
Leaders of the Troops thro' which we paſs,
s'd by my Pow'r, devoted to my Service,
ll make our Paſſage ſecret, and ſecure.

DERVISE.

lready, mighty Sultan, art thou ſafe,
e by yon paſſing Torches Light, I gueſs

To

To his Pavilion *Tamerlane* retires,
Attended by a Train of waiting Courtiers.
All, who remain within theſe Tents, are thine,
And hail thee, as their Lord.
Ha, th' *Italian* Prince,
With ſad *Moneſes*, are not yet gone forth.

BAJAZET.

Ha! with our Queen and Daughter?

OMAR.

They are ours;
I mark'd the Slaves, who waited on *Axalla*;
They, when the Emperor paſt out, preſt on,
And mingled with the Crowd, nor miſs'd their Lord:
He is your Priſ'ner, Sir; I go this Moment,
To ſeize, and bring him, to receive his Doom.
[*Exit* Omar.

BAJAZET.

Haſte, *Haly*, follow, and ſecure the *Greek*;
Him too I wiſh to keep within my Pow'r. [*Exit* Haly.

DERVISE.

If my dread Lord permit his Slave to ſpeak,
I would adviſe to ſpare *Axalla*'s Life,
Till we are ſafe beyond the *Parthian*'s Pow'r:
Him, as our Pledge of Safety, may we hold;
And, could you gain him to aſſiſt your Flight,
It might import you much.

BAJAZET.

Thou counſell'ſt well;
And tho' I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian,
And to my mortal Enemy devoted,
Yet to ſecure my Liberty, and Vengeance,
I wiſh he now were onrs.

DERVISE.

And ſee! they come!
Fortune repents, again ſhe courts your Side,
And, with this firſt fair Offering of Succeſs,
She wooes you to forget her Crime of Yeſterday.

Enter

Enter OMAR *with* AXALLA *Priſoner*, SELIMA *following weeping.*

AXALLA.

I wo'not call thee Villain, 'tis a Name
Too holy for thy Crime; to break thy Faith,
And turn a Rebel to ſo good a Maſter,
Is an Ingratitude unmatch'd on Earth;
The firſt revolting Angel's Pride cou'd only
Do more than thou haſt done. Thou copy'ſt well,
And keep'ſt the black Original in View.

OMAR.

Do, rage, and vainly call upon thy Maſter,
To ſave his Minion; my Revenge has caught thee,
And I will make thee curſe that fond Preſumption,
That ſet thee on, to rival me in ought.

BAJAZET.

Chriſtian, I hold thy Fate at my Diſpoſal.
One only Way remains to Mercy open,
Be Partner of my Flight, and my Revenge,
And thou art ſafe. Thy other Choice is Death.

OMAR.

What means the Sultan?

DERVISE.

I conjure you, hold——
Your Rival is devoted to Deſtruction, [*Aſide to* Omar.
Nor would the Sultan now defer his Fate
But for our common Safety—Liſten further [*Whiſpers.*

AXALLA.

Then briefly thus. Death is the Choice I make;
Since, next to Heav'n, my Maſter and my Friend
Has Int'reſt in my Life, and ſtill ſhall claim it.

BAJAZET.

Then take thy Wiſh——Call in our Mutes.

SELIMA.

My Father,
If yet you have not ſworn to caſt me off,
And turn me out, to wander in Misfortune;

If

If yet my Voice be gracious in your Ears;
If yet my Duty and my Love offend not,
Oh! call your Sentence back, and ſave *Axalla*.

BAJAZET.

Riſe *Selima*; the Slave deſerves to die,
Who durſt, with ſullen Pride, refuſe my Mercy:
Yet, for thy Sake, once more I offer Life.

SELIMA.

Some Angel whiſper to my anxious Soul
What I ſhall do to ſave him.——Oh! *Axalla!*
Is it ſo eaſy to thee, to forſake me?
Canſt thou reſolve, with all this cold Indifference,
Never to ſee me more? To leave me here
The miſerable Mourner of thy Fate,
Condemn'd to waſte my Widow'd Virgin Youth,
My tedious Days and Nights in lonely Weeping,
And never know the Voice of Comfort more?

AXALLA.

Search not too deep the Sorrows of my Breaſt:
Thou ſay'ſt, I am indifferent, and cold;
Oh! is it poſſible, my Eyes ſhould tell
So little of the fighting Storm within?
Oh! turn thee from me, ſave me from thy Beauties;
Falſhood and Ruin all look lovely there;
Oh! let my lab'ring Soul yet ſtruggle thro'——
I will—I would reſolve to die, and leave thee.

BAJAZET.

Then let him die.——He trifles with my Favor;
I have too long attended his Reſolves.

SELIMA.

Oh! ſtay a Minute, yet a Minute longer;
[*To* Bajazet.
A Minute is a little Space in Life:
There is a kind Conſenting in his Eyes;
And I ſhall win him to your Royal Will.
Oh! my *Axalla!* ſeem but to conſent——
[*To* Axalla *aſide.*

Unkind

Unkind and Cruel, will you then do nothing?
I find, I am not worth thy leaſt of Cares.

AXALLA.

Oh! labor not to hang Diſhonor on me:
I could bear Sickneſs, Pain, and Poverty,
Thoſe mortal Evils worſe than Death, for thee.
But this——It has the Force of Fate againſt us,
And cannot be.

SELIMA.

See, ſee, Sir, he relents, [*To* Bajazet.
Already he inclines to own your Cauſe:
A little longer, and he is all yours.

BAJAZET.

Then mark how far a Father's Fondneſs yields:
Till Midnight I defer the Death he merits,
And give him up till then to thy Perſuaſion.
If by that Time he meets my Will, he lives;
If not, thyſelf ſhalt own, he dies with Juſtice.

AXALLA.

'Tis but to lengthen Life upon the Rack.
I am reſolv'd already.

SELIMA.

Oh! be ſtill,
Nor raſhly urge a Ruin on us both;
'Tis but a Moment more I have to ſave thee.
Be kind, auſpicious *Alba*, to my Pray'r;
More for my Love, than for my Self, I fear;
Neglect Mankind a while, and make him all thy Care.
[*Exeunt* Axalla *and* Selima.

BAJAZET.

Moneſes!——Is that Dog ſecur'd?

OMAR.

He is.

BAJAZET.

'Tis well—My Soul perceives returning Greatneſs,
As Nature feels the Spring. Lightly ſhe bounds,
And ſhakes Diſhonor, like a Burden from her,
Once more Imperial, awful, and herſelf.

So

So when of old, *Jove* from the *Titans* fled,
Ammon's rude Front his radiant Face bely'd,
And all the Majesty of Heav'n lay hid.
At length by Fate to Pow'r Divine restor'd,
His Thunder taught the World to know its Lord,
The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

BAJAZET's TENT.

Enter ARPASIA.

ARPASIA.

SURE 'tis a Horror more than Darkneſs brings,
That ſits upon the Night: Fate is abroad.
Some ruling Fiend hangs in the duſky Air,
And ſcatters Ruin, Death, and wild Diſtraction,
O'er all the wretched Race of Man below:
Not long ago, a Troop of ghaſtly Slaves
Ruſh'd in and forc'd *Moneſes* from my Sight;
Death hung ſo heavy on his drooping Spirits,
That ſcarcely could he ſay—*Farewel*——*for ever.*
And yet, methinks, ſome gentle Spirit whiſpers,
Thy Peace draws near, *Arpaſia*, ſigh no more.
And ſee the King of Terrors is at hand,
His Miniſter appears.

Enter BAJAZET *and* HALY.

BAJAZET. [*aſide to* Haly.]
The reſt I leave
To thy diſpatch. For oh! my faithful *Haly*,
Another Care has taken up thy Maſter;
Spite of the high-wrought Tempeſt in my Soul,
Spite of the Pangs which Jealouſy has coſt me,
This haughty Woman reigns within my Breaſt:
In vain I ſtrive to put her from my Thoughts,
To drive her out with Empire, and Revenge:
Still ſhe comes back like a retiring Tide,
That ebbs awhile, but ſtrait returns again,
And ſwells above the Beach.

HALY.

HALY.

Why wears my Lord
An anxious Thought for what his Pow'r Commands?
When in an happy Hour, you ſhall ere long
Have borne the Empreſs, from amidſt your Foes,
She muſt be yours, be only, and all yours.

BAJAZET.

On that depends my Fear. Yes, I muſt have her;
I own, I will not, cannot go without her;
But ſuch is the Condition of our Flight,
That ſhould ſhe not conſent, 'twould hazard all,
To bear her hence by Force: Thus I reſolve then;
By Threats and Pray'rs, by ev'ry way to move her;
If all prevail not, Force is left, at laſt;
And I will ſet Life, Empire on the Venture,
To keep her mine——Be near to wait my Will.

[*Exit* Haly.

When laſt we parted 'twas on angry Terms;
Let the Remembrance die, or kindly think
That jealous Rage is but a haſty Flame,
That blazes out, when Love too fiercely burns.

ARPASIA.

For thee to wrong me, and for me to ſuffer,
Is the hard Leſſon that my Soul has learnt;
And now I ſtand prepar'd for all to come:
Nor is it worth my Leiſure to diſtinguiſh,
If Love or Jealouſy commit the Violence;
Each have alike been fatal to my Peace,
Confirming me a Wretch, and thee a Tyrant.

BAJAZET.

Still to deform thy gentle Brow with Frowns!
And ſtill to be perverſe! It is a Manner
Abhorrent from the Softneſs of thy Sex:
Women, like Summer Storms, awhile are cloudy,
Burſt out in Thunder, and impetuous Show'rs;
But ſtrait the Sun of Beauty dawns abroad,
And all the fair Horizon is ſerene.

ARPASIA.

Then to retrieve the Honor of my Sex,

Here

Here I diſclaim that Changing and Inconſtancy;
To Thee I will be ever, as I am.

BAJAZET.

Thou ſay'ſt, I am a Tyrant; think ſo ſtill,
And let it warn thy Prudence to lay hold
On the good Hour of Peace, that courts thee now:
Souls form'd like mine, brook being ſcorn'd but ill;
Be well adviſ'd, and profit by my Patience,
It is a ſhort-liv'd Virtue.

ARPASIA.

Turn thy Eyes
Back on the Story of my Woes, Barbarian,
Thou that haſt violated all Reſpects
Due to my Sex, and Honor of my Birth,
Thou brutal Raviſher! that haſt undone me,
Ruin'd my Love! Can I have Peace with thee?
Impoſſible! firſt Heav'n and Hell ſhall join,
They only differ more.

BAJAZET.

I ſee, 'tis vain,
To court thy ſtubborn Temper with Endearments,
Reſolve this Moment, to return my Love,
And be the willing Partner of my Flight,
Or by the Prophet's holy Law! thou dy'ſt.

ARPASIA.

And doſt thou think to fright me with that Phantom,
Death? 'Tis the greateſt Mercy thou canſt give;
So frequent are the Murders of thy Reign,
One Day ſcarce paſſing by unmark'd with Blood,
That Children, by long uſe, have learn'd to ſcorn it:
Know, I diſdain to aid thy treacherous Purpoſe;
And ſhouldſt thou dare to force me, with my Cries
I will call Heav'n and Earth to my Aſſiſtance.

BAJAZET.

Confuſion! doſt thou brave me? But my Wrath
Shall find a Paſſage to thy ſwelling Heart,
And rack thee worſe, than all the Pains of Death.
That *Grecian* Dog, the Minion of thy Wiſhes,
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy Sight;

Thou

Thou ſhalt behold him, when his Pangs are terrible,
Then, when he ſtares, and gaſps, and ſtruggles ſtrongly,
Ev'n in the bittereſt Agony of dying;
'Till thou ſhalt rend thy Hair, tear out thy Eyes,
And curſe thy Pride, while I applaud my Vengeance.

ARPASIA.

Oh! fatal Image! All my Pow'rs give way,
And Reſolution ſickens at the Thought;
A Flood of Paſſion riſes in my Breaſt,
And labors fiercely upward to my Eyes.
Come all ye great Examples of my Sex,
Chaſte Virgins, tender Wives, and pious Matrons;
Ye holy Martyrs, who with wond'rous Faith,
And Conſtancy unſhaken, have ſuſtain'd
The Rage of cruel Men, and fiery Perſecution;
Come to my Aid, and teach me to defy
The Malice of this Friend. I feel, I feel
Your ſacred Spirit arm me to Reſiſtance.
Yes, Tyrant, I will ſtand this Shock of Fate;
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a Moment;
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my *Moneſes.*

BAJAZET.

Thou talk'ſt it well: But talking is thy Privilege,
'Tis all the boaſted Courage of thy Sex;
Tho', for thy Soul, thou dar'ſt not meet the Danger.

ARPASIA.

By all my Hopes of Happineſs! I dare———
My Soul is come within her Ken of Heav'n;
Charm'd with the Joys and Beauties of that Place,
Her Thoughts, and all her Cares ſhe fixes there,
And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below:
Thus Stars ſhine bright, and keep their Place above,
Tho' ruffling Winds deform this lower World.

BAJAZET.

This Moment is the Trial.

ARPASIA.

Let it come;
This Moment then ſhall ſhew I am a *Greek,*
And ſpeak my Country's Courage in my ſuff'ring.

BAJAZET.

Here, Mercy, I diſclaim thee. Mark me Trait'reſs!
My Love prepares a Victim to thy Pride,
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in Blood.
[*Exit* Bajazet.

ARPASIA.

My Heart beats higher, and my nimble Spirits
Ride ſwiftly thro' their purple Channels round:
'Tis the laſt Blaze of Life: Nature revives
Like a dim winking Lamp, that flaſhes brightly
With parting Light, and ſtrait is dark for ever.
And ſee my laſt of Sorrows is at hand:
Death and *Moneſes* come together to me;
As if my Stars, that had ſo long been cruel,
Grew kind at laſt, and gave me all I wiſh.

Enter MONESES, *guarded by ſome Mutes; others attending with a Cup of Poiſon and a Bow-ſtring.*

MONESES.

I charge ye, O ye Miniſters of Fate,
Be ſwift to execute your Maſter's Will:
Bear me to my *Arpaſia*; let me tell her,
The Tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,
And die beneath her Feet. A Joy ſhoots thro'
My drooping Breaſt, as often when the Trumpet
Has call'd my youthful Ardor forth to Battle;
High in my Hopes, and raviſht with the Sound,
I have ruſh'd eager on amidſt the foremoſt,
To purchaſe Victory, or glorious Death.

ARPASIA.

If it be Happineſs, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the ſilent Grave,
To Love and Glory loſt, and from among
The great Creator's Works expung'd and blotted,
Then very ſhortly ſhall we both be happy.

MONESES.

There is no Room for Doubt, 'tis certain Bliſs;
The Tyrant's cruel Violence, thy Loſs,
Already ſeems more light, nor has my Soul
One unrepented Guilt upon Remembrance,

To make me dread the Juſtice of Hereafter;
But ſtanding now on the laſt Verge of Life,
Boldly I view the vaſt Abyſs, Eternity,
Eager to plunge, and leave my Woes behind me.

ARPASIA.

By all the Truth of our paſt Loves I vow!
To die, appears a very nothing to me:
But oh! *Moneſes*, ſhould I not allow
Somewhat to Love, and to my Sex's Tenderneſs!
This very Now, I could put off my Being,
Without a Groan; but to behold thee die———
Nature ſhrinks in me, at the dreadful Thought,
Nor can my Conſtancy ſuſtain this Blow.

MONESES.

Since thou art arm'd for all things, after Death,
Why ſhould the Pomp and Preparation of it
Be frightful to thy Eyes? There's not a Pain,
Which Age, or Sickneſs brings, the leaſt Diſorder,
That vexes any Part of this fine Frame,
But's full as grievous: All that the Mind feels
Is much, much more.——And ſee, I go to prove it.

Enter a Mute; he ſigns to the reſt, who proffer a Bow-ſtring to MONESES.

ARPASIA.

Think ere we part!

MONESES.

Of What?

ARPASIA.

Of ſomething ſoft,
Tender, and kind; of ſomething wond'rous ſad.
Oh! my full Soul!

MONESES.

My Tongue is at a loſs,
Thoughts crowd ſo faſt, thy Name is all Ive left,
My kindeſt! trueſt! deareſt! beſt *Arpaſia!*

[*The Mutes ſtruggle with him.*

ARPASIA.

I have a thouſand, thouſand Things to utter,

A thou-

A thouſand more to hear yet. Barbarous Villains!
Give me a Minute. Speak to me *Moneſes*.

MONESES.

Speak to thee? 'Tis the Buſineſs of my Life,
'Tis all the Uſe I have for vital Air.
Stand off, ye Slaves! To tell thee that my Heart
Is full of thee; that ev'n at this dread Moment
My fond Eyes gaze with Joy and Rapture on thee,
Angels and Light itſelf are not ſo fair.

Enter BAJAZET, HALY, *and Attendants.*

BAJAZET.

Ha! wherefore lives this Dog? Be quick, ye Slaves,
And rid me of the Pain.

MONESES.

For only Death,
And the laſt Night can ſhut out my *Arpaſia*.
[*The Mutes ſtrangle* Moneſes.

ARPASIA.

Oh! diſmal! 'tis not to be borne. Ye Moraliſts,
Ye Talkers, what are all your Precepts now?
Patience! Diſtraction! Blaſt the Tyrant, blaſt him!
Avenging Lightnings; ſnatch him hence, ye Fiends!
Love! Death! *Moneſes!* Nature can no more,
Ruin is on her, and ſhe ſinks at once. [*She ſinks down.*

BAJAZET.

Help, *Haly*, raiſe her up, and bear her out.

HALY.

Alas! ſhe faints.

ARPASIA.

No, Tyrant, 'tis in vain;
Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel Pow'r:
The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me:
Ev'n all the tedious Day of Life I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes;
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home:
Forgetting all the Toils and troubles paſt,
Weary I'll lay me down, and ſleep till——Oh!
She dies.

BAJAZET.

Fly, ye Slaves,
And fetch me Cordials, No, ſhe ſhall not die.
Spite of her ſullen Pride, I'll hold in Life,
And force her to be bleſt againſt her Will.

HALY.

Already 'tis beyond the Pow'r of Art;
For ſee a deadly Cold has froze the Blood,
The pliant Limbs grow ſtiff, and loſe their Uſe,
And all the animating Fire is quench'd;
Ev'n Beauty too is dead; an aſhy Pale
Grows o'er the Roſes, the red Lips have loſt
Their fragrant Hue, for want of that ſweet Breath,
That bleſt 'em with its Odours as it paſt.

BAJAZET.

Can it be poſſible? Can Rage and Grief,
Can Love and Indignation be ſo fierce,
So mortal in a Woman's Heart? Confuſion!
Is ſhe eſcap'd then? What is Royalty,
If thoſe that are my Slaves, and ſhould live for me,
Can die, and bid Defiance to my Pow'r?

Enter the DERVISE.

DERVISE.

The valiant *Omar* ſends, to tell thy Greatneſs
The Hour of Flight is come, and urges Haſte;
Since he deſcries, near *Tamerlane*'s Pavilion,
Bright Troops of crowding Torches, who from thence
On either Hand ſtretch far into the Night,
And ſeem to form a ſhining Front of Battle.
Behold, ev'n from this Place, thou may'ſt diſcern 'em.
[*Looking out.*

BAJAZET.

By *Alha!* yes! they caſt a Day arround 'em,
And the Plain ſeems thick ſet with Stars, as Heav'n.
Ha! or my Eyes are falſe, they move this way;
'Tis certain ſo. Fly, *Haly*, to our Daughter.
[*Exit* Haly.
Let ſome ſecure the Chriſtian Prince *Axalla*:

We

We will be gone this Minute.

Enter OMAR.

OMAR.

Loſt! Undone!

BAJAZET.

What mean'ſt thou?

OMAR.

All our Hopes of Flight are loſt.
Mirvan and *Zama*, with the *Parthian* Horſe,
Incloſe us round, they hold us in a Toil.

BAJAZET.

Ha! whence this unexpected Curſe of Chance?

OMAR.

Too late I learnt, that early in the Night
A Slave was ſuffer'd by the Princeſs's Order,
To paſs the Guard; I clove the Villain down,
Who yielded to his Flight; but that's poor Vengeance:
That Fugitive has rais'd the Camp upon us,
And unperceiv'd by Favor of the Night,
In Silence they have march'd to intercept us.

BAJAZET.

My Daughter! oh! the Traitreſs!

DERVISE.

Yet, we have
Axalla in our Pow'r, and angry *Tamerlane*
Will buy his Fav'rite's Life on any Terms.

OMAR.

With thoſe few Friends I have, I for a while
Can face their Force; if they refuſe us Peace,
Revenge ſhall ſweeten Ruin; and 'twill joy me,
To drag my Foe down with me, in my Fall. [*Exit* Om.

Enter HALY, *with* SELIMA *weeping.*

BAJAZET.

See where ſhe comes! with well diſſembled Innocence,
With Truth and Faith ſo lovely in her Face,
As if ſhe durſt ev'n diſavow the Falſhood.——
Hop'ſt thou to make amends with trifling Tears,

For my loſt Crown, and diſappointed Vengeance?
Ungrateful *Selima!* thy Father's Curſe!
Bring forth the Minion of her fooliſh Heart;
He dies this Moment.——

HALY.

Would I could not ſpeak
The Crime of fatal Love; the Slave who fled,
By whom we are undone, was that *Axalla.*

BAJAZET.

Ha! ſay'ſt thou?

HALY.

Hid beneath that vile Appearance,
The Princeſs found a Means for his Eſcape.

SELIMA.

I am undone! ev'n Nature has diſclaim'd me!
My Father! have I loſt you all? My Father!

BAJAZET.

Talk'ſt thou of Nature? who haſt broke her Bands!
Thou art my Bane, thou Witch! thou Infant Parricide!
But I will ſtudy to be ſtrangely cruel;
I will forget the Folly of my Fondneſs;
Drive all the Father from my Breaſt, now ſnatch thee,
Tear thee to Pieces, drink thy treach'rous Blood,
And make thee anſwer all my great Revenge:
Now, now, thou Traitreſs. [*Offers to kill her.*

SELIMA.

Plunge the Ponyard deep! [*She embraces him.*
The Life my Father gave ſhall hear his Summons,
And iſſue at the Wound—— Start not to feel
My Heart's warm Blood guſh out upon your Hands,
Since from your Spring I drew the Purple Stream,
And I muſt pay it back, if you demand it.

BAJAZET.

Hence! from my Thoughts! thou ſoft relenting Weakneſs.
Haſt thou not giv'n me up a Prey? betray'd me?

SELIMA.

Oh! not for Worlds; not ev'n for all the Joys,
Love, or the Prophet's Paradiſe can give;

Amidſt

Amidſt the Fears and Sorrows of my Soul,
Amidſt the thouſand Pains of anxious Tenderneſs,
I made the gentle, kind, *Axalla* ſwear,
Your Life, your Crown, and Honor ſhould be ſafe.

BAJAZET.

Away! my Soul diſdains the vile Dependance;
No, let me rather die, die like a King:
Shall I fall down at the proud *Tartar*'s Foot,
And ſay, Have mercy on me? Hark they come, [*Shout.*
Diſgrace will overtake my ling'ring Hand:
Die then; thy Father's Shame, and thine, die with thee.
[*Offers to kill her.*

SELIMA.

For Heav'n, for Pity's ſake!

BAJAZET.

No more, thou Trifler!
[*She catches hold of his Arm.*
Ha! dar'ſt thou bar my Will? Tear off her Hold.

SELIMA.

What, not for Life? Shou'd not I plead for Life;
When Nature teaches ev'n the Brute Creation
To hold faſt that, her beſt, her nobleſt Gift?
Look on my Eyes, whom you ſo oft have kiſt,
And ſwore they were your beſt-lov'd Queen's, my Mother's.
Behold 'em now ſtreaming for Mercy, Mercy!
Look on me; and deny me, if you can;
'Tis but for Life I beg; is that a Boon
So hard for me t'obtain? or you to grant?
Oh! ſpare me! ſpare your *Selima*, my Father.

BAJAZET.

A lazy Sloth hangs on my Reſolution;
It is my *Selima!*—Ha! What? my Child?
And can I murder her?——Dreadful Imagination!
Again they come. I leave her to my Foes! [*Shout.*
And ſhall they triumph o'er the Race of *Bajazet!*
Die, *Selima!* Is that a Father's Voice?
Rouſe, rouſe, my Fury! yes, ſhe dies the Victim
To my loſt Hopes. Out! out! thou fooliſh Nature!

Juſtly ſhe ſhares the Ruin ſhe has made.
Seize her, ye * Slaves, and ſtrangle her this Moment.
[* *To the Mutes.*

SELIMA.

Oh! let me die by you! Behold my Breaſt!
I wo'not ſhrink! oh ſave me but from theſe.
[*The Mutes ſeize her.*

BAJAZET.

Diſpatch.

SELIMA.

But for a Moment, while I pray,
That Heav'n may guard my Royal Father.

BAJAZET.

Dogs!

SELIMA.

That you may only bleſs me, ere I die. [*Shout.*

BAJAZET.

Ye tedious Villains! then the Work is mine.

As Bajazet *runs at* Selima, *with his Sword, Enter* Tamerlane, Axalla, *&c.* Axalla *gets between* Bajazet *and* Selima, *whilſt* Tamerlane *and the reſt drive* Bajazet *and the Mutes off the Stage.*

AXALLA.

And am I come to ſave thee? Oh! my Joy!
Be this the whiteſt Hour of all my Life;
This one Succeſs is more than all my Wars,
The nobleſt, deareſt Glory of my Sword.

SELIMA.

Alas, *Axalla*, Death has been around me;
My Coward Soul ſtill trembles at the Fright,
And ſeems but half ſecure, ev'n in thy Arms.

AXALLA.

Retire, my Fair, and let me guard thee forth;
Blood and tumultuous Slaughter are about us,
And Danger in her ugliſt Forms is here;
Nor will the Pleaſure of my Heart be full,
'Till all my Fears are ended in thy Safety.
[*Exeunt* Axalla *and* Selima.

Enter

Enter Tamerlane, *the Prince of* Tanais, Zama, Mirvan, *and Soldiers; with* Bajazet, Omar, *and the Dervise, Prisoners.*

TAMERLANE.

Mercy at length gives up her peaceful Scepter,
And Justice sternly takes her Turn to govern;
'Tis a rank World, and asks her keenest Sword,
To cut up Villainy of Monstrous Growth.
Zama, take care, that with the earliest Dawn,
Those Traitors meet the Fate their Treason merits.
[*Pointing to* Omar *and the Dervise.*
[*To* Bajazet.] For thee, thou Tyrant, whose oppressive Violence
Has ruin'd those thou should'st protect at Home,
Whose Wars, whose Slaughters, whose Assassinations,
(That basest Thirst of Blood, that Sin of Cowards)
Whose Faith so often giv'n and always violated,
Have been th' Offence of Heav'n, and Plague of Earth,
What Punishment is equal to thy Crimes?
The Doom, thy Rage design'd for me, be thine:
Clos'd in a Cage, like some destructive Beast,
I'll have thee borne about, in public View,
A great Example of that Righteous Vengeance
That waits on Cruelty, and Pride like thine.

BAJAZET.

— It is beneath me to decline my Fate;
I stand prepar'd to meet thy utmost Hate:
Yet think not, I will long thy Triumph see;
None want the Means, when the Soul dares be free.
I'll curse thee with my last, my parting Breath;
And keep the Courage of my Life in Death;
Then boldly venture on that World unknown:
It cannot use me Worse, than this has done.
[*Exit* Bajazet *guarded.*

TAMERLANE.

Behold the vain Effects of Earth-born Pride,
That scorn'd Heav'n's Laws, and all its Pow'r defy'd;

That could the Hand, which form'd it firſt forget,
And fondly ſay, I made myſelf be great:
But juſtly thoſe above aſſert their Sway,
And teach ev'n Kings what Homage they ſhould pay,
Who then Rule beſt, when mindful to Obey.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE.

TOO well we ſaw what muſt have been our Fate,
When Harmony, with Beauty join'd of late,
Threaten'd the Ruin of our ſinking State;
Till you from whom our Being we receive,
In Pity bid your own Creation live.
With moving Sounds you kindly drew the Fair,
And fix'd, once more, that ſhining Circle here.
The Lyre you bring is half Apollo's *Praiſe;*
Be ours the Taſk to win and wear his Bays.
Thin Houſes were before ſo frequent to us,
We wanted not a Project to undo us.
We ſeldom ſaw your Honors but by chance,
As ſome Folks meet their Friends in Spain *and* France;
'Twas Verſe decay'd, or Politicks improv'd,
That had eſtrang'd you thus from what you lov'd.
Time was, when buſy Faces were a Jeſt;
When Wit and Pleaſure were in moſt requeſt;
When chearful Theatres with Crowds were grac'd;
But thoſe good Days of Poetry are paſt:
Now ſour Reformers in an empty Pit,
With Table-Books, as at a Lecture ſit,
To take Notes, and give Evidence 'gainſt Wit.
Thoſe who were once our Friends, employ'd elſewhere,
Are buſy now in ſettling Peace and War.
With careful Brows at Tom's *and* Will's *they meet,*
And aſk who did Elections loſe or get——
Our Friend has loſt it——Faith I'm ſorry for't
He's a good Man, and ne'er was for the Court:
He to no Government will ſue for Grace;
By Want of Merit ſafe againſt a Place: By

EPILOGUE.

By Spite a Patriot made, and ſuffer t'oppoſe
All who are uppermoſt, as England's *Foes.*
Let Whig *or* Tory, *any Side prevail,*
Still 'tis his conſtant Privilege to rail.
Another, that the Tax and War may ceaſe,
Talks of the Duke of Anjou's *Right, and Peace;*
And, from Spain's *wiſe Example, is for taking*
A Vice-Roy of the mighty Monarch's making;
Who ſhould all Rights and Liberties maintain,
And Engliſh *Laws by learn'd Dragoons explain.*

Come, leave theſe Politics, and follow Wit;
Here uncontroul'd you may in Judgment ſit:
We'll never differ with a crowded Pit.
We'll take you all, ev'n on your own Conditions,
Think you Great Men, and wond'rous Politicians;
And, if you ſlight the Offers which we make you,
No Brentford *Princes will for Statesmen take you.*

THE

THE

FAIR PENITENT.

A

TRAGEDY.

Quin morere, ut meritâ es, ferroque averte dolorem.

VIRG. Æn. Lib. 4.

Printed in the YEAR 1746.

TO HER

GRACE the DUTCHESS

OF

ORMOND.

MADAM,

THE Privilege of Poetry (or it may be the Vanity of the Pretenders to it) has given 'em a Kind of Right to pretend at the ſame Time, to the Favor of thoſe, whom their high Birth and excellent Qualities have placed in a very diſtinguiſhing Manner above the reſt of the World. If this be not a received Maxim, yet I am ſure I am to wiſh it were, that I may have at leaſt ſome kind of Excuſe for laying this Tragedy at your GRACE's Feet. I have too much

Reaſon

Reaſon to fear that it may prove but an indifferent Entertainment to Your GRACE, ſince, if I have any Way ſucceeded in it, it has been in deſcribing thoſe violent Paſſions which have been always Strangers to ſo happy a Temper, and ſo noble and ſo exalted a Virtue as Your GRACE is Miſtreſs of. Yet for all this, I cannot but confeſs the Vanity which I have to hope that there may be ſomething ſo moving in the Misfortunes and Diſtreſs of the Play, as may be not altogether unworthy of Your GRACE's Pity. This is one of the main Deſigns of Tragedy; and to excite this generous Pity in the greateſt Minds, may paſs for ſome kind of Succeſs in this Way of Writing. I am ſenſible of the Preſumption I am guilty of by this Hope, and how much is it that I pretend to in Your GRACE's Approbation; if it be my good Fortune to meet with any little Share of it, I ſhall always look upon it as much more to me than the general Applauſe of the Theatre, or even the Praiſe of a good Critic. Your GRACE's Name is the beſt Protection this Play can hope for,

ſince

DEDICATION.

Since the World, ill-natur'd as it is, agrees in an universal Respect and Deference for Your Grace's Person and Character. In so censorious an Age as this is, where Malice furnishes out all the public Conversations, were every Body pulls and is pull'd to Pieces of course, and where there is hardly such a Thing as being merry, but at Another's Expence; yet by a public and uncommon Justice to the Dutchess of *Ormond*, Her Name has never been mention'd but as it ought, tho' She has Beauty enough to provoke Detraction from the fairest of Her own Sex, and Virtue enough to make the Loose and Dissolute of the other (a very formidable Party) Her Enemies. Instead of this, they agree to say nothing of Her but what She deserves: That Her Spirit is worthy of Her Birth; Her Sweetness, of the Love and Respect of all the World; Her Piety, of Her Religion; Her Service, of her Royal Mistress; and Her Beauty and Truth, of Her Lord; that in short every Part of Her Character is Just, and that She is the best Reward for one of the greatest Heroes this Age has produc'd.

This

This, Madam, is what You muſt allow People every where to ſay; thoſe whom You ſhall leave behind You in *England* will have ſomething further to add, the Loſs we ſhall ſuffer by Your GRACE's Journey to *Ireland*; the Queen's Pleaſure, and the Impatient Wiſhes of that Nation, are about to deprive us of Two of our public Ornaments. But there is no arguing againſt Reaſons ſo prevalent as theſe. Thoſe who ſhall lament Your GRACE's Abſence will yet acquieſce in the Wiſdom and Juſtice of Her MAJESTY's Choice: Among all whoſe Royal Favours none could be ſo agreeable, upon a thouſand Accounts, to that People, as the Duke of *Ormond*. With what Joy, what Acclamations ſhall they meet a Governor, who, beſide their former Obligations to his Family, has ſo lately ventur'd His Life and Fortune for their Preſervation? What Duty, what Submiſſion ſhall they not pay to that Authority which the Queen has delegated to a Perſon ſo dear to 'em? And with what Honour, what Reſpect ſhall they receive Your GRACE, when *they* look upon You as the Nobleſt and Beſt

Pattern

Pattern her MAJESTY cou'd ſend 'em, of Her own Royal Goodneſs, and perſonal Virtues?. They ſhall behold Your GRACE with the ſame Pleaſure the *Engliſh* ſhall take whenever it ſhall be their good Fortune to ſee You return again to Your Native Country. In *England* Your GRACE is become a public Concern; and, as your going away will be attended with a general Sorrow, ſo Your Return ſhall give as general a Joy; and to none of thoſe many, more than to,

MADAM,

Your GRACE's *moſt obedient, and*

moſt humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

LONG has the Fate of Kings and Empires been
The common Buſ'neſs of the Tragic Scene,
As if Misfortune made the Throne her Seat,
And none cou'd be unhappy but the Great.
Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the Crown he wears,
And many are the mighty Monarch's Cares:
By foreign Foes and home-bred Factions preſt,
Few are the Joys he knows, and ſhort his Hours of Reſt.
Stories like theſe with Wonder we may hear;
But far remote, and in a higher Sphere,
We ne'er can pity what we ne'er can ſhare:
Like diſtant Battles of the Pole *and* Swede,
Which frugal Citizens o'er Coffee read,
Careleſs for who ſhall fail, or who ſucceed.
Therefore an humbler Theme our Author choſe,
A melancholy Tale of private Woes:
No Princes here loſt Royalty bemoan,
But you ſhall meet with Sorrows like your own;
Here ſee imperious Love his Vaſſals treat,
As hardly as Ambition does the Great;
See how ſucceeding Paſſions rage by turns,
How fierce the Youth with Joy and Rapture burns,
And how to Death, for Beauty loſt, he mourns.

Let no nice Taſte the Poet's Art arraign,
If ſome frail vicious Characters he feign:

Who

PROLOGUE.

Who writes shou'd still let Nature be his Care,
Mix Shades with Lights, and not paint all Things fair,
But shew you Men and Women as they are.
With Deference to the Fair he bade me say,
Few to Perfection ever found the Way;
Many in many Parts are known t'excel,
But 'twere too hard for One to act all well;
Whom justly Life would through each Scene commend,
The Maid, the Wife, the Mistress, and the Friend:
This Age, 'tis true, has one great Instance seen,
And Heav'n in Justice made that one a Queen.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

SCIOLTO, a Nobleman of *Genoa*, Father to *Caliſta*.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Altamont, a young Lord, in Love with *Caliſta*, and deſign'd her Huſband by *Sciolto*.	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Horatio, his Friend.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Lothario, a young Lord, and Enemy to *Altamont*.	Mr. *Powell.*
Roſſano, his Friend.	Mr. *Baily.*

W O M E N.

Caliſta, Daughter to *Sciolto*.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Lavinia, Siſter to *Altamont*, and Wife to *Horatio*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Lucilla, Confident to *Caliſta*.	Mrs. *Prince.*

Servants to *Sciolto*.

SCENE, Sciolto's *Palace and Garden, with ſome Part of the Street near it, in* GENOA.

THE

THE
FAIR PENITENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to SCIOLTO's *Palace.*

Enter ALTAMONT *and* HORATIO.

ALTAMONT.

LET this auſpicious Day be ever ſacred,
No Mourning, no Misfortunes happen on it;
Let it be mark'd for Triumphs and Rejoicings;
Let happy Lovers ever make it holy,
Chooſe it to bleſs their Hopes, and crown their Wiſhes;
This happy Day that gives me my *Caliſta.*

HORATIO.

Yes, *Altamont*; to Day thy better Stars
Are join'd, to ſhed their kindeſt Influence on thee:
Sciolto's noble Hand that rais'd thee firſt,
Half dead and drooping o'er thy Father's Grave,
Compleats its Bounty and reſtores thy Name
To that high Rank and Luſtre which it boaſted,
Before ungrateful *Genoa* had forgot
The Merit of thy Godlike Father's Arms;

Before

Before that Country which he long had ſerv'd,
In watchful Councils, and in Winter Camps,
Had caſt off his white Age to Want and Wretchedneſs,
And made their Court to Faction by his Ruin.

ALTAMONT.

Oh great *Scioto!* oh my more than Father!
Let me not live, but at thy very Name
My eager Heart ſprings up, and leaps with Joy.
When I forget the vaſt vaſt Debt I owe thee,
(Forget! but 'tis impoſſible) then let me
Forget the Uſe and Privilege of Reaſon,
Be driven from the Commerce of Mankind,
To wander in the Deſart among Brutes,
To bear the various Fury of the Seaſons,
The Night's unwholſome Dew and Noon-day's Heat,
To be the Scorn of Earth, and Curſe of Heav'n.

HORATIO.

So open, ſo unbounded was his Goodneſs,
It reach'd ev'n me, becauſe I was thy Friend.
When that Great Man I lov'd, thy Noble Father,
Bequeath'd thy gentle Siſter to my Arms,
His laſt dear Pledge and Legacy of Friendſhip,
That happy Tye made me *Scioto*'s Son;
He call'd us his, and with a Parent's Fondneſs
Indulg'd us in his Wealth, bleſs'd us with Plenty,
Heal'd all our Cares, and ſweeten'd Love itſelf.

ALTAMONT.

By Heav'n, he found my Fortunes ſo abandon'd,
That nothing but a Miracle could raiſe 'em;
My Father's Bounty, and the State's Ingratitude,
Had ſtripp'd him bare, nor left him ev'n a Grave;
Undone myſelf, and ſinking with his Ruin.
I had no Wealth to bring, nothing to ſuccour him,
But fruitleſs Tears.

HORATIO.

Yet what thou couldſt thou didſt;
And did'ſt it like a Son; when his hard Creditors,
Urg'd and aſſiſted by *Lothario*'s Father,
(*Foe to thy* Houſe, and Rival of their Greatneſs)

By Sentence of the cruel Law forbid
His venerable Corps to reſt in Earth,
Thou gav'ſt thyſelf a Ranſom for his Bones;
With Piety uncommon, didſt give up
The hopeful Youth to Slaves who ne'er knew Mercy;
Sour, unrelenting, Money-loving Villains,
Who laugh at Human Nature and Forgiveneſs,
And are, like Fiends, the Factors of Deſtruction.
Heav'n, who beheld the pious Act, approv'd it,
And bade *Sciolto*'s Bounty be its Proxy,
To bleſs thy filial Virtue with Abundance.

ALTAMONT.

But ſee he comes, the Author of my Happineſs,
The Man who ſav'd my Life from deadly Sorrow,
Who bids my Days be bleſt with Peace and Plenty,
And ſatisfies my Soul with Love and Beauty.

Enter SCIOLTO, *he runs to* ALTAMONT *and embraces him.*

SCIOLTO.

Joy to thee, *Altamont!* Joy to myſelf!
Joy to this happy Morn, that makes thee mine,
That kindly grants what Nature had deny'd me,
And makes me Father of a Son like thee.

ALTAMONT.

My Father! oh let me unlade my Breaſt,
Pour out the Fulneſs of my Soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful Thought,
This wond'rous Goodneſs ſtirs. But 'tis impoſſible,
And Utterance all is vile; ſince I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

SCIOLTO.

It is enough; I know thee, thou art honeſt;
Goodneſs innate, and Worth hereditary
Are in thy Mind; thy noble Father's Virtues
Spring freſhly forth, and bloſſom in thy Youth.

ALTAMONT.

Thus Heav'n from nothing rais'd his fair Creation,
And then with wond'rous Joy beheld its Beauty,

Well

Well pleas'd to see the Excellence he gave.

SCIOLTO.

Oh noble Youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,
Ev'n from that Day of Sorrows when I saw thee
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial Tears,
The Mourner and Redeemer of thy Father
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:
Thou art my Son, ev'n near me as *Calista.*
Horatio and *Lavinia* too are mine; [*Embraces* Hor.
All are my Children, and shall share my Heart;
But wherefore waste we thus this happy Day?
The laughing Minutes summon thee to Joy,
And with new Pleasures court thee as they pass;
Thy waiting Bride ev'n chides thee for delaying,
And swears thou com'st not with a Bridegroom's Haste.

ALTAMONT.

Oh! cou'd I hope there was one Thought of *Altamont,*
One kind Remembrance in *Calista*'s Breast,
The Winds, with all their Wings, would be too slow
To bear me to her Feet. For Oh! my Father,
Amidst the Stream of Joy that bears me on,
Blest as I am, and honor'd in your Friendship,
There is one Pain that hangs upon my Heart.

SCIOLTO.

What means my Son?

ALTAMONT.

When at your Intercession,
Last Night *Calista* yielded to my Happiness,
Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my Vows
With Rapture on her Lips, I found her cold,
As a dead Lover's Statue on his Tomb;
A rising Storm of Passion shook her Breast,
Her Eyes a piteous Show'r of Tears let fall,
And then she sigh'd as if her Heart were breaking.
With all the tend'rest Eloquence of Love
I begg'd to be a Sharer in her Grief;
But she, with Looks averse, and Eyes that froze me,
Sadly reply'd, her Sorrows were her own,
Nor in a Father's Power to dispose of.

SCIOLTO.

SCIOLTO.

Away! It is the Cozenage of their Sex,
One of the common Arts they practiſe on us:
To ſigh and weep, then when their Hearts beat high,
With Expectation of the coming Joy.
Thou haſt in Camps and fighting Fields been bred,
Unknowing in the Subtleties of Women;
The Virgin Bride, who ſwoons with deadly Fear,
To ſee the End of all her Wiſhes near,
When bluſhing from the Light and public Eyes,
To the kind Covert of the Night ſhe flies,
With equal Fires to meet the Bridegroom moves,
Melts in his Arms, and with a Looſe ſhe loves. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

LOTHARIO.

The Father and the Huſband!

ROSSANO.

Let them paſs,
They ſaw us not.

LOTHARIO.

I care not if they did,
Ere long I mean to meet 'em Face to Face,
And gaul 'em with my Triumph o'er *Caliſta*.

ROSSANO.

You lov'd her once.

LOTHARIO.

I lik'd her, wou'd have marry'd her,
But that it pleas'd her Father to refuſe me,
To make this Honourable Fool her Huſband.
For which, if I forget him, may the Shame
I mean to brand his Name with, ſtick on mine.

ROSSANO.

She, gentle Soul, was kinder than her Father.

LOTHARIO.

She was, and oft in private gave me hearing,
'Till, by long liſt'ning to the ſoothing Tale,
At length her eaſy Heart was wholly mine.

ROSSANO.

I've heard you oft deſcribe her, Haughty, Inſolent,
And fierce with high Diſdain; it moves my Wonder,
That Virtue thus defended, ſhould be yielded
A Prey to looſe Deſires.

LOTHARIO.

Hear then, I'll tell thee.
Once in a lone and ſecret Hour of Night,
When ev'ry Eye was clos'd, and the pale Moon
And Stars alone ſhone conſcious of the Theft,
Hot with the *Tuſcan* Grape, and high in Blood,
Hap'ly I ſtole unheeded to her Chamber.

ROSSANO.

That Minute ſure was lucky.

LOTHARIO.

Oh 'twas great!
I found the fond, believing love-ſick Maid,
Looſe, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wiſhes:
Fierceneſs and Pride, the Guardians of her Honor,
Were charm'd to Reſt, and Love alone was waking.
Within her riſing Boſom all was calm,
As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides.
I ſnatch'd the glorious, golden Opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful Ardor preſt her,
Till, with ſhort Sighs, and murmuring Reluctance,
The yielding Fair One gave me perfect Happineſs.
Ev'n all the live-long Night we paſs'd in Bliſs,
In Ecſtaſies too fierce to laſt for ever;
At length the Morn and cold Indiff'rence came;
When fully ſated with the luſcious Banquet,
I haſtily took Leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was paſt, and ſigh alone.

ROSSANO.

You ſaw her ſoon again?

LOTHARIO.

Too ſoon I ſaw her:
For Oh! that Meeting was not like the former;
I found my Heart no more beat high with Tranſport,
No more I ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for Enjoyment:

'Twas

'Twas paſt, and Reaſon took her Turn to reign,
While ev'ry Weakneſs fell before her Throne.

ROSSANO.

What of the Lady?

LOTHARIO.

With uneaſy Fondneſs
She hung upon me, wept, and ſigh'd, and ſwore
She was undone; talk'd of a Prieſt, and Marriage;
Of flying with me from her Father's Pow'r;
Call'd every Saint and bleſſed Angel down,
To witneſs for her that ſhe was my Wife.
I ſtarted at that Name.

ROSSANO.

What Anſwer made you?

LOTHARIO.

None; but pretending ſudden Pain and Illneſs
Eſcap'd the Perſecution: two Nights ſince,
By Meſſage urg'd, and frequent Importunity,
Again I ſaw her. Strait with Tears and Sighs,
With ſwelling Breaſts, with Swooning and Diſtraction,
With all the Subtleties and pow'rful Arts
Of wilful Woman lab'ring for her Purpoſe,
Again ſhe told the ſame dull nauſeous Tale.
Unmov'd, I begg'd her ſpare the ungrateful Subject,
Since I reſolv'd, that Love and Peace of Mind
Might flouriſh long inviolate betwixt us,
Never to load it with the Marriage Chain;
That I would ſtill retain her in my Heart,
My ever-gentle Miſtreſs and my Friend;
But for thoſe other Names of Wife and Huſband,
They only meant Ill-nature, Cares, and Quarrels.

ROSSANO.

How bore ſhe this Reply?

LOTHARIO.

Ev'n as the Earth,
When (Winds pent up, or eating Fires beneath
Shaking the Maſs) ſhe labors with Deſtruction.
At firſt her Rage was dumb, and wanted Words,
But when the Storm found way, 'twas wild and loud.

Mad as the Prieſtleſs of the *Delphic* God,
Enthuſiaſtic Paſſion ſwell'd her Breaſt,
Enlarg'd her Voice, and ruffled all her Form;
Proud, and diſdainful of the Love I proffer'd,
She call'd me Villain! Monſter! baſe Betrayer!
At laſt, in very Bitterneſs of Soul,
With deadly Imprecations on herſelf,
She vow'd ſeverely ne'er to ſee me more;
Then bid me fly that Minute: I obey'd,
And bowing left her to grow cool at leiſure.

ROSSANO.

She has relented ſince, elſe why this Meſſage,
To meet the Keeper of her Secrets here
This Morning?

LOTHARIO.

See the Perſon whom you nam'd.

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my Ambaſſadreſs, what muſt we treat of?
Come you to menace War and proud Defiance,
Or does the peaceful Olive grace your Meſſage?
Is your Fair Miſtreſs calmer? Does ſhe ſoften?
And muſt we love again? Perhaps ſhe means
To treat in Juncture with her new Ally,
And make her Huſband Party to-th' Agreement.

LUCILLA.

Is this well done, my Lord? Have you put off
All Senſe of Human Nature? Keep a little,
A little Pity to diſtinguiſh Manhood;
Leſt other Men, tho' cruel, ſhou'd diſclaim you,
And Judge you to be number'd with the Brutes.

LOTHARIO.

I ſee thou'ſt learnt to rail.

LUCILLA.

I've learnt to weep;
That Leſſon my ſad Miſtreſs often gives me;
By Day ſhe ſeeks ſome melancholy Shade,
To hide her Sorrows from the prying World;
At Night ſhe watches all the long long Hours,

And

And liſtens to the Winds and beating Rain,
With Sighs as loud, and Tears that fall as faſt.
Then ever and anon ſhe wrings her Hands,
And cries, Falſe! falſe *Lothario!*

LOTHARIO.

Oh, no more!
I ſwear thou'lt ſpoil thy pretty Face with Crying,
And thou haſt Beauty that may make thy Fortune;
Some keeping Cardinal ſhall dote upon thee,
And barter his Church Treaſure for thy Freſhneſs.

LUCILLA.

What! ſhall I ſell my Innocence and Youth,
For Wealth or Titles, to perfidious Man!
To Man! who makes his Mirth of our Undoing!
The baſe, profeſt Betrayer of our Sex!
Let me grow old in all Misfortunes elſe,
Rather than know the Sorrows of *Caliſta.*

LOTHARIO.

Does ſhe ſend thee to chide in her Behalf?
I ſwear thou doſt it with ſo good a Grace,
That I could almoſt love thee for thy frowning.

LUCILLA.

Read there, my Lord; there, in her own ſad Lines,
[*Giving a Letter.*
Which beſt can tell the Story of her Woes,
That Grief of Heart which your Unkindneſs gives her.
[Lothario *reads.*]
Your Cruelty—Obedience to my Father---give my Hand to Altamont.
By Heav'n! 'tis well! ſuch ever be the Gifts,
With which I greet the Man whom my Soul hates.
[*Aſide.*
But to go on!
——Wiſh——Heart——Honor——too faithleſs——Weakneſs—To-morrow—laſt Trouble—leſt Caliſta.
Women I ſee can change, as well as Men;
She writes me here, forſaken as I am,
That I ſhould bind my Brows with mournful Willow,

For ſhe has giv'n her Hand to *Altamont*:
Yet tell the Fair Inconſtant——

LUCILLA.

How, my Lord?

LOTHARIO.

Nay, no more angry Words: ſay to *Caliſta*,
The humbleſt of her Slaves ſhall wait her Pleaſure;
If ſhe can leave her happy Huſband's Arms,
To think upon ſo loſt a Thing as I am.

LUCILLA.

Alas! for Pity come with gentler Looks;
Wound not her Heart with this unmanly Triumph;
And tho' you love her not, yet ſwear you do;
So ſhall Diſſembling once be virtuous in you.

LOTHARIO.

Ha! who comes here?

LUCILLA.

The Bridegroom's Friend, *Horatio*.
He muſt not ſee us here; To-morrow early
Be at the Garden Gate.

LOTHARIO.

Bear to my Love
My kindeſt Thoughts, and ſwear I will not fail her.

[Lothario *putting up the Letter haſtily, drops it as he goes out.*

[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano *one Way*, Lucilla *another*.

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Sure 'tis the very Error of my Eyes:
Waking I dream, or I beheld *Lothario*;
He ſeem'd conferring with *Caliſta*'s Woman:
At my Approach they ſtarted, and retir'd.
What Buſ'neſs cou'd he have here, and with her?
I know he bears the noble *Altamont*
Profeſt and deadly Hate——What Paper's this?

[*Taking up the Letter.*

Ha!

Ha! To *Lothario!*--'sdeath! *Caliſta*'s Name. [*Opening it.*
Confuſion and Misfortune! [*Reads.*

YOUR Cruelty has at length determin'd me, and I have reſolv'd this Morning to yield a perfect Obedience to my Father, and to give my Hand to Altamont, *in Spite of my Weakneſs for the falſe* Lothario. *I could almoſt wiſh I had that Heart, and that Honour to beſtow with it, which you have robb'd me of:*

Damnation to the reſt——— [*Reads again.*

But oh! I fear, could I retrieve 'em, I ſhould again be undone by the too faithleſs, yet too lovely Lothario. *This is the laſt Weakneſs of my Pen, and To-morrow ſhall be the laſt in which I will indulge my Eyes.* Lucilla *ſhall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me ſee you; it ſhall be the laſt Trouble you ſhall meet with from*

The loſt *Caliſta.*

The loſt indeed! for thou art gone as far
As there can be Perdition. Fire and Sulphur!
Hell is the ſole Avenger of ſuch Crimes.
Oh that the Ruin were but all thy own!
Thou wilt ev'n make thy Father curſe his Age;
At Sight of this black Scrowl, the gentle *Altamont*
(For oh! I know his Heart is ſet upon thee)
Shall droop, and hang his diſcontented Head,
Like Merit ſcorn'd by inſolent Authority,
And never grace the Public with his Virtues.——
Perhaps, ev'n now, he gazes fondly on her,
And thinking Soul and Body both alike,
Bleſſes the perfect Workmanſhip of Heav'n;
Then ſighing, to his ev'ry Care ſpeaks Peace,
And bids his Heart be ſatisfy'd with Happineſs.
Oh, wretched Huſband! while ſhe hangs about thee
With idle Blandiſhments, and plays the fond one,
Ev'n then her hot Imagination wanders,
Contriving Riot, and looſe 'ſcapes of Love;
And while ſhe claſps thee cloſe, makes thee a Monſter.
What if I give this Paper to her Father?

It follows that his Juſtice dooms her dead,
And breaks his Heart with Sorrow; hard Return,
For all the Good his Hand has heap'd on us:——
Hold, let me take a Moment's Thought.

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.

My Lord!
Truſt me, it joys my Heart that I have found you.
Enquiring wherefore you had left the Company,
Before my Brother's Nuptial Rites were ended,
They told me you had felt ſome ſudden Illneſs;
Where are you ſick? Is it your Head? your Heart?
Tell me, my Love, and eaſe my anxious Thoughts,
That I may take you gently in my Arms,
Sooth you to Reſt, and ſoften all your Pains.

HORATIO.

It were unjuſt: no, let me ſpare my Friend,
Lock up the fatal Secret in my Breaſt,
Nor tell him that which will undo his Quiet.

LAVINIA.

What means my Lord?

HORATIO.

Ha! ſaidſt thou, my *Lavinia?*

LAVINIA.

Alas! you know not what you make me ſuffer?
Why are you pale? Why did you ſtart and tremble?
Whence is that Sigh? And wherefore are your Eyes
Severely rais'd to Heav'n? The ſick Man thus,
Acknowledging the Summons of his Fate,
Lifts up his feeble Hands and Eyes for Mercy,
And with Confuſion thinks upon his Audit.

HORATIO.

Oh no! thou haſt miſtook my Sickneſs quite,
Theſe Pangs are of the Soul. Wou'd I had met
Sharpeſt Convulſions, ſpotted Peſtilences,
Or any other deadly Foe to Life,
Rather than heave beneath this Load of Thought.

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?
Why did you falſly call me your *Lavinia*,
And ſwear I was *Horatio*'s better Half,
Since now you mourn unkindly by yourſelf,
And rob me of my Partnerſhip of Sadneſs?
Witneſs, you Holy Pow'rs, who know my Truth,
There cannot be a Chance in Life ſo miſerable,
Nothing ſo very hard but I could bear it,
Much rather than my Love ſhould treat me coldly,
And uſe me like a Stranger to his Heart.

HORATIO.

Seek not to know what I would hide from all,
But moſt from thee. I never knew a Pleaſure,
Ought that was joyful, fortunate or good,
But ſtrait I ran to bleſs thee with the Tidings,
And laid up all my Happineſs with thee:
But wherefore, wherefore ſhould I give thee Pain?
Then ſpare me, I conjure thee; aſk no farther;
Allow my melancholy Thoughts this Privilege,
And let 'em brood in Secret o'er their Sorrows.

LAVINIA.

It is enough; chide not, and all is well;
Forgive me if I ſaw you ſad, *Horatio*,
And aſk'd to weep out Part of your Misfortunes;
I wo'not preſs to know what you forbid me;
Yet, my lov'd Lord, yet you muſt grant me this,
Forget your Cares for this one happy Day;
Devote this Day to Mirth, and to your *Altamont*;
For his dear Sake let Peace be in your Looks:
Ev'n now the jocund Bridegroom wants your Wiſhes,
He thinks the Prieſt has but half bleſt his Marriage,
'Till his Friend hails him with the Sound of Joy.

HORATIO.

Oh never! never! never! Thou art innocent:
Simplicity from Ill, pure native Truth,
And Candor of the Mind adorn thee ever;
But there are ſuch, ſuch falſe Ones in the World,
'Twould fill thy gentle Soul with wild Amazement
To hear their Story told.

LAVINIA.

Falſe Ones, my Lord!

HORATIO.

Fatally Fair they are; and, in their Smiles,
The Graces, little Loves, and young Deſires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon 'em are undone;
For they are falſe, luxurious in their Appetites,
And all the Heav'n they hope for is Variety:
One Lover to another ſtill ſucceeds,
Another, and another after that,
And the laſt Fool is welcome as the former:
'Till having lov'd his Hour out, he gives Place,
And mingles with the Herd that went before him.

LAVINIA.

Can there be ſuch? And have they Peace of Mind?
Have they in all the Series of their changing,
One happy Hour? If Women are ſuch Things,
How was I form'd ſo different from my Sex!
My little Heart is ſatisfy'd with you,
You take up all her Room; as in a Cottage
Which harbors ſome benighted Princely Stranger,
Where the good Man, proud of his Hoſpitality,
Yields all his homely Dwelling to his Gueſt,
And hardly keeps a Corner for himſelf.

HORATIO.

Oh, were they all like thee, Men would adore 'em,
And all the Buſ'neſs of their Lives be loving;
The Nuptial Band ſhou'd be the Pledge of Peace,
And all domeſtic Cares and Quarrels ceaſe;
The World ſhou'd learn to love by virtuous Rules,
And Marriage be no more the Jeſt of Fools. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

A *HALL.*

Enter CALISTA *and* LUCILLA.

CALISTA.

BE dumb for ever, ſilent as the Grave,
Nor let thy fond officious Love diſturb
My ſolemn Sadneſs with the Sound of Joy.
If thou wilt ſooth me, tell ſome diſmal Tale
Of pining Diſcontent, and black Deſpair;
For oh! I've gone around through all my Thoughts,
But all are Indignation, Love or Shame,
And my dear Peace of Mind is loſt for ever.

LUCILLA.

Why do you follow ſtill that wand'ring Fire,
That has miſs-led your weary Steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a Wilderneſs of Woe?
That falſe *Lothario!* Turn from the Deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle *Altamont*,
Kind as the ſofteſt Virgin of our Sex,
And faithful as the ſimple Village Swain,
That never knew the courtly Vice of Changing,
Sighs at your Feet, and wooes you to be happy.

CALISTA.

Away, I think not of him. My ſad Soul
Has form'd a diſmal melancholy Scene,
Such a Retreat as I wou'd wiſh to find;
An unfrequented Vale, o'ergrown with Trees
Moſſy and old, within whoſe loneſome Shade,
Ravens and Birds ill-omen'd, only dwell;
No Sound to break the Silence but a Brook,
That bubbling winds among the Weeds; no Mark

Of any human Shape that had been there,
Unleſs a Skeleton of ſome poor Wretch,
Who had long ſince, like me, by Love undone,
Sought that ſad Place out to deſpair and die in.

LUCILLA.

Alas for Pity!

CALISTA.

There I fain wou'd hide me,
From the baſe World, from Malice, and from Shame;
For 'tis the ſolemn Counſel of my Soul,
Never to live with public Loſs of Honor:
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the Inſolence
Of each affected She that tells my Story,
And bleſſes her good Stars that ſhe is virtuous.
To be a Tale for Fools! Scorn'd by the Women,
And pity'd by the Men! Oh inſupportable!

LUCILLA.

Can you perceive the manifeſt Deſtruction,
The gaping Gulf that opens juſt before you,
And yet ruſh on, tho' conſcious of the Danger?
Oh, hear me, hear your ever-faithful Creature;
By all the Good I wiſh, by all the Ill
My trembling Heart forebodes, let me intreat you,
Never to ſee this faithleſs Man again:
Let me forbid his coming.

CALISTA.

On thy Life
I charge thee no; my Genius drives me on;
I muſt, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the Criſis of my Fate,
And this one Interview ſhall end my Cares.
My lab'ring Heart that ſwells with Indignation,
Heaves to diſcharge the Burden; that once done,
The buſy Thing ſhall reſt within its Cell,
And never beat again.

LUCILLA.

Truſt not to that;
Rage is the ſhorteſt Paſſion of our Souls;
Like narrow Brooks that riſe with ſudden Show'rs,

It

It ſwells in Haſte, and falls again as ſoon;
Still as it ebbs the ſofter Thoughts flow in,
And the Deceiver, Love, ſupplies its Place.

CALISTA.

I have been wrong'd enough to arm my Temper
Againſt the ſmooth Deluſion; but alas!
(Chide not my Weakneſs, gentle Maid, but pity me)
A Woman's Softneſs hangs about me ſtill:
Then let me bluſh, and tell thee all my Folly.
I ſwear I could not ſee the dear Betrayer
Kneel at my Feet, and ſigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting Heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

LUCILLA.

Ye ſacred Powers, whoſe gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flatteries;
Still let me paſs neglected by their Eyes,
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane.

CALISTA.

Ha! *Altamont! Caliſta*, now be wary,
And guard thy Soul's Acceſſes with Diſſembling;
Nor let this hoſtile Huſband's Eyes explore
The warring Paſſions and tumultuous Thoughts,
That rage within thee, and deform thy Reaſon.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

Be gone my Cares, I give you to the Winds,
Far to be borne, far from the happy *Altamont*;
For from this ſacred Æra of my Love,
A better Order of ſucceeding Days
Come ſmiling forward, white and lucky all.
Caliſta is the Miſtreſs of the Year,
She crowns the Seaſons with auſpicious Beauty,
And bids ev'n all my Hours be good and joyful.

CALISTA.

CALISTA.

If I was ever Miſtreſs of ſuch Happineſs,
Oh! wherefore did I play th' unthrifty Fool,
And waſting all on others, leave myſelf
Without one Thought of Joy to give me Comfort?

ALTAMONT.

Oh, mighty Love! Shall that fair Face profane
This thy great Feſtival with Frowns and Sadneſs?
I ſwear it ſha'not be, for I will woo thee
With Sighs ſo moving, with ſo warm a Tranſport,
That thou ſhalt catch the gentle Flame from me,
And kindle into Joy.

CALISTA.

I tell thee, *Altamont*,
Such Hearts as ours were never pair'd above;
Ill-ſuited to each other; join'd, not match'd!
Some ſullen Influence, a Foe to both,
Has wrought this fatal Marriage to undo us.
Mark but the Frame and Temper of our Minds,
How very much we differ. 'Ev'n this Day,
That fills thee with ſuch Ecſtacy and Tranſport,
To me brings nothing that ſhould make me bleſs it,
Or think it better than the Day before,
Or any other in the Courſe of Time,
That dully took its Turn, and was forgotten.

ALTAMONT.

If to behold thee as my Pledge of Happineſs,
To know none fair, none excellent, but thee;
If ſtill to love thee with unweary'd Conſtancy
Through ev'ry Seaſon, ev'ry Change of Life,
Through wrinkled Age, through Sickneſs and Misfortune,
Be worth the leaſt Return of grateful Love,
O then let my *Caliſta* bleſs this Day,
And ſet it down for happy.

CALISTA.

'Tis the Day
In which my Father gave my Hand to *Altamont*;
As ſuch I will remember it for ever.

Enter

Enter SCIOLTO, HORATIO, *and* LAVINIA.

SCIOLTO.

Let Mirth go on, let Pleaſure know no Pauſe,
But fill up ev'ry Minute of this Day.
'Tis yours, my Children, ſacred to your Loves;
The glorious Sun himſelf for you looks gay:
He ſhines for *Altamont*, and for *Caliſta*.
Let there be Muſic, let the Maſter touch
The ſprightly String, and ſoftly-breathing Flute,
'Till Harmony rouſe ev'ry gentle Paſſion,
Teach the cold Maid to loſe her Fears in Love;
And the fierce Youth to languiſh at her Feet.
Begin: ev'n Age itſelf is chear'd with Muſic,
It wakes a glad Remembrance of our Youth,
Calls back paſt Joys, and warms us into Tranſport.

[*Here an Entertainment of Muſic and Dancing.*

SONG.

By Mr. *CONGREVE.*

I.

AH ſtay! ah turn! ah, whither would you fly,
Too charming, too relentleſs Maid?
I follow not to Conquer, but to Die;
You of the fearful are afraid.

II.

In vain I call; for ſhe, like fleeting Air,
When preſt by ſome tempeſtuous Wind,
Flies ſwifter from the Voice of my Deſpair,
Nor caſts one pitying Look behind.

SCIOLTO.

Take Care my Gates be open, bid all Welcome;
All who rejoice with me to-Day are Friends:
Let each indulge his Genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and ſwell the Feaſt with Mirth.
The ſprightly Bowl ſhall chearfully go round,
None ſhall be grave, nor too ſeverely wiſe;

Leſſer

Loſſes and Diſappointments, Cares and Poverty,
The rich Man's Inſolence, and great Man's Scorn,
In Wine ſhall be forgotten all. To-morrow
Will be too ſoon to think, and to be wretched.
Oh! grant ye Powers, that I may ſee theſe happy,
[*Pointing to* Altamont *and* Caliſta.
Compleatly bleſt, and I have Life enough;
And leave the reſt indifferently to Fate.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet HORATIO.

HORATIO.

What if, while all are here intent on Revelling,
I privately went forth, and ſought *Lothario?*
This Letter may be forg'd; perhaps the Wantonneſs
Of his vain Youth, to ſtain a Lady's Fame;
Perhaps his Malice to diſturb my Friend;——
Oh, no! my Heart forebodes it muſt be true.
Methought ev'n now I mark'd the Starts of Guilt,
That ſhook her Soul; tho' damn'd Diſſimulation
Screen'd her dark Thoughts, and ſet to public View
A ſpecious Face of Innocence and Beauty.
Oh, falſe Appearance! What is all our Sov'reignty,
Our boaſted Pow'r? When they oppoſe their Arts,
Still they prevail, and we are found their Fools.
With ſuch ſmooth Looks, and many a gentle Word,
The firſt Fair She beguil'd her eaſy Lord;
Too blind with Love and Beauty to beware,
He fell unthinking in the fatal Snare;
Nor could believe that ſuch a heav'nly Face
Had bargain'd with the Devil, to damn her wretched Race.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Street near Sciolto's *Palace.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* ROSSANO.

LOTHARIO.

TO tell thee then the Purport of my Thoughts;
The Loſs of this fond Paper would not give me
A Moment of Diſquiet, were it not
My Inſtrument of Vengeance on this *Altamont*;
Therefore I mean to wait ſome Opportunity
Of ſpeaking with the Maid we ſaw this Morning.

ROSSANO.

I wiſh you, Sir, to think upon the Danger
Of being ſeen; to-Day their Friends are round 'em,
And any Eye that lights by Chance on you,
Shall put your Life and Safety to the Hazard.
[*They conſer aſide.*

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Still I muſt doubt ſome Myſtery of Miſchief,
Some Artifice beneath. *Lothario*'s Father,
I knew him well; he was ſagacious, cunning,
Fluent in Words, and bold in peaceful Councils;
But of a cold, unactive Hand in War:
Yet with theſe Coward's Virtues he undid
My unſuſpecting, valiant, honeſt Friend.
This Son, if Fame miſtakes not, is more hot,
More open and unartful---Ha! He's here! [*Seeing him.*

LOTHARIO.

Damnation! He again!——This ſecond Time
To-Day he has croſt me like my evil Genius.

HORATIO.

I ſought you, Sir.

LOTHARIO.

'Tis well then I am found.

HOR

HORATIO.

'Tis well you are: The Man who wrongs my Friend,
To the Earth's utmoſt Verge I would purſue;
No Place, tho' e'er ſo holy, ſhould protect him;
No Shape that artful Fear e'er form'd, ſhould hide him,
'Till he fair Anſwer made, and did me Juſtice.

LOTHARIO.

Ha! doſt thou know me? That I am *Lothario?*
As great a Name as this proud City boaſts of.
Who is this mighty Man then, this *Horatio?*
That I ſhould baſely hide me from his Anger,
Leſt he ſhould chide me for his Friend's Diſpleaſure?

HORATIO.

The Brave, 'tis true, do never ſhun the Light;
Juſt are their Thoughts, and open are their Tempers;
Freely without Diſguiſe they love and hate;
Still are they found in the fair Face of Day,
And Heav'n and Men are Judges of their Actions.

LOTHARIO.

Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a Purpoſe,
Which my Soul ever fram'd, or my Hand acted,
But I could well have bid the World look on;
And what I once durſt do, have dar'd to juſtify.

HORATIO.

Where was this open Boldneſs, this free Spirit,
When but this very Morning I ſurpriz'd thee,
In baſe, diſhoneſt Privacy, conſulting
And bribing a poor mercenary Wretch,
To ſell her Lady's Secrets, ſtain her Honor,
And with a forg'd Contrivance blaſt her Virtue?
At Sight of me thou fled'ſt!

LOTHARIO.

Ha! fled from thee?

HORATIO.

Thou fled'ſt! and Guilt was on thee, like a Thief;
A Pilferer deſcry'd in ſome dark Corner,
Who there had lodg'd with miſchievous Intent
To rob and ravage at the Hour of Reſt,
And do a midnight Murder on the Sleepers.

LOTHA-

LOTHARIO.

Slave! Villain! [*Offers to draw,* Roſſano *holds him.*

ROSSANO.

Hold, my Lord! think where you are;
Think how unſafe and hurtful to your Honor,
It were to urge a Quarrel in this Place,
And ſhock the peaceful City with a Broil.

LOTHARIO.

Then, ſince thou doſt provoke my Vengeance, know
I would not for this City's Wealth, for all
Which the Sea wafts to our *Ligurian* Shore,
But that the Joys I reap'd with that fond Wanton,
The Wife of *Altamont*, ſhould be as public
As is the Noon-day Sun, Air, Earth, or Water,
Or any common Benefit of Nature:
Think'ſt thou I meant the Shame ſhould be conceal'd?
Oh no! by Hell and Vengeance, all I wanted
Was ſome fit Meſſenger to bear the News
To the dull doating Huſband; now I have found him,
And thou art he.

HORATIO.

I hold thee baſe enough
To break through Law, and ſpurn at ſacred Order,
And do a brutal Injury like this;
Yet mark me well, young Lord, I think *Caliſta*
Too Nice, too Noble, and too great of Soul,
To be the Prey of ſuch a Thing as thou art.
'Twas baſe and poor, unworthy of a Man,
To forge a Scrowl ſo villainous and looſe,
And mark it with a noble Lady's Name;
Theſe are the mean, diſhoneſt Arts of Cowards,
Strangers to Manhood, and to glorious Dangers;
Who bred at Home in Idleneſs and Riot,
Ranſack for Miſtreſſes th' unwholſom Stews,
And never know the Worth of virtuous Love.

LOTHARIO.

Think'ſt thou I forg'd the Letter? Think ſo ſtill,
'Till the broad Shame come ſtaring in thy Face,
And Boys ſhall hoot the Cuckold as he paſſes.

HORA-

HORATIO.

Away! no Woman could deſcend ſo low:
A ſkipping, dancing, worthleſs Tribe you are,
Fit only for yourſelves: You herd together;
And, when the circling Glaſs warms your vain Hearts,
You talk of Beauties that you never ſaw,
And fancy Raptures that you never knew.
Legends of Saints, who never yet had Being,
Or Being, ne'er were Saints, are not ſo falſe
As the fond Tales which you recount of Love.

LOTHARIO.

But that I do not hold it worth my Leiſure,
I could produce ſuch damning Proof——

HORATIO.

'Tis falſe:
You blaſt the Fair with Lies becauſe they ſcorn you;
Hate you like Age, like Uglineſs and Impotence;
Rather than make you bleſt, they wou'd die Virgins,
And ſtop the Propagation of Mankind.

LOTHARIO.

It is the Curſe of Fools to be ſecure,
And that be thine and *Altamont*'s: Dream on,
Nor think upon my Vengeance, 'till thou feel'ſt it.

HORATIO.

Hold, Sir; another Word, and then farewel:
Tho' I think greatly of *Caliſta*'s Virtue,
And hold it far beyond thy Pow'r to hurt;
Yet, as ſhe ſhares the Honour of my *Altamont*,
That Treaſure of a Soldier, bought with Blood,
And kept at Life's Expence, I muſt not have
(Mark me, young Sir) her very Name profan'd.
Learn to reſtrain the Licence of your Speech;
'Tis held you are too laviſh: When you are met
Among your Set of Fools, talk of your Dreſs,
Of Dice, of Whores, of Horſes and yourſelves;
'Tis ſafer, and becomes your Underſtandings.

LOTHARIO.

What if we paſs beyond this ſolemn Order;
And, in Defiance of the ſtern *Horatio*,

Indulge

Indulge our gayer Thoughts, let Laughter looſe,
And uſe his ſacred Friendſhip for our Mirth?

HORATIO.

'Tis well, Sir, you are pleaſant——

LOTHARIO.

By the Joys,
Which my Soul has uncontroul'd purſu'd,
I would not turn aſide from my leaſt Pleaſure,
Tho' all thy Force were arm'd to bar my Way;
But like the Birds, great Nature's happy Commoners,
That haunt in Woods, in Meads, and flow'ry Gardens,
Riſle the Sweets, and taſte the choiceſt Fruits,
Yet ſcorn to aſk the Lordly Owner's Leave.

HORATIO.

What Liberty has vain preſumptuous Youth,
That thou ſhould'ſt dare provoke me unchaſtis'd?
But henceforth, Boy, I warn thee ſhun my Walks;
If in the Bounds of yon forbidden Place
Again thou'rt found, expect a Puniſhment,
Such as great Souls, impatient of an Injury,
Exact from thoſe who wrong 'em much, ev'n Death;
Or ſomething worſe; an injur'd Huſband's Vengeance
Shall print a thouſand Wounds, tear thy fine Form,
And ſcatter thee to all the Winds of Heav'n.

LOTHARIO.

Is then my Way in *Genoa* preſcrib'd,
By a Dependent on the wretched *Altament*;
A talking Sir, that brawls for him in Taverns,
And vouches for his Valor's Reputation?

HORATIO.

Away, thy Speech is fouler than thy Manners.

LOTHARIO.

Or, if there be a Name more vile, his Paraſite,
A Beggar's Paraſite!

HORATIO.

Now learn Humanity,

[*Offers to ſtrike him,* Roſſano *interpoſes.*

Since Brutes and Boys are only taught with Blows.

LOTHARIO.

Damnation! [*They draw.*

ROSSANO.

ROSSANO.

Hold, this goes no further here.
Horatio, 'tis too much; already ſee,
The Crowd are gath'ring to us.

LOTHARIO.

Oh *Roſſano!*
Or give me Way, or thou'rt no more my Friend.

ROSSANO.

Sciolto's Servants too have ta'en the Alarm;
You'll be oppreſt by Numbers: Be adviſ'd,
Or I muſt force you hence; take't on my Word,
You ſhall have Juſtice done you on *Horatio*.
Put up, my Lord.

LOTHARIO.

This wo'not brook Delay;
Weſt of the Town a Mile, among the Rocks,
Two Hours ere noon, To-morrow I expect thee,
Thy ſingle Hand to mine.

HORATIO.

I'll meet thee there.

LOTHARIO.

To-morrow, Oh my better Stars! To-morrow
Exert your Influence, ſhine ſtrongly for me;
'Tis not a common Conqueſt I would gain,
Since Love, as well as Arms, muſt grace my Triumph.
[*Exeunt* Lothario *and* Roſſano.

HORATIO.

Two Hours ere Noon To-morrow! Ha! ere that
He ſees *Caliſta!* Oh unthinking Fool——
What if I urg'd her with the Crime and Danger?
If any Spark from Heav'n remain unquench'd
Within her Breaſt, my Breath perhaps may wake it;
Cou'd I but proſper there, I wou'd not doubt
My Combat with that loud vain-glorious Boaſter.
Were you, ye Fair, but cautious whom ye truſt,
Did you but think how ſeldom Fools are juſt,
So many of your Sex wou'd not in vain,
Of broken Vows, and faithleſs Men, complain.

Of

f all the various Wretches Love has made,
ow few have been by Men of Senſe betray'd?
onvinc'd by Reaſon, they your Pow'r confeſs,
leas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bleſs,
nd conſcious of your Worth, can never love you leſs.
[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Apartment in SCIOLTO'*s Palace.*

Enter SCIOLTO *and* CALISTA.

SCIOLTO.

NOW by my Life, my Honour, 'tis too much;
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,
Perverſe and ſullen all this Day of Joy?
When ev'ry Heart was chear'd, and Mirth went round,
Sorrow, Diſpleaſure, and repining Anguiſh,
Sat on thy Brow; like ſome malignant Planet,
Foe to the Harveſt, and the healthy Year,
Who ſcouls adverſe, and lours upon the World;
When all the other Stars, with gentle Aſpect,
Propitious ſhine, and meaning Good to Man.

CALISTA.

Is then the Taſk of Duty half perform'd?
Has not your Daughter giv'n herſelf to *Altamont*,
Yielded the native Freedom of her Will,
To an imperious Huſband's lordly Rule,
To gratify a Father's ſtern Command?

SCIOLTO.

Doſt thou complain?

CALISTA.

For Pity do not frown then,
If, in deſpite of all my vow'd Obedience,
A Sigh breaks out, or a Tear falls by chance;
For Oh! that Sorrow which has drawn your Anger,
Is the ſad Native of *Caliſta*'s Breaſt,
And once poſſeſt will never quit its Dwelling,

'Till

'Till Life, the Prop of all, ſhall leave the Building,
To tumble down, and mould'er into Ruin.

SCIOLTO.

Now by the ſacred Duſt of that dear Saint,
That was thy Mother, by her wond'rous Goodneſs,
Her ſoft, her tender, moſt complying Sweetneſs,
I ſwear ſome ſullen Thought that ſhuns the Light,
Lurks underneath that Sadneſs in thy Viſage.
But mark me well; tho' by yon Heav'n I love thee,
As much, I think, as a fond Parent can;
Yet ſhou'dſt thou (which the Pow'rs above forbid)
E'er ſtain the Honor of thy Name with Infamy,
I caſt thee off, as one whoſe Impious Hands
Had rent aſunder Nature's neareſt Ties,
Which once divided never join again.
To-day, I've made a noble Youth thy Huſband,
Conſider well his Worth, reward his Love,
Be willing to be happy, and thou art ſo.

[*Exit* Sciolto.

CALISTA.

How hard is the Condition of our Sex,
Thro' ev'ry State of Life the Slaves of Man?
In all the dear delightful Days of Youth,
A rigid Father dictates to our Wills,
And deals out Pleaſure with a ſcanty Hand:
To his, the Tyrant Huſband's Reign ſucceeds;
Proud with Opinion of ſuperior Reaſon,
He holds Domeſtic Bus'neſs and Devotion
All we are capable to know, and ſhuts us,
Like cloiſter'd Idiots, from the World's Acquaintance
And all the Joys of Freedom. Wherefore are we
Born with high Souls, but to aſſert ourſelves,
Shake off this vile Obedience they exact,
And claim an equal Empire o'er the World?

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

She's here! yet Oh! my Tongue is at a Loſs:
Teach me, ſome Pow'r, that happy Art of Speech,

To dreſs my Purpoſe up in gracious Words;
Such as may ſoftly ſteal upon her Soul,
And never waken the tempeſtuous Paſſions.
By Heav'n ſhe weeps!——Forgive me, Fair *Caliſta*,
If I preſume on Privilege of Friendſhip,
To join my Grief to yours, and mourn the Evils
That hurt your Peace, and quench thoſe Eyes in Tears.

CALISTA.

To ſteal unlook'd for on my private Sorrow,
Speaks not the Man of Honor, nor the Friend,
But rather means the Spy.

HORATIO.

Unkindly ſaid!
For Oh! as ſure as you accuſe me falſly,
I come to prove myſelf *Caliſta*'s Friend.

CALISTA.

You are my Huſband's Friend, the Friend of *Altamont*.

HORATIO.

Are you not one? Are you not join'd by Heav'n,
Each interwoven with the other's Fate?
Are you not mix'd like Streams of meeting Rivers,
Whoſe blended Waters are no more diſtinguiſh'd,
But roll into the Sea, one common Flood?
Then, who can give his Friendſhip but to one?
Who can be *Altamont*'s, and not *Caliſta*'s?

CALISTA.

Force, and the Wills of our imperious Rulers,
May bind two Bodies in one wretched Chain;
But Minds will ſtill look back to their own Choice.
So the poor Captive in a foreign Realm,
Stands on the Shore, and ſends his Wiſhes back
To the dear native Land from whence he came.

HORATIO.

When Souls that ſhould agree to Will the ſame,
To have one common Object for their Wiſhes,
Look different Ways, regardleſs of each other,
Think what a Train of Wretchedneſs enſues;
Love ſhall be baniſh'd from the genial Bed,

The

The Night ſhall all be lonely and unquiet,
And ev'ry Day ſhall be a Day of Cares.

CALISTA.

Then all the boaſted Office of thy Friendſhip,
Was but to tell *Caliſta* what a Wretch ſhe is;
Alas! what need that?

HORATIO.

Oh! rather ſay,
I came to tell her how ſhe might be happy;
To ſooth the ſecret Anguiſh of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.

CALISTA.

Say thou, to whom this Paradiſe is known,
Where lies the bliſsful Region? Mark my Way to it,
For Oh! 'tis ſure, I long to be at Reſt.

HORATIO.

Then——to be Good is to be Happy;——Angels
Are happier than Mankind, becauſe they are better.
Guilt is the Source of Sorrow; 'tis the Fiend,
Th'avenging Fiend, that follows us behind
With Whips and Stings; the Bleſt know none of this,
But reſt in everlaſting Peace of Mind,
And find the Height of all their Heav'n is God ſelf

CALISTA.

And what bold Paraſite's officious Tongue
Shall dare to tax *Caliſta*'s Name with Guilt?

HORATIO.

None ſhould; but 'tis a buſy, talking World,
That with licentious Breath blows like the Wind,
As freely on the Palace, as the Cottage.

CALISTA.

What myſtic Riddle lurks beneath thy Words,
Which thou wou'dſt ſeem unwilling to expreſs,
As if it meant Diſhonor to my Virtue?
Away with this ambiguous ſhuffling Phraſe,
And let thy Oracle be underſtood.

HORATIO.

Lothario!

CALISTA.

Ha! What wou'dſt thou mean by him?

HORATIO.

Lothario and *Caliſta!*——Thus they join
Two Names, which Heav'n decreed ſhould never meet;
Hence have the Talkers of this populous City,
A ſhameful Tale to tell for public Sport,
Of an unhappy Beauty, a falſe Fair One,
Who plighted to a noble Youth her Faith,
When ſhe had giv'n her Honor to a Wretch.

CALISTA.

Death! and Confuſion! have I liv'd to this?
Thus to be treated with unmanly Inſolence!
To be the Sport of a looſe Ruffian's Tongue!
Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vileſt Creature,
That ever was a Slave to Vice and Infamy.

HORATIO.

By Honor and fair Truth you wrong me much;
For, on my Soul, nothing but ſtrong Neceſſity
Cou'd urge my Tongue to this ungrateful Office:
I came with ſtrong Reluctance, as if Death
Had ſtood a-croſs my Way, to ſave your Honor;
Yours, and *Sciolto*'s; yours, and *Altamont*'s;
Like one who ventures through a burning Pile,
To ſave his tender Wife with all her Brood
Of little Fondlings, from the dreadful Ruin.

CALISTA.

Is this! is this the famous Friend of *Altamont*,
For noble Worth, and Deeds of Arms renown'd?
Is this! this Tale-bearing, officious Fellow,
That watches for Intelligence from Eyes;
This wretched *Argus* of a jealous Huſband,
That fills his eaſy Ears with monſtrous Tales,
And makes him toſs, and rave, and wreak at length
Bloody Revenge on his defenceleſs Wife;
Who guiltleſs dies, becauſe her Fool ran mad?

HORATIO.

Alas! this Rage is vain; for if your Fame,
Or Peace be worth your Care, you muſt be calm,

And

And liſten to the Means are left to ſave 'em.
'Tis now the lucky Minute of your Fate.
By me your Genius ſpeaks, by me it warns you,
Never to ſee that curſt *Lothario* more;
Unleſs you mean to be deſpis'd, be ſhunn'd
By all your virtuous Maids and noble Matrons;
Unleſs you have devoted this rare Beauty
To Infamy, Diſeaſes, Proſtitution———

CALISTA.

Diſhonor blaſt thee, baſe, unmanner'd Slave!
That dar'ſt forget my Birth, and ſacred Sex,
And ſhock me with the rude unhallow'd Sound.

HORATIO.

Here kneel, and in the awful Face of Heav'n
Breathe out a ſolemn Vow, never to ſee,
Nor think, if poſſible, on him that ruin'd thee;
Or by my *Altamont*'s dear Life I ſwear,
This Paper!—Nay you muſt not fly!—This Paper,
[*Holding her.*
This guilty Paper ſhall divulge your Shame——

CALISTA.

What mean'ſt thou by that Paper? What Contrivance
Haſt thou been forging to deceive my Father,
To turn his Heart againſt his wretched Daughter,
That *Altamont* and thou may ſhare his Wealth?
A Wrong like this will make me ev'n forget
The Weakneſs of my Sex.——Oh for a Sword,
To urge my Vengeance on the Villain's Hand
That forg'd the Scrowl.

HORATIO.

Behold, can this be forg'd?
See where *Caliſta*'s Name———
[*Shewing the Letter near.*]

CALISTA.

To Atoms thus; [*Tearing it.*]
Thus let me tear the vile, deteſted Falſhood,
The wicked, lying Evidence of Shame.

HORATIO.

Confuſion!

CALISTA.

Henceforth, thou officious Fool,
Meddle no more; nor dare, ev'n on thy Life,
To breathe an Accent that may touch my Virtue;
I am myſelf the Guardian of my Honor,
And wo'not bear ſo inſolent a Monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

Where is my Life, my Love, my charming Bride,
Joy of my Heart, and Pleaſure of my Eyes,
The Wiſh, and Care, and Buſ'neſs of my Youth?
Oh! let me find her, ſnatch her to my Breaſt!
And tell her ſhe delays my Bliſs too long,
'Till my ſoft Soul ev'n ſickens with Deſire.
Diſorder'd!——and in Tears! *Horatio* too!
My Friend is in Amaze!——What can it mean?
Tell me, *Caliſta*, who has done thee wrong,
That my Swift Sword may find out the Offender,
And do thee ample Juſtice.

CALISTA.

Turn to him.

ALTAMONT.

Horatio!

CALISTA.

To that Inſolent.

ALTAMONT.

My Friend!
Could he do this! He, who was half myſelf?
One Faith has ever bound us, and one Reaſon
Guided our Wills: Have I not found him Juſt,
Honeſt as Truth itſelf? And cou'd he break
The Sanctity of Friendſhip? Cou'd he wound
The Heart of *Altamont* in his *Caliſta*?

CALISTA.

I thought what Juſtice I ſhould find from thee!
Go fawn upon him, liſten to his Tale,
Applaud his Malice, that wou'd blaſt my Fame,
And treat me like a common Proſtitute.

Thou

Thou art perhaps Confed'rate in his Miſchief,
And wilt believe the Legend, if he tells it.

ALTAMONT.

Oh impious! What preſumptuous Wretch ſhall dare
To offer at an Injury like that?
Prieſthood, nor Age, nor Cowardiſe itſelf,
Shall ſave him from the Fury of my Vengeance.

CALISTA.

The Man who dar'd to do it was *Horatio!*
Thy darling Friend! 'Twas *Altamont*'s *Horatio!*
But mark me well! while thy divided Heart
Dotes on a Villain that has wrong'd me thus,
No Force ſhall drag me to thy hated Bed;
Nor can my cruel Father's Pow'r do more
Than ſhut me in a Cloiſter; there, well pleas'd,
Religious Hardſhips will I learn to bear,
To faſt, and freeze at Midnight Hours of Pray'r;
Nor think it hard, within a lonely Cell,
With melancholy, ſpeechleſs Saints to dwell;
But bleſs the Day I to that Refuge ran,
Free from the Marriage Chain, and from that Tyrant,
Man. [*Exit* Caliſta.

ALTAMONT.

She's gone; and as ſhe went, ten thouſand Fires
Shot from her angry Eyes, as if ſhe meant
Too well to keep the cruel Vow ſhe made.
Now as thou art a Man, *Horatio* tell me,
What means this wild Confuſion in thy Looks,
As if thou wert at Variance with thyſelf?
Madneſs and Reaſon combating within thee,
And thou wert doubtful which ſhou'd get the better?

HORATIO.

I wou'd be dumb for ever, but thy Fate
Has otherwiſe decreed it; thou haſt ſeen
That Idol of thy Soul, that fair *Caliſta*;
Thou haſt beheld her Tears.

ALTAMONT.

I have ſeen her weep,

I've ſeen that lovely One, that dear *Caliſta*,
Complaining in the Bitterneſs of Sorrow,
That thou! my Friend! *Horatio!* thou hadſt wrong'd her.

HORATIO.

That I have wrong'd her! Had her Eyes been fed
From that rich Stream which warms her Heart, and number'd
For ev'ry falling Tear a Drop of Blood,
It had not been too much; for ſhe has ruin'd thee,
Ev'n thee, my *Altamont!* She has undone thee,

ALTAMONT.

Doſt thou join Ruin with *Caliſta*'s Name?
What is ſo fair, ſo exquiſitely good?
Is ſhe not more than Painting can expreſs,
Or youthful Poets fancy, when they love?
Does ſhe not come, like Wiſdom, or good Fortune,
Repleté with Bleſſings, giving Wealth and Honor?
The Dowry which ſhe brings is Peace and Pleaſure,
And everlaſting Joys are in her Arms.

HORATIO.

It had been better thou hadſt liv'd a Beggar,
And fed on Scraps at great Men's ſurly Doors,
Than to have match'd with one ſo falſe, ſo fatal.——

ALTAMONT.

It is too much for Friendſhip to allow thee:
Becauſe I tamely bore the Wrong thou didſt her,
Thou doſt avow the barb'rous, brutal Part,
And urge the Injury ev'n to my Face.

HORATIO.

I ſee ſhe'as got Poſſeſſion of thy Heart;
She'as charm'd thee, like a Siren, to her Bed,
With Looks of Love, and with enchanting Sounds;
Too late the Rocks and Quick-ſands will appear:
When thou art wreckt upon the faithleſs Shore,
Then vainly wiſh thou hadſt not left thy Friend,
To follow her Deluſion.

ALTAMONT.

If thy Friendſhip
Do churliſhly deny my Love a Room,
It is not worth my keeping, I diſclaim it.

HORA-

HORATIO.

Canſt thou ſo ſoon forget what I've been to thee?
I ſhar'd the Taſk of Nature with thy Father,
And form'd with Care thy unexperienc'd Youth
To Virtue and to Arms.
Thy noble Father, Oh thou light young Man!
Wou'd he have us'd me thus? One Fortune fed us,
For his was ever mine, mine his, and both
Together flouriſh'd, and together fell.
He call'd me Friend, like thee: wou'd he have left me
Thus? for a Woman? nay, a vile one too?

ALTAMONT.

Thou canſt not, dar'ſt not mean it; ſpeak again,
Say, who is vile? but dare not name *Caliſta.*

HORATIO.

I had not ſpoke at firſt, unleſs compell'd,
And forc'd to clear myſelf; but ſince thus urg'd,
I muſt avow I do not know a viler.

ALTAMONT.

Thou wert my Father's Friend, he lov'd thee well;
A kind of venerable Mark of him
Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my Vengeance:
I cannot, dare not lift my Sword againſt thee;
But henceforth never let me ſee thee more.
[*Going out.*

HORATIO.

I love thee ſtill, ungrateful as thou art,
And muſt, and will preſerve thee from Diſhonor,
Ev'n in deſpite of thee. [*Holds him.*

ALTAMONT.

Let go my Arm.

HORATIO.

If Honor be thy Care, if thou wou'dſt live,
Without the Name of credulous, wittal Huſband,
Avoid thy Bride, ſhun her deteſted Bed,
The Joys it yields are daſh'd with Poiſon———

ALTAMONT.

Off!
To urge me but a Minute more is fatal.

HORATIO.

She is polluted! ſtain'd!

ALTAMONT.

Madneſs and Raging!

But hence!

HORATIO.

Diſhonor'd by the Man you hate,——

ALTAMONT.

I pr'ythee looſe me yet, for thy own ſake,
If Life be worth the keeping——

HORATIO.

By *Lothario.*

ALTAMONT.

Perdition take thee, Villain, for the Falſhood.

[*Strikes him.*

Now nothing but thy Life can make Atonement.

HORATIO.

A Blow! Thou haſt us'd me well—— [*Draws.*

ALTAMONT.

This to thy Heart.——

HORATIO.

Yet hold!———By Heav'n his Father's in his Face,
Spite of my Wrongs my Heart runs o'er with Tenderneſs,
And I cou'd rather die myſelf than hurt him.

ALTAMONT.

Defend thyſelf, for by my much-wrong'd Love,
I ſwear the poor Evaſion ſhall not ſave thee.

HORATIO.

Yet hold! thou know'ſt I dare!—Think how we've liv'd.——

[*They fight*; Altamont *preſſes on* Horatio, *who retires.*
Nay! then 'tis brutal Violence! And thus,
Thus Nature bids me guard the Life ſhe gave.

[*They fight.*]

LAVINIA *enters, and runs between their Swords.*

LAVINIA.

My Brother, my *Horatio!* is it poſſible?

Oh!

Oh! turn your cruel Swords upon *Lavinia.*
If you muſt quench your impious Rage in Blood,
Behold my Heart ſhall give you all her Store,
To ſave thoſe dearer Streams that flow from yours.

ALTAMONT.

'Tis well thou haſt found a Safe-guard; none but this,
No Pow'r on Earth, cou'd ſave thee from my Furv.

LAVINIA.

Oh fatal, deadly Sound!

HORATIO.

Safety from thee!
Away, vain Boy! Haſt thou forgot the Reverence
Due to my Arm, thy firſt, thy great Example,
Which pointed out the Way to noble Daring,
And ſhew'd thee what it was to be a Man?

LAVINIA.

What buſy, meddling Fiend, what Foe to Goodneſs,
Could kindle ſuch a Diſcord? Oh! lay by
Thoſe moſt ungentle Looks, and angry Weapons,
Unleſs you mean my Griefs, and killing Fears,
Should ſtretch me out at your relentleſs Feet,
A wrethed Coarſe, the Victim of your Fury.

HORATIO.

Aſk'ſt thou what made us Foes? 'twas baſe Ingratitude;
'Twas ſuch a Sin to Friendſhip, as Heav'n's Mercy,
That ſtrives with Man's untoward, monſtrous Wickedneſs,
Unweary'd with forgiving, ſcarce could pardon.
He, who was all to me, Child! Brother! Friend!
With barb'rous bloody Malice, ſought my Life.

ALTAMONT.

Thou art my Siſter, and I would not make thee
The lonely Mourner of a widow'd Bed,
Therefore thy Huſband's Life is ſafe; but warn him,
No more to know this hoſpitable Roof.
He has but ill repaid *Sciolto*'s Bounty;
We muſt not meet; 'tis dangerous; farewel.

[*He is going,* Lavinia *holds him.*

LAVINIA.

Stay *Altamont*, my Brother ſtay, if ever
Nature, or, what is nearer much than Nature,

The

The kind Conſent of our agreeing Minds,
Have made us dear to one another, ſtay,
And ſpeak one gentle Word to your *Horatio.*
Behold, his Anger melts, he longs to love you,
To call you Friend, then preſs you hard, with all
The tender, ſpeechleſs Joy of Reconcilement.

ALTAMONT.

It cannot, ſha'not be!——you muſt not hold me.

LAVINIA.

Look kindly then!

ALTAMONT.

Each Minute that I ſtay,
Is a new Injury to fair *Caliſta.*
From thy falſe Friendſhip to her Arms I'll fly;
There, if in any Pauſe of Love I reſt,
Breathleſs with Bliſs, upon her panting Breaſt,
In broken melting Accents I will ſwear,
Henceforth to truſt my Heart with none but her;
Then own the Joys, which on her Charms attend,
Have more than paid me for my faithleſs Friend.

[Altamont *breaks from* Lavinia, *and Exit.*

HORATIO.

Oh, raiſe thee, my *Lavinia*, from the Earth;
It is too much, this Tide of flowing Grief,
This wond'rous Waſte of Tears, too much to give,
To an ungrateful Friend, and cruel Brother.

LAVINIA.

Is there not Cauſe for Weeping? Oh *Horatio!*
A Brother and a Huſband were my Treaſure,
'Twas all the little Wealth that poor *Lavinia*
Sav'd from the Shipwreck of her Father's Fortunes.
One Half is loſt already; if thou leav'ſt me,
If thou ſhouldſt prove unkind to me, as *Altamont*,
Whom ſhall I find to pity my Diſtreſs,
To have Compaſſion on a helpleſs Wanderer,
And give her where to lay her wretched Head?

HORATIO.

Why doſt thou wound me with thy ſoft Complainings?
Tho' *Altamont* be falſe, and uſe me hardly,

Yet

Yet think not I impute his Crimes to thee.
Talk not of being forſaken, for I'll keep thee,
Next to my Heart, my certain Pledge of Happineſs.
Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of Goodneſs,
And made thee all my Portion here on Earth;
It gave thee to me, as a large Amends,
For Fortune, Friends, and all the World beſide.

LAVINIA.

Then you will love me ſtill, cheriſh me ever,
And hide me from Misfortune in your Boſom:
Here end my Cares, nor will I loſe one Thought,
How we ſhall live, or purchaſe Food and Raiment.
The holy Pow'r, who clothes the ſenſeleſs Earth,
With Woods, with Fruits, with Flow'rs and verdant Graſs,
Whoſe bounteous Hand feeds the whole Brute Creation,
Knows all our Wants, and has enough to give us.

HORATIO.

From *Genoa*, from Falſhood and Inconſtancy,
To ſome more honeſt diſtant Clime we'll go,
Nor will I be beholden to my Country,
For ought but thee, the Partner of my Flight.

LAVINIA.

Yes, I will follow thee; forſake, for thee,
My Country, Brother, Friends, ev'n all I have;
Tho' mine's a little all; yet were it more,
And better far, it ſhou'd be left for thee,
And all that I wou'd keep ſhou'd be *Horatio*.
So when the Merchant ſees his Veſſel loſt,
Tho' richly freighted from a foreign Coaſt,
Gladly, for Life, the Treaſure he wou'd give;
And only wiſhes to eſcape, and live.
Gold and his Gains no more employ his Mind,
But driving o'er the Billows with the Wind,
Cleaves to one faithful Plank, and leaves the reſt behind.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A *GARDEN.*

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

WITH what unequal Tempers are we form'd?
One Day, the Soul, ſupine with Eaſe and Fulneſs,
Revels ſecure, and fondly tells herſelf,
The Hour of Evil can return no more;
The next, the Spirits pall'd, and ſick of Riot,
Turn all to Diſcord, and we hate our Beings,
Curſe the paſt Joy, and think it Folly all,
And Bitterneſs and Anguiſh. Oh! laſt Night!
What has ungrateful Beauty paid me back,
For all that Maſs of Friendſhip which I ſquander'd?
Coldneſs, Averſion, Tears, and ſullen Sorrow;
Daſh'd all my Bliſs, and damp'd my bridal Bed.
Soon as the Morning dawn'd, ſhe vaniſh'd from me,
Relentleſs to the gentle Call of Love.
I have loſt a Friend, and I have gain'd——a Wife!
Turn not to Thought, my Brain; but let me find
Some unfrequented Shade, there lay me down,
And let forgetful Dulneſs ſteal upon me,
To ſoften and aſſuage this Pain of thinking. [*Exit.*

Enter LOTHARIO *and* CALISTA.

LOTHARIO.

Weep not, my Fair, but let the God of Love
Laugh in thy Eyes, and revel in thy Heart,
Kindle again his Torch, and hold it high,
To light us to new Joys; nor let a Thought
Of Diſcord, or Diſquiet paſt, moleſt thee;

But

But to a long Oblivion give thy Cares,
And let us melt the preſent Hour in Bliſs.

CALISTA.

Seek not to ſooth me with thy falſe Endearments,
To charm me with thy Softneſs: 'tis in vain;
Thou canſt no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.
The Hours of Folly, and of fond Delight,
Are waſted all and fled; thoſe that remain,
Are doom'd to Weeping, Anguiſh, and Repentance.
I come to charge thee with a long Account,
Of all the Sorrows I have known already,
And all I have to come; thou haſt undone me.

LOTHARIO.

Unjuſt *Caliſta!* doſt thou call it Ruin,
To love as we have done; to melt, to languiſh,
To wiſh for ſomewhat exquiſitely Happy,
And then be bleſt ev'n to that Wiſh's Height?
To die with Joy, and ſtrait to live again,
Speechleſs to gaze, and with tumultuous Tranſport——

CALISTA.

Oh! let me hear no more, I cannot bear it;
'Tis deadly to Remembrance; let that Night,
That guilty Night, be blotted from the Year;
Let not the Voice of Mirth, or Muſic know it;
Let it be dark and deſolate, no Stars
To glitter o'er it; let it wiſh for Light,
Yet want it ſtill, and vainly wait the Dawn;
For 'twas the Night that gave me up to Shame,
To Sorrow, to perfidious, falſe *Lothario.*

LOTHARIO.

Hear this, ye Pow'rs! Mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth;
She calls me falſe; ev'n She, the faithleſs She,
Whom Day and Night, whom Heav'n and Earth have heard
Sighing to vow, and tenderly proteſt,
Ten thouſand Times, ſhe would be only mine;
And yet, behold, ſhe has given herſelf away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another,
Ev'n to the Man whom moſt I hate on Earth.——

CALIST

CALISTA.

Art thou ſo baſe to upbraid me with a Crime,
Which nothing but thy Cruelty could cauſe?
If Indignation, raging in my Soul,
For thy unmanly Inſolence and Scorn,
Urg'd me to do a Deed of Deſperation,
And wound myſelf to be reveng'd on thee;
Think whom I ſhould devote to Death and Hell,
Whom curſe as my Undoer, but *Lothario*?
Hadſt thou been Juſt, not all *Sciolto*'s Pow'r,
Not all the Vows and Pray'rs of ſighing *Altamont*,
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forſake thee.

LOTHARIO.

How have I fail'd in Juſtice, or in Love?
Burns not my Flame as brightly as at firſt?
Ev'n now my Heart beats high, I languiſh for thee,
My Tranſports are as fierce, as ſtrong my Wiſhes,
As if thou hadſt never bleſt me with thy Beauty.

CALISTA.

How didſt thou dare to think that I would live
A Slave to baſe Deſires, and brutal Pleaſures,
To be a wretched Wanton for thy Leiſure,
To toy, and waſte an Hour of idle Time with?
My Soul diſdains thee for ſo mean a Thought.

LOTHARIO.

The driving Storm of Paſſion will have Way,
And I muſt yield before it; wert thou calm,
Love, the poor Criminal, whom thou haſt doom'd,
Has yet a thouſand tender Things to plead,
To charm thy Rage, and mitigate his Fate.

Enter behind them ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

I have loſt my Peace—Ha! Do I live and wake!

CALISTA.

Hadſt thou been true, how happy had I been?
Not *Altamont*, but thou hadſt been my Lord.
But wherefore nam'd I Happineſs with thee?
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curſt;

For

For thee, my ſecret Soul each Hour arraigns me,
Calls me to anſwer for my Virtue ſtain'd,
My Honor loſt to thee; for thee it haunts me,
With ſtern *Sciolto* vowing Vengeance on me;
With *Altamont* complaining for his Wrongs——

ALTAMONT.

Behold him here—— [*Coming forward.*

CALISTA.

Ah! [*Starting.*

ALTAMONT.

The Wretch whom thou haſt made;
Curſes and Sorrows haſt thou heap'd upon him,
And Vengeance is the only Good that's left. [*Drawing.*

LOTHARIO.

Thou haſt ta'en me ſomewhat unawares, 'tis true;
But Love and War take Turns like Day and Night,
And little Preparation ſerves my Turn,
Equal to both, and arm'd for either Field,
We've long been Foes, this Moment ends our Quarrel;
Earth, Heav'n, and fair *Caliſta* judge the Combat.

CALISTA.

Diſtraction! Fury! Sorrow! Shame! and Death!

ALTAMONT.

Thou haſt talk'd too much, thy Breath is Poiſon to me;
It taints the ambient Air; this for my Father,
This for *Sciolto*, and this laſt for *Altamont*.

[*They fight*; Lothario *is wounded once or twice, and then falls.*

LOTHARIO.

Oh, *Altamont!* thy Genius is the ſtronger,
Thou haſt prevail'd---My fierce, ambitious Soul
Declining droops, and all her Fires grow pale;
Yet let not this Advantage ſwell thy Pride;
I conquer'd in my Turn, in Love I triumph'd:
Thoſe Joys are lodg'd beyond the Reach of Fate;
That ſweet Revenge comes ſmiling to my Thoughts,
Adorns my Fall, and chears my Heart in dying. [*Dies.*

CALISTA.

And what remains for me, beſet with Shame,
Encompaſs'd round with Wretchedneſs? There is

But

But this one Way to break the Toil, and 'ſcape.

[*She catches up* Lothario's *Sword, and offers to kill herſelf*; Altamont *runs to her, and wreſts it from her.*

ALTAMONT.

What means thy frantic Rage?

CALISTA.

Off! let me go.

ALTAMONT.

Oh! thou haſt more than murder'd me: yet ſtill,
Still art thou here! and my Soul ſtarts with Horror,
At Thought of any Danger that may reach thee.

CALISTA.

Think'ſt thou I mean to live? to be forgiv'n?
Oh! thou haſt known but little of *Caliſta*:
If thou hadſt never heard my Shame, if only
The midnight Moon, and ſilent Stars had ſeen it,
I wou'd not bear to be reproach'd by them,
But dig down deep to find a Grave beneath,
And hide me from their Beams.

SCIOLTO within.

What ho! my Son!

ALTAMONT.

It is *Sciolto* calls; come near and find me;
The wretched'ſt Thing of all my Kind on Earth.

CALISTA.

Is it the Voice of Thunder, or my Father?
Madneſs! Confuſion! let the Storm come on,
Let the tumultuous Roar drive all upon me,
Daſh my devoted Bark; ye Surges, break it;
'Tis for my Ruin that the Tempeſt riſes.
When I am loſt, ſunk to the Bottom low,
Peace ſhall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLTO.

SCIOLTO.

Ev'n now *Roſſano* leap'd the Garden Walls——
Ha! Death has been among you---Oh my Fears!
Laſt Night thou hadſt a Diff'rence with thy Friend,
The Cauſe thou gav'ſt me for it, was a damn'd one;

Didſt

Didſt thou not wrong the Man who told thee Truth?
Anſwer me quick———

ALTAMONT.

Oh! preſs me not to ſpeak;
Ev'n now my Heart is breaking, and the Mention
Will lay me dead before you; ſee that Body,
And gueſs my Shame! my Ruin! Oh *Caliſta!*

SCIOLTO.

It is enough! but I am ſlow to execute,
And Juſtice lingers in my lazy Hand;
Thus let me wipe Diſhonor from my Name,
And cut thee from the Earth, thou Stain to Goodneſs—

[*Offers to kill* Caliſta, Altamont *holds him.*

ALTAMONT.

Stay thee, *Sciolto*; thou raſh Father, ſtay;
Or turn the Point on me, and thro' my Breaſt
Cut out the bloody Paſſage to *Caliſta*;
So ſhall my Love be perfect, while for her
I die, for whom alone I wiſh'd to live.

CALISTA.

No, *Altamont!* my Heart, that ſcorn'd thy Love,
Shall never be indebted to thy Pity;
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I ſeem,
Still I have ſomething of *Sciolto's* Virtue.
Yes! yes, my Father, I applaud thy Juſtice;
Strike home, and I will bleſs thee for the Blow;
Be merciful, and free me from my Pain;
'Tis ſharp, 'tis terrible, and I cou'd curſe
The chearful Day, Men, Earth, and Heav'n, and Thee,
Ev'n Thee, thou venerable, good old Man,
For being Author of a Wretch like me.

ALTAMONT.

Liſten not to the Wildneſs of her Raving.
Demember Nature! Shou'd thy Daughter's Murder
Refile that Hand, ſo juſt, ſo great in Arms,
Her Blood wou'd reſt upon thee to Poſterity,
Pollute thy Name, and ſully all thy Wars.

CALISTA.

Have I not wrong'd his gentle Nature much?
And yet behold him pleading for my Life.

Loſt as thou art to Virtue, Oh *Caliſta!*
I think thou canſt not bear to be outdone;
Then haſte to die, and be oblig'd no more.

SCIOLTO.

Thy pious Care has giv'n me Time to think,
And ſav'd me from a Crime; then reſt, my Sword;
To Honor have I kept thee ever ſacred,
Nor will I ſtain thee with a raſh Revenge:
But, mark me well, I will have Juſtice done;
Hope not to bear away thy Crimes unpuniſh'd,
I will ſee Juſtice executed on thee,
Ev'n to a *Roman* Strictneſs; and thou, Nature,
Or whatſoe'er thou art that plead'ſt within me,
Be ſtill, thy tender Strugglings are in vain.

CALISTA.

Then am I doom'd to live, and bear your Triumph!
To groan beneath your Scorn and fierce Upbraidings,
Daily to be reproach'd, and have my Miſery
At Morn, at Noon, and Night told over to me,
Leſt my Remembrance might grow pitiful,
And grant a Moment's Interval of Peace!
Is this, is this the Mercy of a Father?
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

SCIOLTO.

Hence from my Sight, thy Father cannot bear thee;
Fly with thy Infamy to ſome dark Cell,
Where, on the Confines of eternal Night,
Mourning, Misfortune, Cares and Anguiſh dwell;
Where ugly Shame hides her opprobious Head,
And Death and Hell deteſted Rule maintain;
There howl out the Remainder of thy Life,
And wiſh thy Name may be no more remember'd.

CALISTA.

Yes, I will fly to ſome ſuch diſmal Place,
And be more curſt than you can wiſh I were;
This fatal Form, that drew on my Undoing,
Faſting and Tears, and Hardſhip ſhall deſtroy;
Nor Light, nor Food, nor Comfort will I know,
Nor ought that may continue hated Life.

Then

Then when you see me meagre, wan and chang'd,
Stretch'd at my Length, and dying in my Cave,
On that cold Earth I mean shall be my Grave,
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,
At length her Tears have wash'd her Stains away,
At length 'tis Time her Punishment should cease;
Die, thou poor suff'ring Wretch, and be at Peace.
[*Exit* Calista.

SCIOLTO.

Who of my Servants wait there?

Enter two or three Servants.

On your Lives
Take Care my Doors be guarded well, that none
Pass out, or enter, but by my Appointment.
[*Exeunt Servants.*

ALTAMONT.

There is a fatal Fury in your Visage,
It blazes fierce, and menaces Destruction:
My Father, I am sick of many Sorrows,
Ev'n now my easy Heart is breaking with 'em;
Yet, above all, one Fear distracts me most;
I tremble at the Vengeance which you meditate,
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear *Calista*.

SCIOLTO.

Hast thou not read what brave *Virginius* did?
With his own Hand he slew his only Daughter,
To save her from the fierce *Decemvir*'s Lust.
He slew her yet unspotted, to prevent
The Shame which she might know. Then what shou'd I do?
But thou hast ty'd my Hand.——I wo'not kill her;
Yet by the Ruin she has brought upon us,
The common Infamy that brands us both,
She sha' not 'scape.

ALTAMONT.

You mean that she shall die then?

SCIOLTO.

Ask me not what, nor how I have resolv'd,
For all within is Anarchy and Uproar.

Oh

Oh *Altamont!* what a vaſt Scheme of Joy
Has this one Day deſtroy'd! Well did I hope
This Daughter would have bleſt my latter Days,
That I ſhou'd live to ſee you the World's Wonder;
So happy, great, and good, that none were like you.
While I, from buſy Life and Care ſet free,
Had ſpent the Evening of my Age at Home,
Among a little prattling Race of yours:
There, like an old Man, talk'd a-while, and then
Laid down and ſlept in Peace. Inſtead of this,
Sorrow and Shame muſt bring me to my Grave;
Oh damn her! damn her!

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Arm yourſelf, my Lord:
Roſſano, who but now eſcap'd the Garden,
Has gather'd in the Street a Band of Rioters,
Who threaten you, and all your Friends, with Ruin,
Unleſs *Lothario* be return'd in Safety.

SCIOLTO.

By Heav'n, their Fury riſes to my Wiſh,
Nor ſhall Misfortune know my Houſe alone,
But thou, *Lothario*, and thy Race, ſhall pay me,
For all the Sorrows which my Age is curſt with.
I think my Name as great, my Friends as potent,
As any in the State; all ſhall be ſummon'd:
I know that all will join their Hands to ours,
And vindicate thy Vengeance. Raiſe the Body,
And bear it in; his Friends ſhall buy him dearly,
I will have Blood for Ranſom: When our Force
Is full, and arm'd, we ſhall expect thy Sword,
To join with us, and ſacrifice to Juſtice.——

[*Exit* Sciolto.

[*The Body of* Lothario *is carried off by Servants.*

Manet ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT.

There is a ſtupid Weight upon my Senſes,
A diſmal, ſullen Stillneſs, that ſucceeds

The

The Storm of Rage and Grief, like silent Death,
After the Tumult and the Noise of Life.
Wou'd it were Death, as sure 'tis wond'rous like it,
For I am sick of Living; my Soul's pall'd,
She kindles not with Anger or Revenge;
Love was th' informing, active Fire within;
Now that is quench'd, the Mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred Earth.

[*A tumultuous Noise, with clashing of Swords, at a little Distance.*

Enter LAVINIA, *with two Servants, their Swords drawn.*

LAVINIA.

Fly, swiftly fly, to my *Horatio's* Aid,
Nor lose your vain officious Cares on me;
Bring me my Lord, my Husband to my Arms;
He is *Lavinia's* Life, bring him me safe,
And I shall be at Ease, be well and happy.

[*Exeunt Servants.*

ALTAMONT.

Art thou *Lavinia?* Oh! what barb'rous Hand
Could wrong thy poor, defenceless Innocence,
And leave such Marks of more than savage Fury?

LAVINIA.

My Brother! O my Heart is full of Fears;
Perhaps ev'n now my dear *Horatio* bleeds——
Not far from hence, as passing to the Port,
By a mad Multitude we were surrounded,
Who ran upon us with uplifted Swords,
And cry'd aloud for Vengeance, and *Lothario.*
My Lord, with ready Boldness, stood the Shock,
To shelter me from Danger, but in vain,
Had not a Party from *Sciolto's* Palace,
Rush'd out, and snatch'd me from amidst the Fray.

ALTAMONT.

What of my Friend?

LAVINIA.

Ha! by my Joys 'tis he:

[*Looking out.*

He lives, he comes to bless me, he is safe——

Enter

Enter HORATIO, *with two or three Servants, their Swords drawn.*

1 *SERVANT.*

'Twere at the utmoſt Hazard of your Life
To venture forth again, 'till we are ſtronger;
Their Number trebles ours.

HORATIO.

No Matter, let it;
Death is not half ſo ſhocking as that Traitor.
My honeſt Soul is mad with Indignation,
To think her Plainneſs could be ſo abus'd,
As to miſtake that Wretch, and call him Friend:
I cannot bear the Sight.

ALTAMONT.

Open thou Earth,
Gape wide, and take me down to thy dark Boſom,
To hide me from *Horatio.*

HORATIO.

Oh *Lavinia!*
Believe not but I joy to ſee thee ſafe:
Wou'd our ill Fortue had not drove us hither;
I cou'd even wiſh, we rather had been wreckt
On any other Shore, than ſav'd on this.

LAVINIA.

Oh, let us bleſs the Mercy that preſerv'd us,
That gracious Pow'r that ſav'd us for each other:
And, to adorn the Sacrifice of Praiſe,
Offer Forgiveneſs too; be thou like Heav'n,
And put away th' Offences of thy Friend,
Far, far from thy Remembrance.

ALTAMONT.

I have mark'd him,
To ſee if one forgiving Glance ſtole hither,
If any Spark of Friendſhip were alive,
That wou'd, by Sympathy, at Meeting glow,
And ſtrive to kindle up the Flame anew;
'Tis loſt, 'tis gone, his Soul is quite eſtrang'd,
And knows me for its Counter-part no more.

HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Thou know'ſt thy Rule, thy Empire in *Horatio*;
Nor canſt thou aſk in vain, command in vain,
Where Nature, Reaſon, nay, where Love is Judge;
But when you urge my Temper to comply
With what it moſt abhors, I cannot do it.

LAVINIA.

Where didſt thou get this ſullen gloomy Hate?
It was not in thy Nature to be thus;
Come put it off, and let thy Heart be chearful,
Be gay again, and know the Joys of Friendſhip,
The Truſt, Security, and mutual Tenderneſs,
The double Joys, where each is glad for both;
Friendſhip, the Wealth, the laſt Retreat and Streagth,
Secure againſt ill Fortune, and the World.

HORATIO.

I am not apt to take a light Offence,
But patient of the Failings of my Friends,
And willing to forgive; but when an Injury
Stabs to the Heart, and rouſes my Reſentment,
(Perhaps it is the Fault of my rude Nature)
I own I cannot eaſily forgive it.

ALTAMONT.

Thou haſt forgot me.

HORATIO.

No.

ALTAMONT.

Why are thy Eyes
Impatient of me then, ſcornful and fierce?

HORATIO.

Becauſe they ſpeak the Meaning of my Heart;
Becauſe they are honeſt, and diſdain a Villain.

ALTAMONT.

I have wrong'd thee much, *Horatio*.

HORATIO.

True, thou haſt:
When I forget it, may I be a Wretch,
Vile as thyſelf, a falſe perfidious Fellow;
An infamous, believing, *Britiſh* Huſband.

ALTAMONT.

I've wrong'd thee much, and Heav'n has well aveng'd it.
I have not, ſince we parted, been at Peace,
Nor known one Joy ſincere; our broken Friendſhip
Purſu'd me to the laſt Retreat of Love,
Stood glaring like a Ghoſt, and made me cold with Horror.
Misfortunes on Misfortunes preſs upon me,
Swell o'er my Head, like Waves, and daſh me down.
Sorrow, Remorſe, and Shame, have torn my Soul;
They hang like Winter on my Youthful Hopes,
And blaſt the Spring and Promiſe of my Year.

LAVINIA.

So Flow'rs are gather'd to adorn a Grave,
To loſe their Freſhneſs amongſt Bones and Rottenneſs,
And have their Odors ſtifled in the Duſt:
Canſt thou hear this, thou cruel, hard *Horatio?*
Canſt thou behold thy *Altamont* undone?
That gentle, that dear Youth! Canſt thou behold him,
His poor Heart broken, Death in his pale Viſage,
And groaning out his Woes, yet ſtand unmov'd?

HORATIO.

The Brave and Wiſe I pity in Misfortune;
But when Ingratitude and Folly ſuffers,
'Tis Weakneſs to be touch'd.

ALTAMONT.

I wo'not aſk thee
To pity or forgive me; but confeſs,
This Scorn, this Inſolence of Hate is juſt;
'Tis Conſtancy of Mind, and manly in thee.
But, Oh! had I been wrong'd by thee, *Horatio,*
There is a yielding Softneſs in my Heart
Cou'd ne'er have ſtood it out; but I had ran,
With ſtreaming Eyes, and open Arms, upon thee,
And preſt thee cloſe, cloſe!

HORATIO.

I muſt hear no more;
The Weakneſs is contagious, I ſhall catch it,
And be a tame, fond Wretch.

LAVI-

LAVINIA.

Where would'ſt thou go?
Would'ſt thou part thus? You ſha' not, 'tis impoſſible;
For I will bar thy Paſſage, kneeling thus:
Perhaps thy cruel Hand may ſpurn me off;
But I will throw my Body in thy Way,
And thou ſhalt trample o'er my faithful Boſom,
Tread on me, wound me, kill me ere thou paſs.

ALTAMONT.

Urge not in vain thy pious Suit, *Lavinia*;
I have enough to rid me of my Pain.
Caliſta, thou hadſt reach'd my Heart before;
To make all ſure, my Friend repeats the Blow:
But in the Grave our Cares ſhall be forgotten;
There Love and Friendſhip ceaſe. [*Falls.*

[Lavinia *runs to him, and endeavours to raiſe him.*

LAVINIA.

Speak to me, *Altamont.*
He faints! He dies! Now turn and ſee thy Triumph.
My Brother! But our Cares ſhall end together;
Here will I lay me down by thy dear Side,
Bemoan thy too hard Fate, then ſhare it with thee,
And never ſee my cruel Lord again.

[Horatio *runs to* Altamont, *and raiſes him in his Arms.*

HORATIO.

It is too much to bear! Look up, my *Altamont!*
My ſtubborn, unrelenting Heart has kill'd him.
Look up and bleſs me; tell me that thou liv'ſt:
Oh! I have urg'd thy Gentleneſs too far; [*He revives.*
Do thou and my *Lavinia* both forgive me;
A Flood of Tenderneſs comes o'er my Soul;
I cannot ſpeak——I love! forgive! and pity thee——

ALTAMONT.

I thought that nothing could have ſtay'd my Soul;
That long ere this her Flight had reach'd the Stars;
But thy known Voice has lur'd her back again.
Methinks I fain wou'd ſet all Right with thee,
Make up this moſt unlucky Breach, and then,
With thine and Heav'n's Forgiveneſs on my Soul,
Shrink to my Grave, and be at Eaſe for ever.

HORATIO.

By Heav'n my Heart bleeds for thee; ev'n this Moment,
I feel thy Pangs of diſappointed Love.
Is it not Pity that this Youth ſhould fail,
That all his wond'rous Goodneſs ſhou'd be loſt,
And the World never know it? Oh, my *Altamont!*
Give me thy Sorrows, let me bear 'em for thee,
And ſhelter thee from Ruin.

LAVINIA.

Oh my Brother!
Think not but we will ſhare in all thy Woes:
We'll ſit all Day, and tell ſad Tales of Love;
And when we light upon ſome faithleſs Woman,
Some Beauty, like *Caliſta*, falſe and fair,
We'll fix our Grief, and our Complaining there;
We'll curſe the Nymph that drew the Ruin on,
And mourn the Youth that was like thee undone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room hung with Black; on one Side Lothario's *Body on a Bier; on the other, a Table, with a Scull and other Bones, a Book and a Lamp on it.*

CALISTA *is discover'd on a Couch, in Black; her Hair hanging loose, and disorder'd: After Music and a Song, she rises, and comes forward.*

SONG.

I.

HEAR, you Midnight Phantoms hear,
You, who pale and wan appear,
And fill the Wretch, who wakes, with Fear.
You who wander, scream, and groan,
Round the Mansions once your own;
You, whom still your Crimes upbraid,
You, who rest not with the Dead:
From the Coverts where you stray,
Where you lurk, and shun the Day;
From the Charnel and the Tomb,
Hither haste ye, hither come.

II.

Chide Calista *for Delay;*
Tell her, 'tis for her you stay;
Bid her die, and come away.
See the Sexton with his Spade,
See the Grave already made;
Listen, Fair One, to thy Knell;
This Music is thy passing Bell.

CALISTA.

'Tis well! theſe ſolemn Sounds, this Pomp of Horror,
Are fit to feed the Frenzy in my Soul;
Here's Room for Meditation, ev'n to Madneſs,
'Till the Mind burſt with Thinking. This dull Flame
Sleeps in the Socket. Sure the Book was left
To tell me ſomething;——for Inſtruction then——
He teaches holy Sorrow, and Contrition,
And Penitence;———Is it become an Art then,
A Trick, that lazy, dull, luxurious Gownmen
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't:
[*Throwing away the Book.*
I have more real Anguiſh in my Heart,
Than all their Pedant Diſcipline e'er knew.
What Charnel has been rifled for theſe Bones?
Fy! this is Pageantry:----They look uncouthly.
But what of that, if He or She that own'd 'em,
Safe from Diſquiet ſit, and ſmile to ſee
The Farce their miſerable Relicts play?
But here's a Sight is terrible indeeed;
Is this that haughty, gallant, gay *Lothario*,
That dear Perfidious!---Ah!---how pale he looks!
How grim with clotted Blood, and thoſe dead Eyes!
Aſcend, ye Ghoſts, fantaſtic Forms of Night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful Shapes aſcend,
And match the preſent Horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLTO.

SCIOLTO.

This Dead of Night, this ſilent Hour of Darkneſs,
Nature for Reſt ordain'd, and ſoft Repoſe;
And yet Diſtraction, and tumultuous Jars,
Keep all our frighted Citizens awake:
The Senate, weak, divided and irreſolute,
Want Pow'r to ſuccour the afflicted State.
Vainly in Words and long Debates they're Wiſe,
While the fierce Factions ſcorn their peaceful Orders,
And drown the Voice of Law in Noiſe and Anarchy.
Amidſt the general Wreck, ſee where ſhe ſtands,
[Pointing to Caliſta.
Like

Like *Helen*, in the Night when *Troy* was ſack'd,
Spectatreſs of the Miſchief which ſhe made.

CALISTA.

It is *Sciolto!* be thyſelf, my Soul;
Be ſtrong to bear his fatal Indignation,
That he may ſee thou art not loſt ſo far,
But ſomewhat ſtill of his great Spirit lives
In the forlorn *Caliſta*.

SCIOLTO.

Thou wert once
My Daughter.

CALISTA.

Happy were it I had dy'd,
And never loſt that Name.

SCIOLTO.

That's ſomething yet.
Thou wert the very Darling of my Age;
I thought the Day too ſhort to gaze upon thee,
That all the Bleſſings I could gather for thee,
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondneſs to beſtow;
Why didſt thou turn to Folly then, and curſe me?

CALISTA.

Becauſe my Soul was rudely drawn from your's;
A poor, imperfect Copy of my Father:
Where Goodneſs, and the Strength of manly Virtue,
Was thinly planted, and the idle Void
Fill'd up with light Belief, and eaſy Fondneſs;
It was, becauſe I lov'd, and was a Woman.

SCIOLTO.

Hadſt thou been honeſt, thou hadſt been a Cherubim;
But of that Joy, as of a Gem long loſt,
Beyond Redemption gone, think we no more.
Haſt thou e'er dar'd to meditate on Death?

CALISTA.

I have, as on the End of Shame and Sorrow.

SCIOLTO.

Ha! anſwer me! Say, haſt thou coolly thought?
'Tis not the Stoic's Leſſons got by Rote,

The Pomp of Words, and Pedant Diſſertations,
That can ſuſtain thee in that Hour of Terror:
Books have taught Cowards to talk nobly of it;
But when the Trial comes, they ſtart, and ſtand aghaſt:
Haſt thou conſider'd what may happen after it?
How thy Account may ſtand, and what to anſwer?

CALISTA.

I've turn'd my Eyes inward upon myſelf,
Where foul Offence, and Shame have laid all waſte;
Therefore my Soul abhors the wretched Dwelling,
And longs to find ſome better Place of Reſt.

SCIOLTO.

'Tis juſtly thought, and worthy of that Spirit
That dwelt in ancient *Latian* Breaſts, when *Rome*
Was Miſtreſs of the World. I wou'd go on,
And tell thee all my Purpoſe, but it ſticks
Here at my Heart, and cannot find a Way.

CALISTA.

Then ſpare the Telling, if it be a Pain,
And write the Meaning with your Poniard here.

SCIOLTO.

Oh! truly gueſs'd---ſee'ſt thou this trembling Hand---
[*Holding up a Dagger.*
Thrice Juſtice urg'd---and thrice the ſlack'ning Sinews
Forgot their Office, and conſeſt the Father;
At length the ſtubborn Virtue has prevail'd;
It muſt, it muſt be ſo---Oh! take it then,
[*Giving the Dagger.*
And know the reſt untaught.

CALISTA.

I underſtand you;
It is but thus, and both are ſatisfy'd.
[*She offers to kill herſelf,* Sciolto *catches hold of her Arm.*

SCIOLTO.

A Moment, give me yet a Moment's Space.
The ſtern, the rigid Judge has been obey'd;
Now Nature, and the Father, claim their Turns.
I've held the Balance with an Iron Hand,

And

And put off ev'ry tender, human Thought,
To doom my Child to Death; but ſpare my Eyes
The moſt unnatural Sight, leſt their Strings crack,
And my old Brain ſplit, and grow mad with Horror.

CALISTA.

Ha! Is it poſſible? And is there yet
Some little, dear Remain of Love and Tenderneſs,
For poor, undone *Caliſta*, in your Heart?

SCIOLTO.

Oh! when I think what Pleaſure I took in thee,
What Joys thou gav'ſt me in thy prattling Infancy,
Thy ſprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty;
How I have ſtood, and fed my Eyes upon thee,
Then lifted up my Hands, and wond'ring, bleſt thee;
By my ſtrong Grief, my Heart ev'n melts within me,
I could curſe Nature, and that Tyrant, Honor,
For making me thy Father, and thy Judge;
Thou art my Daughter ſtill.

CALISTA.

For that kind Word,
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the Earth;
Weep on your Feet, and bleſs you for this Goodneſs;
Oh! 'tis too much for this offending Wretch,
This Parricide, that murders with her Crimes,
Shortens her Father's Age, and cuts him off,
Ere little more than Half his Years be number'd.

SCIOLTO.

Wou'd it were otherwiſe---but thou muſt die.——

CALISTA.

That I muſt die! it is my only Comfort:
Death is the Privilege of Human Nature,
And Life without it were not worth our taking:
Thither the Poor, the Pris'ner, and the Mourner,
Fly for Relief, and lay their Burdens down.
Come then, and take me now to thy cold Arms,
Thou meagre Shade; here let me breathe my laſt,
Charm'd with my Father's Pity and Forgiveneſs,
More than if Angels tun'd their golden Viols,
And ſung a *Requiem* to my parting Soul.

SCIOLTO.

I'm ſummon'd hence; ere this my Friends expect me.
There is I know not what of ſad Preſage,
That tells me, I ſhall never ſee thee more;
If it be ſo, this is our laſt Farewel,
And theſe the parting Pangs, which Nature feels,
When Anguiſh rends the Heart-ſtrings———Oh! my Daughter! [*Exit* Sciolto.

CALISTA.

Now think, thou curſt *Caliſta*, now behold
The Deſolation, Horror, Blood and Ruin,
Thy Crimes and fatal Folly ſpread around,
That loudly cry for Vengeance on thy Head;
Yet Heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect Natures,
How blind with Paſſions, and how prone to Evil,
Makes not too ſtrict Inquiry for Offences,
But is aton'd by Penitence and Pray'r:
Cheap Recompence! here 'twou'd not be receiv'd;
Nothing but Blood can make the Expiation,
And cleanſe the Soul from inbred, deep Pollution.
And ſee, another injur'd Wretch is come,
To call for Juſtice from my tardy Hand.

Enter ALTAMONT.

ALTAMONT

Hail to you Horrors! hail thou Houſe of Death!
And thou the lovely Miſtreſs of theſe Shades,
Whoſe Beauty gilds the more than midnight Darkneſs,
And makes it grateful as the Dawn of Day.
Oh! take me in a Fellow-Mourner with thee,
I'll number Groan for Groan, and Tear for Tear;
And when the Fountains of thy Eyes are dry,
Mine ſhall ſupply the Stream, and weep for both.

CALISTA.

I know thee well, thou art the injur'd *Altamont*;
Thou com'ſt to urge me with the Wrongs I've done thee;
But know I ſtand upon the Brink of Life,
And in a Moment mean to ſet me free
From Shame, and thy Upbraiding.

ALTA-

ALTAMONT.

Falſly, falſly
Doſt thou accuſe me; when did I complain,
Or murmur at my Fate? For thee I have
Forgot the Temper of *Italian* Huſbands,
And Fondneſs has prevail'd upon Revenge;
I bore my Load of Infamy with Patience,
As holy Men do Puniſhments from Heav'n,
Nor thought it hard, becauſe it came from thee:
Oh! then forbid me not to mourn thy Loſs,
To wiſh ſome bettter Fate had rul'd our Loves,
And that *Caliſta* had been mine, and true.

CALISTA.

Oh, *Altamont!* 'tis hard for Souls like mine,
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiſs;
But Oh! behold my proud, diſdainful Heart,
Bends to thy gentler Virtue; yes, I own,
Such is thy Truth, thy Tenderneſs, and Love,
Such are the Graces that adorn thy Youth,
That, were I not abandon'd to Deſtruction,
With thee I might have liv'd, for Ages bleſt,
And dy'd in Peace within hy faithful Arms.

ALTAMONT.

Then Happineſs is ſtill within our Reach;
Here let Remembrance loſe our paſt Misfortunes,
Tear all Records that hold the fatal Story;
Here let our Joys begin, from hence go on
In long ſucceſſive Order.

CALISTA.

What! in Death?

ALTAMONT.

Then art thou fix'd to die—But be it ſo,
We'll go together; my advent'rous Love
Shall follow thee to thoſe uncertain Beings;
Whether our lifeleſs Shades are doom'd to wander
In gloomy Groves, with diſcontented Ghoſts;
Or whether thro' the upper Air we fleet,
And tread the Fields of Light, ſtill I'll purſue thee,
'Till Fate ordains that we ſhall part no more.

CALISTA.

Oh no! Heav'n has ſome better Lot in Store
To crown thee with; live, and be happy long;
Live for ſome Maid that ſhall deſerve thy Goodneſs,
Some kind unpractis'd Heart, that never yet
Has liſten'd to the Falſe Ones of thy Sex,
Nor known the Arts of ours; ſhe ſhall reward thee,
Meet thee with Virtues equal to thy own,
Charm thee with Sweetneſs, Beauty, and with Truth,
Be bleſt in thee alone, and thou in her.

Enter HORATIO.

HORATIO.

Now mourn indeed, ye miſerable Pair,
For now the Meaſure of your Woes is full.

ALTAMONT.

What doſt thou mean, *Horatio?*

HORATIO.

Oh! 'tis dreadful;
The great, the good *Sciolto* dies this Moment.

CALISTA.

My Father!

ALTAMONT.

That's a deadly Stroke indeed.

HORATIO.

Not long ago he privately went forth,
Attended but by few, and thoſe unbidden;
I heard which Way he took, and ſtrait purſu'd him,
But found him compaſs'd by *Lothario*'s Faction,
Almoſt alone, amidſt a Crowd of Foes;
Too late we brought him Aid, and drove them back,
Ere that his frantic Valor had provok'd
The Death he ſeem'd to wiſh for from their Swords.

CALISTA.

And doſt thou bear me yet, thou patient Earth?
Doſt thou not labor with my murd'rous Weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly Hoſt of Stars,
Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I ſhall blaſt you,

For

For I am all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
And Nature ſickens at me; reſt, thou World;
This Parricide ſhall be thy Plague no more;
Thus, thus, I ſet thee free. [*Stabs herſelf.*

HORATIO.

Oh! fatal Raſhneſs!

ALTAMONT.

Thou doſt inſtruct me well; to lengthen Life,
Is but a Trifle now.

[Altamont *offers to kill himſelf*; Horatio *prevents him, and wreſts his Sword from him.*

HORATIO.

Ha! what means
The frantic *Altamont?* Some Foe to Man,
Has breath'd on ev'ry Breaſt contagious Fury,
And epidemic Madneſs.

Enter SCIOLTO, *pale and bloody, ſupported by Servants.*

CALISTA.

Oh, my Heart!
Well may'ſt thou fail; for ſee the Spring that fed
Thy vital Stream is waſted, and runs low.
My Father! will you now at laſt forgive me,
If after all my Crimes, and all your Suff'rings,
I call you once again by that dear Name?
Will you forget my Shame, and thoſe wide Wounds,
Lift up your Hand, and bleſs me ere I go
Down to my dark Abode?

SCIOLTO.

Alas! my Daughter!
Thou haſt raſhly ventur'd in a ſtormy Sea,
Where Life, Fame, Virtue, all were wreck'd and loſt;
But ſure thou'ſt borne thy Part in all the Anguiſh,
And ſmarted with the Pain; then reſt in Peace,
Let Silence and Oblivion hide thy Name,
And ſave thee from the Malice of Poſterity;
And may'ſt thou find with Heav'n the ſame Forgiveneſs,
As with thy Father here.——Die, and be happy.

CALISTA.

CALISTA.

Celeſtial Sounds! Peace dawns upon my Soul,
And ev'ry Pain grows leſs——Oh! gentle *Altamont*,
Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone,
But pity me———Had I but early known
Thy wond'rous Worth, thou excellent young Man,
We had been happier both:——Now 'tis too late,
And yet my Eyes take Pleaſure to behold thee.
Thou art their laſt dear Object.——Mercy, Heav'n!
[*She dies.*

ALTAMONT.

Cold! dead and cold! and yet thou art not chang'd,
But lovely ſtill! Hadſt thou a thouſand Faults,
What Heart ſo hard, what Virtue ſo ſevere,
But at that Beauty muſt of force relented,
Melted to Pity, Love, and to Forgiveneſs?

SCIOLTO.

Oh! turn thee from that fatal Object; *Altamont*,
Come near, and let me bleſs thee ere I die.
To thee, and brave *Horatio* I bequeath
My Fortunes——Lay me by thy noble Father,
And love my Mem'ry as thou haſt done his;
For thou haſt been my Son.—Oh! gracious Heav'n!
Thou that haſt endleſs Bleſſings ſtill in ſtore,
For Virtue, and for filial Piety,
Let Grief, Diſgrace, and Want be far away,
But multiply thy Mercies on his Head;
Let Honor, Greatneſs, Goodneſs ſtill be with him,
And Peace in all his Ways.——— [*He dies.*

ALTAMONT.

Take, take it all;
To thee, *Horatio*, I reſign the Gift,
While I purſue my Father and my Love,
And find my only Portion in the Grave.

HORATIO.

The Storm of Grief bears hard upon his Youth,
And bends him like a drooping Flower to Earth.
Raiſe him, and bear him in. [Altamont *is carried off.*

By

By ſuch Examples are we taught to prove,
The Sorrows that attend unlawful Love;
Death, or ſome worſe Misfortunes, ſoon divide
The injur'd Bridegroom from his guilty Bride:
If you would have the Nuptial Union laſt,
Let Virtue be the Bond that ties it faſt.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, who play'd *Lavinia*.

YOU see the tripping Dame could find no Favor;
Dearly she paid for Breach of good Behavior,
Nor could her loving Husband's Fondness save her.
Italian *Ladies lead but scurvy Lives,*
There's dreadful dealing with eloping Wives;
Thus 'tis, because these Husbands are obey'd
By Force of Laws, which for themselves they made.
With Tales of old Prescriptions they confine
The Right of Marriage-rule to their Male Line,
And huff, and domineer, by Right Divine.
Had we the Pow'r, we'd make the Tyrants know
What 'tis to fail in Duties which they owe;
We'd teach the saunt'ring Squire, who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear Spouse at Home,
Who snores at Night supinely by her Side,
'Twas not for this the nuptial Knot was ty'd.
The plodding Petty-fogger, and the Cit,
Have learn'd at least this Modern Way of Wit:
Each ill-bred senseless Rogue, tho' ne'er so dull,
Has th' Impudence to think his Wife a Fool;
He spends the Night, where merry Wags resort,
With joking Clubs, and Eighteen-penny Port;
While she poor Soul's contented to regale,
By a sad Sea-coal Fire, with Wigs and Ale.
Well may the Cuckold-making Tribe find Grace,
And fill an absent Husband's empty Place:

If

EPILOGUE.

If you wou'd e'er bring Conſtancy in Faſhion,
You Men muſt firſt begin the Reformation.
Then ſhall the golden Age of Love return,
No Turtle for her wand'ring Mate ſhall mourn,
No foreign Charms ſhall cauſe domeſtic Strife,
But ev'ry married Man ſhall toaſt his Wife;
Phillis *ſhall not be to the Country ſent,*
For Carnivals in Town to keep a tedious Lent:
Lampoons ſhall ceaſe, and envious Scandal die,
And all ſhall live in Peace, like my good Man and I.

ULYSSES.

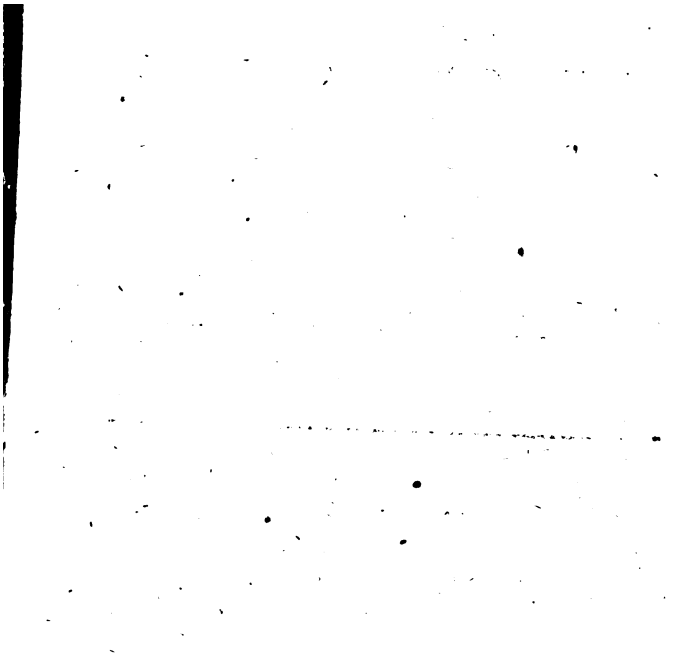
ULYSSES.

A

TRAGEDY.

Stultorum Regum & Populorum continet Æſtus——
Rurſus quid Virtus, & quid Sapientia poſſit
Utile propoſuit Nobis Exemplar Ulyſſem.
Horat. Epiſt. Lib. 1. Epiſt. 2.

Printed in the YEAR 1746.



To the Right Honourable

SIDNEY *Lord* GODOLPHIN,

Lord High-Treaſurer of England, *and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter.*

MY LORD,

IF thoſe Cares in which the Service of a great QUEEN, and the Love of Your Country, have ſo juſtly engaged Your Lordſhip, would allow any Leiſure to run back and remember thoſe Arts and Studies, which were once the Grace and Entertainment of Your Lordſhip's Youth; I have Preſumption enough to hope, that this Tragedy may, ſome time or other, find an Hour to divert Your Lordſhip. Poetry, which was ſo venerable to former Ages, as in many Places to make a Part of their Religious Worſhip, and every where to be had in the higheſt Honor and Eſteem, has miſerably languiſhed and been deſpiſed, for want of

that

that Favor and Protection which it found in the famous *Auguſtan* Age. Since then, it may be aſſerted, without any Partiality to the preſent Time, it never had a fairer Proſpect of lifting up its Head, and returning to its former Reputation, than now: And the beſt Reaſon can be given for it, is, that it ſeems to have a particular Hope from, and Dependance upon Your Lordſhip, and to expect all juſt Encouragement, when thoſe Great Men, who have the Power to protect it, have ſo delicate and polite a Taſte and Underſtanding of its true Value. The reſtoring and preſerving any Part of Learning, is ſo generous an Action in itſelf, that it naturally falls into Your Lordſhip's Province, ſince every Thing that may ſerve to improve the Mind, has a Right to the Patronage of ſo great and univerſal a Genius for Knowledge as Your Lordſhip's. It is indeed a Piece of good Fortune, upon which I cannot help congratulating the preſent Age, that there is ſo Great a Man, at a Time, when there is ſo great an Occaſion for him. The Diviſions which Your Lordſhip has healed, the Temper which You have reſtored to our Councils, and that indefatigable Care and Diligence which You have uſed in preſerving our Peace at Home, are Benefits ſo virtuouſly and ſo ſeaſonably conferred upon Your Country, as ſhall draw the Praiſes of all wiſe

Men,

Men, and the Bleſſings of all good Men upon Your Lordſhip's Name. And when thoſe unreaſonable Feuds and Animoſities, which keep Faction alive, ſhall be buryed in Silence and forgotten, that great public Good ſhall be univerſally acknowledged, as the happy Effect of Your Lordſhip's moſt equal Temper and right Underſtanding. That this glorious End may very ſuddenly ſucceed to Your Lordſhip's Candor and generous Endeavors after it, muſt be the Wiſh of every good *Engliſhman*. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obedient

humble Servant,

N. ROWE.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

TO Night, in Honor of the marry'd Life,
Our Author treats you with a virtuous Wife:
A Lady, who, for Twenty Years, withſtood
The preſſing Inſtances of Fleſh and Blood;
Her Huſband, ſtill a Man of Senſe reputed,
(Unleſs this Tale his Wiſdom have confuted,)
Left her at ripe Eighteen, to ſeek Renown,
And battle for a Harlot at Troy *Town;*
To fill his Place, freſh Lovers came in Shoals,
Much ſuch as now-a-days are Cupid's *Fools,*
Some Men of Wit, but the moſt part were Fools.
They ſent her Billets-doux, *and Preſents many,*
Of ancient Tea and Thericlean *China;*
Rail'd at the Gods, toaſted her o'er and o'er,
Dreſs'd at Her, danc'd, and fought, and ſigh'd, and ſwore,
In ſhort, did all that Men could do to have her,
And damn'd themſelves to get into her Favor;
But all in vain, the virtuous Dame ſtood Buff,
And let 'em know that ſhe was Coxcomb Proof;
Meſſieurs *the* Beaux, *what think you of the Matter?*
Don't you believe old Homer *giv'n to flatter?*
When you approach, and preſſing the ſoft Hand,
Favors, with well-bred Impudence, demand,
Is it in Woman's Weakneſs to withſtand?
Ceaſe to be vain, and give the Sex their Due;
Our Engliſh *Wives ſhall prove this Story true:*
We have our chaſte Penelope's, *who mourn*
Their Widow'd Beds, and wait their Lords Return;

We

PROLOGUE.

We have our Heroes too, who bravely bear,
Far from their Home, the Dangers of the War;
Who careleſs of the Winter Seaſon's Rage,
New Toils explore, and in new Cares engage;
From Realm to Realm their Chief unweary'd goes,
And reſtleſs journies on, to give the World Repoſe.
Such are the conſtant Labors of the Sun,
Whoſe active, glorious Courſe is never done;
And tho' when hence he parts, with us 'tis Night,
Still he goes on, and lends to other Worlds his Light.
Ye beauteous Nymphs, with open Arms prepare
To meet the Warriors, and reward their Care;
May you for ever kind and faithful prove,
And pay their Days of Toil with Nights of Love!

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

ULYSSES, King of *Ithaca*, conceal'd for ſome time under the Name of *Æthon*. — Mr. *Betterton*.

Eurymachus, King of *Samos*. — Mr. *Verbruggen*.

Polydamas, *Thoon*, *Agenor*, *Ephialtes*, Neighboring Princes, Pretenders to the Queen. — Mr. *Mynns*. Mr. *Knap*. Mr. *Weller*. Mr. *Freeman*.

Telemachus, Son to *Ulyſſes* and *Penelope*. — Mr. *Booth*.

Antinous, a Nobleman of *Ithaca*, ſecretly in Love with the Queen. — Mr. *Huſbands*.

Cleon, *Arcas*, Friends to *Antinous*. — Mr. *Dickins*. Mr. *Cory*.

Mentor, Tutor to *Telemachus*. — Mr. *Bowman*.

Eumæus, an old Servant, and faithful to *Ulyſſes*.

Ceraunus, a *Samian* Officer belonging to *Eurymachus*.

W O M E N.

Penelope, Queen of *Ithaca*. — Mrs. *Barry*.

Semanthe, Daughter to *Eurymachus*. — Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

Several Samian *and* Ithacan *Officers and Soldiers, with other Attendants, Men and Women.*

S C E N E, *I T H A C A.*

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A PALACE.

Enter TELEMACHUS *and* MENTOR.

TELEMACHUS.

O *MENTOR!* Urge no more my royal Birth,
Urge not the Honors of my Race divine,
Call not to my Remembrance what I am,
Born of *Ulysses*, and deriv'd from *Jove*;
For 'tis the Curse of mighty Minds oppreſt,
To think what their State is, and what it ſhou'd be;
Impatient of their Lot, they reaſon fiercely,
And call the Laws of Providence unequal.

MENTOR.

And therefore wert thou bred to virtuous Knowledge,
And Wiſdom early planted in thy Soul;
That thou might'ſt know to rule the fiery Paſſions,
To bind their Rage, and ſtay their headlong Courſe,
To bear with Accidents, and ev'ry Change

Of various Life, to ſtruggle with Adverſity,
To wait the Leiſure of the righteous Gods,
'Till they, in their own good appointed Hour,
Shall bid thy better Days come forth at once,
A long and ſhining Train; till thou well-pleas'd
Shalt bow, and bleſs thy Fate, and own the Gods are juſt.

TELEMACHUS.

Thou prudent Guide, and Father of my Youth,
Forgive my Tranſports, if I ſeem to loſe
The Rev'rence to thy ſacred Precepts due;
'Tis a juſt Rage and honeſt Indignation.
Ten Years ran round ere *Troy* was doom'd to fall,
Ten tedious Summers and ten Winters more
By turns have chang'd the Seaſons ſince it fell,
And yet we mourn my Godlike Father's Abſence,
As if the *Grecian* Arms had ne'er prevail'd,
But *Jove* and *Hector* ſtill maintain'd the War.

MENTOR.

Tho' abſent, yet, if Oracles are true,
He lives and ſhall return.---Where'er he wanders,
Purſu'd by hoſtile *Trojan* Gods, in Peril
Of the waſte Deſert, or the foamy Deep,
Or Nations wild as both, yet Courage, Wiſdom,
And *Pallas*, Guardian of his Arms, is with him.

TELEMACHUS.

And Oh! to what does the Gods Care reſerve him?
Where is the Triumph ſhall go forth to meet him?
What *Pæan* ſhall be ſung to bleſs his Labors?
What Voice of Joy ſhall cry, Hail King of *Ithaca*?
Riot, and Wrong, and woful Deſolation,
Spread o'er the wretched Land, ſhall blaſt his Eyes,
And make him curſe the Day of his Return.

MENTOR.

Your Gueſt, the Stranger *Æthon*.

Enter ÆTHON.

TELEMACHUS.

By my Life,
And by the great *Ulyſſes*, truly welcome;

Oh

Oh thou moſt worthy *Æthon*, thou that wert
In Youth Companion of my Father's Arms,
And Partner of his Heart, does it not grieve thee
To ſee the Honor of his Royal Name
Deſpis'd and ſet at nought? his State o'er-run,
Devour'd and parcel'd out by Slaves ſo vile,
That if oppos'd to him 'twould make Compariſon
Abſurd and monſtrous ſeem, as if to mate
A Mole-hill with *Olympus?*

ÆTHON.

He was my Friend,
I think I knew him; and, to do him right,
He was a Man indeed——Not as theſe are,
A Rioter, or Doer of foul Wrongs;
But boldly juſt, and more like what Man ſhou'd be.

TELEMACHUS.

From Morn 'till Noon, from Noon 'till the Shades darken,
From E'vning 'till the Morning dawns again,
Lewdneſs, Confuſion, Inſolence, and Uproar,
Are all the Buſ'neſs of their guilty Hours;
The Cries of Maids enforc'd, the Roar of Drunkards,
Mixt with the Braying of the Minſtrels Noiſe
Who miniſters to Mirth, ring thro' the Palace,
And echo to the Arch of Heav'n their Crimes.
Behold! ye Gods, who judge betwixt your Creatures,
Behold the Rivals of the great *Ulyſſes!*

MENTOR.

Doubt not but all their Crimes, and all thy Wrongs
Are judg'd by *Nemeſis* and equal *Jove*;
Suffer the Fools to laugh and loll ſecure,
This is their Day,——but there is one behind
For Vengeance and *Ulyſſes.*

ÆTHON.

'Till that Day,
That Day of Recompence and righteous Juſtice,
Learn thou, my Son, the cruel Arts of Courts;

Learn to dissemble Wrongs, to smile at Injuries,
And suffer Crimes, thou want'st the Pow'r to punish;
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly,
Search, and know all Mankind's mysterious Ways,
But trust the Secret of thy Soul to none;
Believe me, seventy Years, and all the Sorrows
That seventy Years bring with 'em, have thus taught me,
Thus only, to be safe in such a World as this is.

Enter ANTINOUS.

ANTINOUS.

Hail to thee, Prince; thou Son of great *Ulysses*,
Offspring of Gods, most worthy of thy Race;
May ev'ry Day like this be happy to thee,
Fruition and Success attend thy Wishes,
And everlasting Glory crown thy Youth!

TELEMACHUS.

Thou greet'st me like a Friend——Come near, *Antinous*;
May I believe that Omen of my Happiness,
That Joy which dances in thy chearful Eyes?
Or dost thou, for thou know'st my fond, fond Heart,
Dost thou betray me to deceitful Hopes,
And sooth me like an Infant, with a Tale
Of some Felicity, some dear Delight,
Which thou didst never purpose to bestow?

ANTINOUS.

[illegible] her Doves.
By all the gentle Fires that burn before her,
I have the kindest Sounds to bless your Ear with,
Nay, and the truest too, I'll swear I think,
That ever Love and Innocence inspir'd.

TELEMACHUS.

Ha! from *Semanthe*?

ANTINOUS.

From the fair *Semanthe*,
The gentle, the forgiving——

TELEMACHUS.

Soft, my *Antinous*,

Keep

Keep the dear Secret ſafe; Wiſdom and Age
Reaſon perverſely when they judge of Love.
A Buſ'neſs of a Moment calls me hence, [*To* Men.
That ended I'll attend the Queen; till then,
Mentor! the noble Stranger is thy Care.
Fly with me to ſome ſafe, ſome ſacred Privacy,
[*To* Ant.
There charm my Senſes with *Semanthe's* Accents,
There pour thy Balm into my love-ſick Soul,
And heal my Cares for ever. [*Exeunt* Tel. *and* Ant.

ÆTHON.

This ſmooth Speaker,
This ſupple Courtier is in Favor with you.
Mark'd you the Prince? how, at this Man's Approach,
The Fierceneſs, Rage, and Pride of Youth declin'd;
His changing Viſage wore a Form more gentle,
And ev'ry Feature took a ſofter Turn;
As if his Soul bent on ſome new Employment,
Of different Purpoſe from the Thought before,
Had ſummon'd other Counſels, other Paſſions,
And dreſt her in a gay fantaſtic Garb
Fit for th' Adventure which ſhe meant to prove.
By *Jove*, I lik'd it not——

MENTOR.

The Prince, whoſe Temper
Is open as the Day, and unſuſpecting,
Eſteems him as devoted to his Service;
Wiſe, brave, and juſt: And ſince his late Return
From *Neſtor's* Court at *Pyla*, he ſtill has held him
In more eſpecial Nearneſs to his Heart.

ÆTHON.

'Tis raſh, and ſavors of unwary Youth:
Tell him he truſts too far——If I miſtook not,
You ſaid he was a Wooer.

MENTOR.

True, he was;
Noble by Birth, and mighty in his Wealth,
Proud of the Patriot's Name and People's Praiſe,
By Gifts, by friendly Offices and Eloquence,

He won the the Herd of *Ithacans* to think him
Ev'n worthy to ſupply his Maſter's Place.

ÆTHON.

Unthinking, changeable, ungrateful *Ithaca!*
But *Mentor!* ſay, the Queen! Cou'd ſhe forget
The Diff'rence 'twixt *Ulyſſes* and his Slave?
Did not her Soul reſent the Violation,
And, ſpight of all the Wrongs ſhe labor'd under,
Daſh his Ambition and preſumptuous Love?

MENTOR.

Still great and royal in the worſt of Fortunes,
With native Pow'r and Majeſty array'd,
She aw'd this raſh *Ixion* with her Frown;
Taught him to bend his abject Head to Earth,
And own his humbler Lot——He ſtood rebuk'd,
And full of guilty Sorrow for the paſt,
Vow'd to repeat the daring Crime no more,
But with Humility and loyal Service
To purge his Fame, and waſh the Stains away.

ÆTHON.

Deceit and Artifice! the Turn's too ſudden;
Habitual Evils ſeldom change ſo ſoon,
But many Days muſt paſs, and many Sorrows,
Conſcious Remorſe and Anguiſh muſt be felt,
To curb Deſire, to break the ſtubborn Will,
And work a ſecond Nature in the Soul,
Ere Virtue can reſume the Place ſhe loſt;
'Tis elſe Diſſimulation——But no more,
The ruffling Train of Suitors are at hand,
Thoſe mighty Candidates for Love and Empire;
'Tis well the Gods are mild, when theſe dare hope
To merit their beſt Gifts by Riot and Injuſtice.

Enter Polydamas, Agenor, Thoon, Ephialtes *and Attendants.*

POLYDAMAS.

Our Souls are out of Tune, we languiſh all,
Nor does the ſweet returning of the Dawn

Chear

Chear with its uſual Mirth our drowzy Spirits,
That droop'd beneath the lazy leaden Night.

AGENOR.

Can we, who ſwear we love, ſmile or be gay,
When our fair Queen, the Goddeſs of our Vows,
She that adorns our Mirth and gilds our Day,
Withholds the Beams that only can revive us?

THOON.

Night muſt involve the World 'till ſhe appear,
The Flow'rs in painted Meadows hang their Heads,
The Birds awake not to their Morning Songs,
Nor early Hinds renew their conſtant Labor;
Ev'n Nature ſeems to ſlumber 'till her Call,
Regardleſs of th' Approach of any other Day.

EPHIALTES.

Why is ſhe then withheld, this public Good?
Why does ſhe give thoſe Hours that ſhould rejoice us
To Tears, Perverſeneſs, and to ſullen Privacy;
While vainly here we waſte our luſty Youth,
In Expectation of th' uncertain Bleſſing?

POLYDAMAS.

For twice two Years, this coy, this cruel Beauty
Has mock'd our Hopes, and croſt 'em with Delays;
At length the female Artifice is plain,
The Riddle of her myſtic Web is known,
Which ere her ſecond Choice ſhe ſwore to weave;
While ſtill the ſecret Malice of the Night
Undid the Labors of the former Day.

AGENOR.

Hard are the Laws of Love's deſpotic Rule,
And ev'ry Joy is trebly bought with Pain;
Crown we the Goblet then, and call on *Bacchus*;
Bacchus the jolly God of laughing Pleaſures,
Bid ev'ry Voice of Harmony awake,
Apollo's Lyre, and *Hermes*' tuneful Shell;
Let Wine and Muſic join to ſwell the Triumph,
To ſooth uneaſy Thought, and lull Deſire.

ÆTHON.

Is this the Rev'rence due to ſacred Beauty,
Or theſe the Rites the *Cyprian* Goddeſs claims?

These rude licentious Orgies are for *Satyrs*,
And such the drunken Homage which they pay
To old *Silenus* nodding on his Ass.
But be it as it may; it speaks you well.

EPHIALTES.

What says the Slave?

THOON.

Oh! 'tis the Snarler *Æthon*,
A privileg'd Talker---Give him leave to rail;
Or send for *Irus* forth, his fellow Droll,
And let 'em play a Match of Mirth before us,
And Laughter be the Prize to crown the Victor.

ÆTHON.

And dost thou answer to Reproof with Laughter?
But do so still, and be what thou wert born;
Stick to thy native Sense, and scorn Instruction.
Oh Folly! What an Empire hast thou here!
What Temples shall be rais'd to thee! What Crowds
Of slav'ring, hooting, senseless, shameful Idiots
Shall worship at thy ignominious Altars,
While Princes are thy Priests!

POLYDAMAS.

Why shoud'st thou think,
O'erweening, insolent, unmanner'd Slave,
That Wisdom does forsake the Wealth, the Honors,
And full Prosperity of Princes Courts,
To dwell with Rags and Wretchedness like thine?
Why dost thou call him Fool?

ÆTHON.

Speech is most free,
It is *Jove*'s Gift to all Mankind in common.
Why dost thou call me poor, and think me wretched?

POLYDAMAS.

Because thou art so.

ÆTHON.

Answer to thyself,
And let it serve for thee and for thy Friend.

AGENOR.

He talks like Oracles, obscure and short.

ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

I wou'd be underſtood, but Apprehenſion
Is not thy Talent——Midnight Surfeits, Wine,
And painful undigeſted Morning Fumes,
Have marr'd thy Underſtanding.

EPHIALTES.

Hence, thou Miſcreant!
My Lords, this Railer is not to be borne.

ÆTHON.

And wherefore art thou borne, thou public Grievance;
Thou Tyrant, born to be a Nation's Puniſhment;
To ſcourge thy guilty Subjects for their Crimes,
And prove Heav'n's ſharpeſt Vengeance?

EPHIALTES.

Spurn him hence,
And tear the rude, unhallow'd Railer's Tongue
Forth from his Throat.

ÆTHON.

If brutal Violence,
And Luſt of foul Revenge, ſhould urge thee on,
Spight of the Queen, and hoſpitable *Jove*,
T'oppreſs a Stranger, ſingle and unarm'd,
Yet mark me well, I was not born thy Vaſſal;
And wert thou ten Times greater than thou art,
And ten Times more a King, thus wou'd I meet thee;
Thus naked as I am, I wou'd oppoſe thee,
And fight a Woman's Battle with my Hands,
Ere thou ſhould'ſt do me Wrong, and go unpuniſh'd.

EPHIALTES.

Ha! doſt thou brave me, Dog?

Coming up to Æthon.

ÆTHON.

Avant!

BOLYDAMAS.

Begone!

Enter EURYMACHUS.

EURYMACHUS.

What Daughter of old *Chaos*, and the Night,
What Fury loiters yet behind the Shades,

To vex the peaceful Morn with Rage and Uproar?
Each frowning Viſage, doubly dy'd with Wrath,
Your Voices in tumultuous Clamors rais'd,
Venting Reproach, and ſtirring ſtrong Contention,
Say, you have been at Variance——Speak, ye Princes,
Whence grew th' Occaſion?

ÆTHON.

King of *Samos*, hear me.
To thee, as to a King, worthy the Name,
The Majeſty and Right-divine of Pow'r,
Boldly I dare appeal——This King of *Seriphos*,
[*Pointing to* Ephialtes.
This Iſland Lord, this Monarch of a Rock,
He and his Fellow Princes there, yon Band
Of eating, drinking Lovers, have, in Scorn
Of the Gods Laws, and Strangers ſacred Privilege,
Offer'd me foul Offence, and moſt unmanly Injuries.

EURYMACHUS.

Away! it is too much——You wrong your Honors,——
[*To the Wooers.*
And ſtain the Luſtre of your royal Names,
To brawl and wrangle with a Thing beneath you;
Are we not Chief on Earth, and plac'd aloft?
And when we poorly ſtoop to mean Revenge,
We ſtand debas'd, and level with the Slave,
Who fondly dares us with his vain Defiance.

EPHIALTES.

Henceforward, let the ribbald Railer learn
To curb the lawleſs Licence of his Speech;
Let him be dumb, we wo'not brook his Prating.

EURYMACHUS.

Go to! You are to bitter---But no more; [*To* Æthon.
Let ev'ry jarring Sound of Diſcord ceaſe,
Tune all your Thoughts and Words to Beauty's Praiſe,
To Beauty, that, with ſweet and pleaſant Influence,
Breaks like the Day-ſtar from the chearful Eaſt.
For ſee where, circled with a Crowd of Fair Ones,
Freſh as the Spring, and fragrant as its Flow'rs,
Your Queen appears, your Goddeſs, your *Penelope*.

Enter

Enter the Queen, with Ladies, and other Attendants.

Diana thus, on *Cynthus'* ſhady Top,
Or by *Eurotas'* Stream leads to the Chace
Her Virgin Train; a thouſand lovely Nymphs
Of Form celeſtial all, troop by her Side;
Amidſt a thouſand Nymphs the Goddeſs ſtands confeſt,
In Beauty, Majeſty, and Port divine,
Supreme and eminent.

QUEEN.

If theſe ſweet Sounds,
This humble fawning Phraſe, this faithleſs Flattery,
If theſe known Arts cou'd heal my wounded Soul,
Cou'd recompence the Sorrows of my Days,
Or ſooth the Sighings of my lonely Nights;
Well might you hope to wooe me to your Wiſhes,
And win my Heart with your fond Tales of Love:
But ſince whate'er I've ſuffer'd for my Lord,
From *Troy*, the Winds and Seas, the Gods and you,
Is deeply writ within my ſad Remembrance,
Know, Princes, all your Eloquence is vain.

AGENOR.

If thoſe bright Eyes, that waſte their Lights with weeping,
Wou'd kindly ſhine upon *Agenor's* Hopes,
Behold he offers to his charming Queen,
His Crown, his Life, his ever faithful Vows,
What Joys ſoe'er, or Love or Empire yield,
To bleſs her future Days, and make 'em happy all.

POLYDAMAS.

Accept my Crown, and reign with me in *Delos*.

THOON.

Mine, and the Homage of my People wait you.

EPHIALTES.

I cannot court you with a ſilken Tale,
With eaſy, ambling Speeches, fram'd on Purpoſe,
Made to be ſpoke in Tune——But be my Queen,
And leave my plain-ſpoke Love to prove its Merit.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

And am I yet to learn your Love, your Faith?
Are not my Wrongs gone up to Heav'n against you?
Do they not ſtand before the Throne of Jove;
And call inceſſant on his tardy Vengeance?
What Sun has ſhone that has not ſeen your Inſolence,
Your waſteful Riot, and your impious Mirth,
Your Scorn of old *Laertes'* feeble Age,
Of my Son's Youth, and of my Woman's Weakneſs!
Ev'n in my Palace, here, my lateſt Refuge,
(For you are Lords of all beſides in *Ithaca*)
With Ruffian Violence, and murd'rous Rage
You menace the Defenceleſs and the Stranger;
And from th' unhoſpitable Dwelling drive
Safety and friendly Peace.

ÆTHON.

For me, it matters not;
Wrong is the Portion ſtill of feeble Age;
My toilſome Length of Days, full oft has taught me
What 'tis to ſtruggle with the Proud and Powerful;
But 'tis for thy unhappy Fate, fair Queen,
'Tis to behold thy Beauty and thy Virtue,
Tranſcendent both, worthy the Gods who gave 'em,
And worthy of their Care, to ſee 'em left,
Abandon'd and forſaken to rude Outrage,
And made a Prize for Drunkards; 'tis for this
My Soul takes Fire within, and vainly urges
My cold, enervate Hand, t'aſſert thy Cauſe.

QUEEN.

Alas! they ſcorn the Weakneſs of thy Age,
As of my Sex—— But mark me well, ye Princes!
Whoe'er amongſt you dares to lift his Hand
Againſt the hoary Head of this old Man,
This good old Man, this Friend of my *Ulyſſes*,
Him will I hold my worſt, my deadlieſt Foe;
Him ſhall my Curſes and Revenge purſue,
And mark him from the reſt with moſt diſtinguiſh'd Hatred.

EPHI.

EPHIALTES.

That you are weak, defenceleſs and oppreſt,
Impute not to the Gods; they have befriended you;
With laviſh Hands they ſpread their Gifts before you:
What Pride, Revenge, what wanton Love of Change,
Or Woman's Wiſh can aſk, behold, we offer you.
Curſe the Perverſeneſs of your ſtubborn Will then,
That has delay'd your Choice, and in that Choice your Happineſs.

QUEEN.

And muſt I hear this ſtill, and ſtill endure it?
Oh Rage! Diſhonor! wretched, helpleſs Queen!
Return, return my Hero, my *Ulyſſes:*
Bring him again, you cruel Seas and Winds,
Troy, and adult'rous *Paris*, are no more;
Reſtore him then, you righteous Gods of *Greece*,
T'avenge himſelf and me upon theſe Tyrants,
And do a ſecond Juſtice here at Home.

EURYMACHUS.

Amongſt the mighty *Manes* of the *Greeks*,
Great Names, and fam'd for higheſt Deeds in War,
His honor'd Shade reſts from the Toils of Life,
In everlaſting Indolence and Eaſe,
Careleſs of all your Pray'rs and vain Complainings,
Which the Winds bear away, and ſcatter in their Wantonneſs.
Turn thoſe bright Eyes, then, from Deſpair and Death,
And fix your better Hopes among the Living;
Fix 'em on One, who dares, who can defend you;
One worthy of your Choice.

QUEEN.

If my free Soul
Muſt ſtoop to this unequal, hard Condition,
If I muſt make this ſecond-hated Choice,
Yet by connubial *Juno* here I ſwear,
None ſhall ſucceed my Lord, but that brave Man
That dares avenge me well upon the reſt.
Then let whoever dares to Love be bold,

Be,

Be, like my former Hero, made for War,
Able to bend the Bow, and toſs the Spear;
For ev'ry Wrong his injur'd Queen has found,
Let him revenge and pay it with a Wound;
Fierce from the Slaughter let the Victor come,
And tell me that my Foes have met their Doom;
Then plight his Faith upon his bloody Sword,
And be what my *Ulyſſes* was, my beſt, my deareſt Lord.

[*Exeunt Queen*, Mentor, *and Attendants*; Eurymachus, Ephialtes, Agenor, Thoon, *and* Polydamas, *following*.

Manet ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

O matchleſs Proof of Faith and Love unchang'd!
Left in the Pride, the wiſhing Warmth of Youth,
For ten long Years, and ten long Years to that;
And yet ſo true! Beſet with ſtrong Allurements,
With Youth, proud Pomp, and ſoft bewitching Pleaſure,
'Tis wonderful! and Wives in later Times
Shall think it all the Forgery of Wit;
A Fable curiouſly contriv'd t'upbraid
Their fickle eaſy Faith, and mock them for their Lightneſs.
But ſee the *Samian* King returns.

Enter EURYMACHUS.

EURYMACHUS.

I ſought you
Amidſt the Crowd of Princes, who attend
The Queen to *Juno*'s Temple.

ÆTHON.

When I worſhip,
And bow myſelf before the awful Gods,
I mingle not with thoſe who ſcorn their Laws,
With raging, brutal, looſe, voluptuous Crowds,
Who take the Gods for Glutton, like themſelves.

EURYMACHUS.

This ſullen Garb, this moody Diſcontent,
Sits on thee well, and I applaud thy Anger;

Thy

Thy juſt Diſdain of this licentious Rout:
Yet all are not like theſe; nor ought thy Quarrel
Be carry'd on to all Mankind in common.

ÆTHON.

Perhaps the untaught Plainneſs of my Words,
May make you think my Manners rude and ſavage:
But know, my Country is the Land of Liberty;
Phæacia's happy Iſle, that gave me Birth,
Forbids not any to ſpeak plain and truly;
Sincere and open are we, roughly honeſt,
Upright in Deed, tho' ſimple in our Speech,
As meaning not to flatter, or offend;
The Uſe of Words we have, but not the Art;
And ev'n as Nature dictates, ſo we ſpeak.

EURYMACHUS.

Now by great *Juno*, Guardian of our *Samos*,
In ſtrong Deſcription haſt thou well expreſt
That manly Virtue I wou'd make a Friend of.
Nor thou, brave *Æthon*, ſhalt diſdain our Amity,
Our proffer'd Love; for know, that Kings, like Gods,
With all Things good adorn their own Creation;
And where their Favor fixes, there is Happineſs.

ÆTHON.

Yes, Sir, you are a King; a great One too;
My humbler Birth has caſt me far beneath you,
And made me for the proffer'd Grace unfit;
Friendſhip delights in equal Fellowſhip;
Where Parity of Rank, and mutual Offices,
Engage both Sides alike, and keep the Balance ev'n.
'Tis irkſome to a gen'rous, grateful Soul,
To be oppreſt beneath a Load of Favors;
Still to receive, and run in Debt to Friendſhip,
Without the Pow'r of paying ſomething back.

EURYMACHUS.

I know thee grateful; juſt and gen'rous Minds
Are always ſo; nor is thy Pow'r ſo ſcanty,
But that it may vie with a King's Munificence;
May make me large Amends for all my Bounty;

May bleſs me with a Benefit I want;
And give me that which my Soul moſt deſires:
The Queen——

ÆTHON.

How, Sir, the Queen?

EURYMACHUS.

The beauteous Queen!
That Summer-Sun in full Meridian Glory!
Brighter than the faint Promiſe of the Spring,
With Bleſſings ripen'd to the Gatherer's Hand,
Mature for Joy, and in Perfection lovely;
Ev'n ſhe!
The Pride of *Greece*, the Wiſh of youthful Princes,
Severe and cold, and rigid as ſhe is,
Looks gently on thee, *Æthon*; ſhe beholds thee
With kind Regard, and liſtens to thy Counſels.

ÆTHON.

Be ſtill thou beating Heart! [*Aſide.*] Well, Sir, go on.

EURYMACHUS.

No more, there needs no more; thy piercing Wit,
I read it in thy Eyes, hath found my Purpoſe.
Be favorable then, be friendly to me;
Nay, I'll conjure thee, by my Hopes, by thine,
Whether they follow Wealth, or Pow'r, or Fame,
Or what Deſires ſoe'er warm thy old Breaſt,
Counſel me, aid me, teach me, be my Friend.

ÆTHON.

Suppoſe me ſuch, What ſhou'd my Friendſhip profit you?

EURYMACHUS.

O by ten thouſand Ways! Has not that Age
That turn'd thy rev'rend Locks ſo Silver white,
Has it not giv'n thee Skill in Womankind;
Sagacious Wiſdom to explore their Subtleties,
Their coy Averſions, and their eager Appetites,
Their falſe Denials, and their ſecret Yieldings?
Yet more, thy Friendſhip with her former Lord,
Gives thee a Right to ſpeak, and be believ'd.

ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

Then you wou'd have me wooe her for you, win her;
This Queen, this Wife of him that was my Friend?

EURYMACHUS.

Thou ſpeak'ſt me well; of him that was thy Friend:
His Death has broke thoſe Bonds of Love and Friendſhip,
And left me free and worthy to ſucceed,
Both in her Heart, and thine.

ÆTHON.

Excuſe me, Sir,
Nor think I meant to queſtion your high Worth.
I am but ill at Praiſing, or my Tongue
Had ſpoke the great Things that my Heart thinks of you.
Suppoſe me wholly yours——Yet do you hold
This Soy'reign Beauty made of ſuch light Stuff,
So like the common Changelings of her Sex,
That he that flatter'd, ſigh'd, and ſpoke her fair,
Cou'd win her from her ſtubborn Reſolution,
And chaſte Reſerv'dneſs, with his ſweet Perſuaſion?

EURYMACHUS.

No, were ſhe form'd like them, ſhe were a Conqueſt
Beneath a Monarch's Love, or *Æthan*'s Wit.
Not but I think, ſhe has her warmer Wiſhes;
'Twere monſtrous elſe, and Nature had deny'd
Her choiceſt Bleſſing to her faireſt Creature:
Her ſoft Deſires that ſteal abroad unſeen,
Like Silver *Cynthia* ſliding from her Orb,
At Dead of Night to young *Endymion*'s Arms.

ÆTHON.

How! think you ſo?——But ſo 'tis true it may be;
The beſt of all the Sex is but a Woman;
And why ſhou'd Nature break her Rule for One?
To make One true, when all the reſt are falſe?
To find thoſe Wiſhes then, thoſe fond Deſires,
To trace the fulſom Haunts of wanton Appetite,
She muſt be try'd.

EURY-

EURYMACHUS.

That to thy Care, my *Æthon*,
Thy Wit and watchful Friendſhip I commend.

ÆTHON.

Yes, Sir, be certain on't, ſhe ſhall be try'd;
Thro' all the winding Mazes of her Thoughts,
Thro' all her Joys, her Sorrows, and her Fears,
Thro' all her Truth and Falſhood I'll purſue her.
She ſhall be ſubtler than Deceit itſelf,
And proſp'rouſly wicked, if ſhe 'ſcape me.

EURYMACHUS.

Thou art my Genius, and my happier Hours
Depend upon thy Providence and Rule.
This Day, at her Return from *Juno*'s Altar,
I have obtain'd an Hour of private Conference.

ÆTHON.

What! private, ſaid you? 'Twas a Mark of Favor,
Diſtinguiſhingly kind.

EURYMACHUS.

Somewhat I urg'd
That much concern'd her Honor, and her Safety,
Nay ev'n the Life of her belov'd *Telemachus*,
Which to her Ear alone I wou'd diſcloſe:
Thou ſhalt be preſent——How I mean to prove her,
Which Way to ſhake the Temper of her Soul,
And where thy Aid may ſtand me moſt in ſtead,
I will inſtruct thee as we paſs along.

ÆTHON.

I wait you, Sir.

EURYMACHUS.

Nor doubt of the Succeſs;
This ſtubborn Beauty ſhall be taught Compliance.
Fair Daughter of the Ocean, ſmiling *Venus*,
Thou Joy of Gods and Men, aſſiſt my Purpoſe;
Thy *Cyprus* and *Cythera* leave a-while,
Thy *Paphian* Groves, and ſweet *Idalian* Hill,
To fix thy Empire in this rugged Iſle;

Bring

Bring all thy Fires from ev'ry Lover there,
To warm this coy, this cruel, frozen Fair;
Let her no more from Nature's Laws be free,
But learn Obedience to thy great Decree,
Since Gods themſelves ſubmit to Fate and Thee.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter ANTINOUS, CLEON, *and* ARCAS.

ANTINOUS.

'TIS thus, my Fellow-Citizens and Friends,
'Tis thus unhappy *Ithaca* muſt groan
Beneath the Bondage of a foreign Lord;
A needy, upſtart Race of hungry Strangers
Shall ſwarm upon the Land, eat its Increaſe,
Devour the Labors of the toiling Hind,
And gather all the Wealth and Honors of our Iſle.

CLEON.

The ſilken Minions of the *Samian* Court,
To lord it o'er the Province ſhall be ſent,
To rule the State, to be the Chiefs in War,
And lead our hardy *Ithacans* to Battle.
Freedom and Right ſhall ceaſe; our Corn, Wine, Oil,
The Fatneſs of the Year, ſhall all be theirs;
Our modeſt Matrons, and our Virgin Daughters,
Ev'n all we hold moſt dear, ſhall be the Spoil,
The Prey of our imperious, haughty Maſters.

ARCAS.

Wou'd I cou'd ſay I did not fear theſe Evils.

ANTINOUS.

O honeſt *Arcas*, 'tis too plain a Danger.
The Queen, requir'd by public Voice to wed,
To end at once the Hopes and riotous Concourſe
Of princely Gueſts, contending for her Love,
O'er-paſſing all the nobleſt of our Iſle,
Inclines to fix her Choice on proud *Eurymachus*,

CLEON.

Why rides the *Samian* Fleet within our Harbor,
But to ſupport their Tyrant's Title here?

With

With Cauſes feign'd, they linger long, pretending
Rude Winter Seas, with Omens that forbid
The frighted Mariner to leave the Shore;
While *Neptune* ſmooths his Waters for their Paſſage,
And gently-whiſtling Winds invite their Sails,
As if they wiſh'd to waft them back to *Samos?*

ARCAS.

Ulyſſes is no more; the partial Gods,
Who favor'd *Priam* and his hapleſs Race,
Have pour'd their Wrath on his devoted Head;
And now, in ſome far diſtant Realm, expos'd
To glut the Vulture's, and the Lion's Maw,
Or in the oozy Bottom of the Deep,
Full many a Fathom down, the Hero lies,
And never ſhall return——What then remains,
But that our Country fly to thee for Succor,
[*To* Antinous.
To thee, the nobleſt of the Lords of *Ithaca?*
And ſince, ſo Fate ordains, our Queen muſt wed,
Be thou her ſecond Choice, be thou her Ruler,
And ſave our Nation from a foreign Yoke.

ANTINOUS.

You are my Friends, and over-rate my Worth:
But witneſs for me, for you ſtill have known me,
When e'er my Country's Service calls me on,
No Enterprize ſo doubtful, or ſo dangerous,
But I will boldly prove it, to preſerve thee,
Oh *Ithaca*, from Bondage.

CLEON.

Wherefore urge you not
Your Suit among the reſt?

ANTINOUS.

The cruel Queen
Rejects my humble Vows with angry Scorn:
And when I once preſum'd to ſpeak my Paſſion,
She call'd it Inſolence——Since then I've ſtrove
To hide th' unlucky Folly, from all Eyes
But yours, my Friends, who view my naked Soul.

ARCAS.

ARCAS.

Avow your Flame in public, tell the World
Antinous is worthy of a Queen;
So many valiant Hands ſhall own your Cauſe,
So ſhall the Voice in *Ithaca* be for you,
The Queen ſhall own your Love has made her great,
And giv'n her back an Empire ſhe had loſt.

ANTINOUS.

Think not I dream the Hours of Life away,
Supine, and negligent of Love and Glory;
No, *Arcas*, no, my active Mind is buſy,
And ſtill has labor'd with a vaſt Deſign;
Ere long, the beauteous Birth will be diſclos'd,
Then ſhall your Pow'rs come forth, your Swords and Counſels,
And manifeſt the Love you bear *Antinous*;
'Till then be ſtill——To favor my Deſign,
With low Submiſſions, with obſequious Duty,
And Vows of Friendſhip, fit to flatter Boys with,
I've wound myſelf into the Prince's Heart.

CLEON.

'Tis ſaid, the Love-ſick Youth dotes ev'n to Death
Upon the *Samian* Princeſs, fair *Semanthe*.

ANTINOUS.

Let it go on—'tis a convenient Dotage,
And ſuits my Purpoſe well—The Youth, by Nature
Is active, fiery, bold, and great of Soul;
Love is the Bane of all theſe noble Qualities,
The ſickly Fit that palls Ambition's Appetite;
And therefore have I nurs'd the fond Diſeaſe,
Inſpiring lazy Wiſhes, Sighs and Languiſhings,
Unactive dreaming Sloth, and Womaniſh Softneſs,
To freeze his Veins, and quench his manly Fires.
The froward God of Love, to boaſt his Pow'r,
Has bred of late ſome little Jars between 'em;
But 'twas my Care to reconcile their Follies;
And, if my Augury deceives me not,
This Day a Prieſt in private makes 'em one,
Unknown, or to the Queen, or to *Eurymachus*.
But ſee!——They come——retire.——

Enter

Enter TELEMACHUS *and* SEMANTHE.

Do, Sigh and Smile,
And print thy Lips upon the ſoft white Hand;
Scepters and Crowns are Trifles none regard,
That can be bleſt with ſuch a Joy as this is.

[*Exeunt* Antinous, Cleon, *and* Arcas.

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, my *Semanthe*, ſtill I will complain,
Still I will murmur at thee, cruel Maid,
For all that Pain thou gav'ſt my Heart but now.
What God, averſe to Innocence and Love,
Cou'd ſhake thy gentle Soul with ſuch a Storm?
Juſt at that happy Moment, when the Prieſt
Had join'd our Hands, thou ſtart'ſt as Death had ſtruck thee,
And ſighing cry'dſt, Ah! no!——it is impoſſible!

SEMANTHE.

And yet, oh my lov'd Lord, yet I am yours;
This Hand has giv'n me to you, and this Heart,
This Heart that akes with Tenderneſs confirm'd it.

TELEMACHUS.

And yet thou art not mine;---elſe why this Sorrow?
Why art thou wet with weeping, as the Earth,
When vernal *Jove* deſcends in gentle Show'rs,
To cauſe Increaſe, and bleſs the infant Year,
When ev'ry ſpiry Graſs, and painted Flow'r,
Is hung with pearly Drops of heav'nly Rain?

SEMANTHE.

Ye Woods and Plains, and all ye Virgin *Dryads*,
Happy Companions of thoſe Woods and Plains,
Why was I forc'd to leave your chearful Fellowſhip,
To come and loſe my Peace of Mind at *Ithaca*?
And Oh! *Semanthe*, wherefore didſt thou liſten
To that dear Voice? why didſt thou break thy Vow,
Made to the Huntreſs *Cynthia* and her Train?
Ah! ſay, fond Maid, ſay wherefore didſt thou love?

TELEMACHUS.

Alas! my gentle Love, how have I wrong'd thee?

By what unwilling Crime have I offended?
That thus with ſtreaming Eyes thou ſhouldſt complain,
Thus daſh my Joys, and quench thoſe holy Fires,
By yellow *Hymen*'s Torch ſo lately lighted:
Thus ſtain this bleſſed Day, our bridal Day,
With the deteſted Omen of thy Sorrows?

SEMANTHE.

Of what ſhou'd I accuſe thee? Thou art noble,
Thy Heart is ſoft, is pitiful and tender;
And thou wilt never wrong thy poor *Semanthe.*
And yet———

TELEMACHUS.

What mean'ſt thou?

SEMANTHE.

What have we been doing?

TELEMACHUS.

A Deed of Happineſs.

SEMANTHE,

Are we not marry'd?

TELEMACHUS.

We are,---and like the careful, thirſty Hind,
Who provident of Winter fills his Stores
With all the various Plenty of the Autumn,
We've hoarded up a mighty Maſs of Joy,
To laſt for all our Years that are to come,
And ſweeten ev'ry bitter Hour of Life.

SEMANTHE.

Fain wou'd I ſooth my Soul with theſe ſweet Hopes,
Forget the Anguiſh of my waking Cares,
And all thoſe boding Dreams that haunt my Slumbers;
Laſt Night, when after many a heavy Sigh,
And many a painful Thought, the God of Sleep,
Inſenſible and ſoft, had ſtole upon me;
Methought I found me by a murm'ring Brook,
Reclin'd at Eaſe upon the flow'ry Margin;
And thou, thou firſt and laſt of all my Thoughts,
Thou dear, eternal Object of my Wiſhes,
Cloſe by my Side wert laid.———

TELE-

TELEMACHUS.

Delightful Viſion;
And Oh! Oh Pity that it was not real.

SEMANTHE.

A while on many a pleaſing Theme we talk'd,
And mingled ſweet Diſcourſe; when, on the Sudden,
The Cry of Hounds, the jolly Huntſman's Horn,
With all the chearful Muſic of the Chace,
Surpriz'd my Ear---and ſtrait a Troop of Nymphs,
Once the dear Partners of my Virgin Heart,
Flew lightly by us, eager of the Sport;
Laſt came the Goddeſs, great *Latona*'s Daughter;
With more than mortal Grace ſhe ſtood conſeſt;
I ſaw the golden Quiver at her Back,
And heard the Sounding of her Silver Bow;
Abaſh'd I roſe, and lowly made Obeiſance;
But ſhe, not ſweet, nor affable, nor ſmiling,
As once ſhe wont, with ſtern Regard beheld me;
And wherefore doſt thou loiter here, ſhe ſaid,
Of me, thy Fellows, and our Sports unmindful?
Return, thou Fugitive; nor vainly hope
To dreſs thy Bridal Bed, and waſte thy Youth
In wanton Pleaſures, and inglorious Love;
A Virgin at my Altar wert thou vow'd,
'Tis fix'd by Fate, and thou art mine for ever.
With that ſhe ſnatch'd a Chaplet from my Hand,
Which for thy Head in Fondneſs I had wove,
And bore me ſwiftly with her:——In my Flight,
Backwards, methought, I turn'd my Eyes to thee,
But found thee not, for thou wert vaniſh'd from me,
And in thy Place my Father lay extended
Upon the Earth, a bloody lifeleſs Coarſe;
Struck to the very Heart, I ſhriekt aloud,
And waking, found my Tears upon my Pillow.

TELEMACHUS.

Vex not thy peaceful Soul, my fair *Semanthe*,
Nor dread the Anger of the awful Gods,
Safe in thy native unoffending Innocence.
Still when the golden Sun withdraws his Beams,

And drowzy Night invades the weary World,
Forth flies the God of Dreams, fantaſtic *Morpheus*,
Ten thouſand mimic Phantoms fleet around him,
Subtle as Air, and various in their Natures,
Each has ten thouſand thouſand diff'rent Forms,
In which they dance confus'd before the Sleeper,
While the vain God laughs to behold what Pain
Imaginary Evils give Mankind.

SEMANTHE.

Not happy Omens that approve our Wiſhes,
When bright with Flames the chearful Altar ſhines,
And the good Gods are gracious to our Offerings;
Not Oracles themſelves, that ſpeak us happy,
Cou'd charm my Fears, and lull my froward Sorrows,
Like the dear Voice of him whom my Soul loves;
Ev'n while thou ſpok'ſt my Breaſt begun to glow,
I felt ſweet Hopes, and Joy, and Peace returning,
And all the Fires of Life were kindled up anew.

TELEMACHUS.

Hence then, thou meager Care, ill-boding Melancholy,
Anxious Diſquiet, and heart-breaking Grief,
Fly to your native Seats, where deep below
Old Night and Horror with the Furies dwell,
Love and the joyful genial Bed diſclaim you;
To Night a thouſand little laughing *Cupids*
Shall be our Guard, and wakeful watch around us,
No Sound no Thought ſhall enter to diſturb us,
But ſacred Silence reign; unleſs, ſometimes,
We ſigh and murmur with Exceſs of Happineſs.

SEMANTHE.

Alas, my Lord!

TELEMACHUS.

Again that mournful Sound!

SEMANTHE.

What other Pain is this? what other Fear,
So diff'rent quite from what I felt before?
Alternate Heat and Cold ſhoot thro' my Veins;
Now a chill Dew hangs faintly on my Brow,

And

And now with gentle Warmth I glow all o'er;
Short are my Sighs, and nimbly beats my Heart,
I gaze on thee with Joy, and yet I tremble;
'Tis Pain and Pleaſure blended, both at once,
'Tis Life and Death, or ſomething more than either.

TELEMACHUS.

Thus untry'd Soldiers, when the Trumpet ſounds,
Expect the Combat with uncertain Paſſions;
Thus Nature ſpeaks in unexperienc'd Maids,
And thus they bluſh, and thus like thee they tremble.
At Even, when the Queen retires to Reſt,
I'll meet thee here, and take thee to my Arms,
Thy beſt, thy ſureſt Refuge.———
But ſee! the Stranger *Æthon* comes, retire,
I wou'd not have his watchful Eye obſerve us.

Enter ÆTHON.

I charge thee loiter not, but haſte to bleſs me,
Haſte, at th' appointed Hour———
Think with what eager Hopes, what Rage I burn,
For ev'ry tedious Minute how I mourn;
Think, how I call thee cruel for thy Stay,
And break my Heart with Grief, for thy unkind Delay.
[*Exeunt* Telemachus *and* Semanthe.

Manet ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

Ha! what ſo cloſe? how cautious to avoid me!
As who ſhou'd ſay, Old Man you are too wiſe,
What has my Youth to do with your Inſtructions,
While Folly is ſo pleaſant to my Taſte,
And damn'd Deſtruction wears a Face ſo fair?
This *Samian* King is happy in his Arts:
His Daughter, vow'd a Virgin to *Diana*,
Is brought to play the Wanton here at *Ithaca*:
No matter for Religion; let the Gods
Look to their Rites themſelves; the Youth grows fond,
Juſt to their Wiſh! and ſwears himſelf their Vaſſal.
His Mother follows next——but ſoft——they come;

Now to put on the Pander!——That's my Office.

Enter the QUEEN *and* EURYMACHUS.

QUEEN.

Have I not anſwer'd oft, It is vain,
In vain to urge me with this hateful Subject;
As thou art noble, pity me, *Eurymachus*;
Add not new Weight of Sorrows to my Days,
That drag too ſlow, too heavily along;
Compel me not to curſe my Life, my Being,
To curſe each Morn, each chearful Morn, that dawns
With healing Comfort on its balmy Wings,
To ev'ry wretched Creature, but myſelf;
To me it brings more Pain, and iterated Woes.

EURYMACHUS.

Oh God of Eloquence, bright *Maja*'s Son!
Teach me what more than mortal Grace of Speech,
What Sounds can move this fierce relentleſs Fair,
This cruel Queen, that pityleſs beholds
My Heart that bleeds for her, my humble Knee,
In abject low Submiſſion bent to Earth,
To deprecate her Scorn, and beg in vain,
One gracious Word, one favourable Look.

QUEEN.

Count back the tedious Years, ſince firſt my Hero
Forſook theſe faithful Arms to war with *Troy*;
And yet in all that long, long Tract of Time,
Witneſs, ye chaſter Pow'rs, if e'er my Thoughts
Have harbor'd any other Gueſt but him;
Remember, King of *Samos*, what I've been,
Then think if I can change——*Æthon!* come near.

[Æthon *comes forward.*

Good honeſt Man! how rare is Truth like thine!
Thou great Example of a loyal Friend!

ÆTHON.

Oh Lady, ſpare that Praiſe; if few like me
Are Friends, yet none have ever lov'd like you;
Why what a mighty Space is twenty Years!
'Tis irkſome to Remembrance, to look back

Upon

Upon your Youth, that happier Part of Life,
Like ſome fair Field, or rich and fertile Soil,
That might have bleſt the Owner with Abundance;
But left unheeded, like a barren Moor,
Lies fenceleſs, wild, uncultivate, and waſte.

QUEEN.

Alas!

EURYMACHUS.

Were Youth and Beauty giv'n in vain?
Why were the Gods ſo laviſh of their Gifts,
To one, whoſe ſullen Pride neglects to uſe 'em,
As if ſhe ſcorn'd the Care Heav'n took to make her happy?

ÆTHON.

More than enough of Sorrow have you known;
Give Eaſe at length to your afflicted Soul.
Be comforted, and now while Time is yours,
Taſte the good things of Life, yet ere they periſh,
Yet ere the happy Seaſon paſs away.

QUEEN.

What ſov'reign Balm, what heav'nly healing Art,
Can cure a Heart ſo torn with Grief as mine,
Can ſtay this never-ceaſing Stream of Tears,
And once more make my Senſes know Delight?

EURYMACHUS.

What God can Work that Miracle but Love?
Love, who diſpenſes Joy to Heav'n itſelf,
And chears his Fellow-Gods more than their Nectar,
'Till wrapt with vaſt, unutterable Pleaſures,
Such as immortal Natures only know,
Each owns his Pow'r, and bleſſes the ſweet Boy.

QUEEN.

Now *Æthon*, by thy Friendſhip to my Lord,
Anſwer, I charge thee, to this cruel King;
Demand if it be noble to prophane
My Virtue thus, with looſe diſhoneſt Courtſhip.

ÆTHON.

Are Love and Virtue then ſuch mortal Foes,
That they muſt never meet?

QUEEN.

Never with me,
Unleſs my Lord return.

ÆTHON.

Vain Expectation!

QUEEN.

Ha! ſurely I miſtook!---what ſaid'ſt thou, *Æthon?*

ÆTHON.

That you have waited long for that Return,
Waſted too much of Life, and caſt away
Thoſe precious Hours, that might have been employ'd
To better Uſe than Weeping.

QUEEN.

This from thee
Oh faithleſs; Truth is vaniſh'd then indeed.
Oh *Æthon!*---art thou too---become my Enemy?

ÆTHON.

If, to reward your Faith to loſt *Ulyſſes*,
I pray the Gods to heap their Bleſſings on you,
To make you Miſtreſs of a mighty Nation,
An Empire greater, nobler than your own;
And crown you with this valiant Monarch's Love;
If this be Enmity, you may accuſe me.

QUEEN.

Doſt thou ſolicit for him; doſt thou dare
Invade my Peace, my Virtue?

ÆTHON.

Not for him,
But for the common Happineſs of both.

QUEEN.

Traitor! no more---at length thy wicked Arts,
Thy falſe diſſembled Friendſhip for my Lord,
Thy pious Journey hither for his ſake,
Thy Care of me, my Son, and of the State,
Thy Praiſe, thy Counſels, and thy Shew of Virtue,
So holy, ſo adorn'd with rev'rend Age,
All are reveal'd, and thou confeſt a Villain;
Hire, and the ſordid Love of Gain have caught thee;

Gold

Gold has prevail'd upon thee to betray me,
And bargain for my Honor with this Prince.
[*Pointing to* Eurymachus.

ÆTHON.

It grieves me I offend you——ſure I am,
I meant it as a Friend.

QUEEN.

Hence from my Sight!

EURYMACHUS.

Æthon, no more---Since Love and willing Friendſhip
Employ their pious Offices in vain,
Learn we henceforth from this imperious Beauty,
Learn we, from her Example, to be cruel:
And tho' our ſofter Paſſions reſt unſatisfy'd,
Yet the more fierce, the manly, and the rough,
Shall be indulg'd and riot to Exceſs.
Up then, Revenge, and arm thee thou fell Fury,
Up then, and ſhake thy hundred iron Whips,
To Day I vow to ſacrifice to thee,
And ſlake thy horrid Thirſt with Draughts of royal Gore.

QUEEN.

What ſays the Tyrant? [*Aſide*] Oh, *Eurymachus*
What fatal Purpoſe has thy Heart conceiv'd?
What means that Rage that lightens in thy Eyes,
That flaſhes fierce, and menaces Deſtruction?

EURYMACHUS.

The lambent Fire of Love prevails no more,
And now another mightier Flame ſucceeds;
Vaunt not too ſoon, nor triumph in thy Scorn:
For know, proud Queen, in ſpight of thy Diſdain,
There is a Way ev'n yet to reach thy Heart.
Thou haſt a Son, the Darling of thy Eyes——

QUEEN.

Oh fatal Thought!
Fear, like the Hand of Death has ſeiz'd my Heart;
Cold, chilling Cold——My Son! Oh my *Telemachus!*

ÆTHON.

That Stroke was home---now, Virtue, hold thy own.
[*Aſide.*

EURYMACHUS.

Know then, that Son is in my Pow'r, and holds
His frail uncertain Being at my Pleaſure;
And when I frown, Death and Deſtruction, greedy,
Watchful, intent like Tigers on their Prey,
Start ſudden forth, and ſeize the helpleſs Boy.
Three hundred choſen Warriors from my Fleet,
Who undiſcern'd, in Parties, and by Stealth,
Late came aſhore, now wait for my Commands;
Think on 'em as the Miniſters of Fate,
For when I bid 'em execute, 'tis done.

QUEEN.

If, as my Soul preſages from thoſe Terrors
Which gather on thy ſtern, tempeſtuous Brow,
Thou art ſeverely bent on Death and Vengeance;
Yet hear me, hear a Wretch's only Pray'r;
Oh ſpare the Innocent, ſpare my *Telemachus*,
Let not the Ruffian's Sword nor murd'rous Violence
Cut off the noble Promiſe of his Youth;
Oh ſpare him, and let all thy Rage fall here;
Remember 'twas this haughty, ſtubborn Queen
Refus'd thy Love, and let her feel thy Hate.

EURYMACHUS.

A ſecret Joy glides thro' my ſullen Heart,
To ſee ſo fair a Suitor kneel before me;
But what have I to do with Thoughts like theſe?
Æthon, go bear this Ring to bold *Ceraunus*,
The valiant Leader of our *Samian* Band;
My laſt of Orders, which this Morn I gave him,
Bid him perform; haſte thou, and ſee it done.

QUEEN.

Stay, I conjure thee, *Æthon*——Cruel King!
Speak, anſwer me, unfold this dreadful Secret:
Where points this ſudden, dark, myſterious Miſchief?
Say, at the Head of what devoted Wretch
This winged Thunder aims——Say, while my Fears
Have left me yet a little Life to hear thee.

EURYMACHUS.

Already doſt thou dread the gath'ring Storm,

That

That grumbles in the Air, preluding Ruin?
But mark the Stroke, keep all thy Tears for that,
Too ſoon it ſhall be told thee——*Æthon* hence.

QUEEN, holding Æthon.

Not for thy Life—No not 'till thou haſt heard me.
[*To* Eurymachus,
Too well, alas! I underſtand my Fate;
How have I been among the happy Mothers
Call'd the moſt happy, now to be moſt miſerable:
The Barren, comfortleſs, ſate down and wept,
When they compar'd their Marriage-Beds with mine;
The Fruitful, when they boaſted of their Numbers,
With Envy and unwilling Praiſe, confeſt
That I had all their Bleſſings in my One;
Our Virgins, when they met him, ſigh'd and bluſh'd;
Matrons and Wives beheld him as a Wonder,
And gazing Crowds purſu'd and bleſt him as he paſs'd.
But then his Youth! his Tenderneſs! his Piety!
Oh my *Telemachus!* my Son! my Son!

EURYMACHUS.

And what are all theſe Tears and helpleſs Wailings,
What poor Amends to injur'd Love and me?
How have I mourn'd thy Scorn, unkind and cruel?
How have I melted in unmanly Weeping?
How have I taught the ſtubborn Rocks of *Ithaca*,
And all the ſounding Shore to echo my Complainings?
And haſt thou e'er relented? Now mourn thou,
And murmur not, nor think thy Lot too hard,
Since equal Juſtice pays thee but thy own.

QUEEN.

Oh didſt thou know what Agonies I feel,
Hard as thou art, thou would'ſt have Pity on me:
Death is too poor a Name, for that means Reſt,
But 'tis Deſpair---'tis mad---tormenting Rage,
'Tis terrible——'tis bitter Pain——it is
A Mother's Mourning for her only Son.

ÆTHON.

Now, now her lab'ring Heart is rent with Anguiſh!
Oh Nature, how affecting are thy Sorrows!

How moving, melting in a Mother's Eyes!
So Silver *Thetis*, on the *Phrygian* Shore,
Wept for her Son, foreknowing of his Fate,
The Sea-Nymphs ſate around, and join'd their Tears,
While from his loweſt Deep old Father Ocean
Was heard to groan in pity of their Pain. [*Aſide.*

EURYMACHUS.

Fair Mourner riſe——Thus far thou haſt prevail'd,
[*Offering to raiſe her.*
If, to atone for all I have endur'd,
For all thy cold Neglect, thy Arts, Delays,
For all my Years of anxious Expectation,
This Night thou give thy Beauties to my Arms;
This Night! For Love, impatient of my Wrongs,
Allows not ev'n a Moment's Space beyond it;
The Prince, thy lov'd *Telemachus*, ſhall live,
And Danger and Diſtreſs ſhall never know thee more.

QUEEN.

Oh Shame! Oh Modeſty! Connubial Truth
And ſpotleſs Purity! Ye heav'nly Train!
Have I preſerv'd you in my ſecret Soul,
To give you up at laſt, then plunge in Guilt,
Abandon'd to Diſhonour and Pollution?
Oh never! never! let me firſt be rack'd,
Torn, ſcatter'd by the Winds, plung'd in the Deep,
Or bound amidſt the Flames——Oh friendly Earth
Open thy Boſom——And thou *Proſerpine*,
Infernal *Juno*, mighty Queen of Shades,
Receive me to thy dark, thy dreadful Empire,
And hide me, ſave me from this Tyrant's Fury.

ÆTHON.

Oh racking racking Pain of ſecret Thought!
[*Aſide.*

EURYMACHUS.

Hence! hence thou Trifler Love! fond, vain Deceiver!
I caſt, I tear thee out——*Æthon*, be gone!

QUEEN.

Then drag me too!---Yet hear me once, once more,
For

For I will ſpeak to thee of Love!——of Rage!
Of Death! of Madneſs! and eternal *Chaos!*

EURYMACHUS.

Away, thou Loiterer! [*To Æthon.*

ÆTHON.

Then I muſt go.

QUEEN.

Eurymachus! [*Holding out her Hand to him.*

EURYMACHUS.

Speak——

QUEEN.

Mercy!

EURYMACHUS.

Love!

QUEEN.

Telemachus.

EURYMACHUS.

My Queen! My Goddeſs! Art thou kind at laſt?
Oh ſoftly, ſoftly breathe the charming Sound,
And let it gently ſteal upon my Soul,
Gently as falls the balmy Dew from Heav'n,
Or let thy kind conſenting Eyes ſpeak for thee,
And bring me the ſweet Tidings from thy Heart;
She yields! Immortal Gods! ſhe yields!

QUEEN.

Where is he?
Where is my Son? O tell me, is he ſafe?
Swear to me ſome moſt ſacred ſolemn Oath,
Swear my *Telemachus* is free from Danger.

EURYMACHUS.

Hear me, great *Jove*, Father of Gods and Men,
And thou blue *Neptune*, and thou *Stygian Pluto*,
Hear, all ye greater and ye leſſer Powers,
That rule in Heav'n, in Earth, in Seas, and Hell,
While to my Queen, on this fair Hand I ſwear,
That royal Youth, that beſt-lov'd Son is ſafe,
Nor dies unleſs his Mother urge his Fate.
At Night, a prieſt, by faithful *Æthon's* Care,
In private ſhall attend at thy Apartment;

There

There while rich Gums we burn, and ſpicy Odors,
The Gods of Marriage and of Love invoking,
I will renew my Vows, and at thy Feet
Devote ev'n all my Pow'rs to thy Command.

QUEEN.

'Till then be kind, and leave me to myſelf;
Leave me to vent the Fulneſs of my Breaſt,
Pour out the Sorrows of my Soul alone,
And ſigh myſelf, if poſſible, to Peace.
Oh thou dear Youth, for whom I feel again
My Throes, and twice endure a Mother's Pain;
Well had I dy'd to ſave thee, Oh my Son;
Well, to preſerve thy Life, had giv'n my own;
But when the Thoughts of former Days return,
When my loſt Virtue, Fame, and Peace I mourn,
The Joys which ſtill thou gav'ſt me I forget,
And own I bought thee at a Price too great.

[*Exit the* Queen.

EURYMACHUS.

At length we have prevail'd: Fear, Doubt and Shame,
Thoſe peeviſh female Virtues, fly before us,
And the diſputed Field at laſt is ours.

ÆTHON.

Yes, you have conquer'd, have approv'd yourſelf
A Maſter in the Knowledge of the Sex.
What then remains but to prepare for Triumph,
To riſle all the Spoils of captive Beauty,
And reap the ſweet Reward of your paſt Labors?
What of the Prince?

EURYMACHUS.

He lives, but muſt be mine,
And my *Semanthe*'s Love the Band to hold him;
But to-morrow's Dawn leave we that Care;
The preſent Day, for deep, for vaſt Deſigns,
And hardy Execution is decreed.
This Night, according to their wonted Riot,
The Rival Princes mean to hold a Feaſt.

ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

I mark'd but now the mighty Preparation,
When to the Hall the ſweating Slaves paſt in,
Bending beneath the maſſy Goblet's Weight,
Whoſe each capacious Womb, fraught with rich Juice,
Drawn from the *Chian* and the *Leſbian* Grape,
Portended witleſs Mirth, vain Laughter, Boaſting,
Contentious Brawling, Madneſs, Miſchief, and foul Murder;
While to appeaſe the Glutton's greedy Maw,
Whole Herds are ſlain, more than ſuffice for Hecatombs,
Ev'n more than Zeal, with pious Prodigality,
Beſtows upon the Gods to feed their Prieſts with.

EURYMACHUS.

Then mark me well, or e'er the rolling Night
Have finiſh'd half her Courſe, the fumy Vapors
And mounting Spirits of the deep-drunk Bowl,
Shall ſeize the Brains of theſe carouſing Lovers;
Then ſhalt thou *Æthon*, with my valiant *Samians*,
Arm'd and appointed, all at thy Command,
Surround the Hall, and on our common Foes
At once revenge my Queen, thyſelf, and me.

ÆTHON.

Ha! at a Blow!——'tis juſt——'tis greatly thought!
By *Jove*, th' Avenger, 'twill be noble Slaughter;
Nor doubt th' Event, I anſwer for 'em all,
Ev'n to a Man.

EURYMACHUS.

Thine then be all the Care;
While I with ſofter Pleaſures crown my Hours
And revel in Delight.

ÆTHON.

How! at that Hour! [*Starting.*
Ha!——In Enjoyment! Can that be?

EURYMACHUS.

It muſt.
Fierce for the Joy, in ſecret, and alone
I'll ſteal upon my Love.

ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

Stay! that were well!
Alone you muſt——

EURYMACHUS.

None but the conſcious Prieſt——
That too muſt be thy Care, to chooſe one faithful,
One for the Purpoſe fit.

ÆTHON.

Moſt worthy Office! [*Aſide.*
One to your Wiſh, try'd in theſe pious Secrets,
My Friend of ancient Date, is now in *Ithaca*;
Him ſworn to Secrecy, and well prepar'd,
I will inſtruct to wait you with the Queen.

EURYMACHUS.

Then be propitious, Love!

ÆTHON.

And thou, Revenge!
Shoot all thy Fires, and wake my ſlumb'ring Rage;
Let my paſt Wrongs, let Indignation raiſe
My Age to emulate my youthful Praiſe;
Let the ſtern Purpoſe of my Heart ſucceed,
Let Riot, Luſt, and proud Injuſtice bleed.
Grant me but this, ye Gods, who favor Right,
I aſk no other Bliſs nor fond Delight,
Nor envy thee, O King, thy bridal Night.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter ÆTHON, MENTOR, *and* EUMÆUS.

ÆTHON.

IF Virtue be abandon'd, loſt and gone,
No Matter for the Means that wrought the Ruin;
Whether the Pomp of Pleaſure danc'd before her,
Alluring to the Senſe; or dreadful Danger
Came arm'd with all its Terrors to the Onſet,
She ſhou'd have held the Battle to the laſt,
Undaunted, yieldleſs, firm, and dy'd or conquer'd.

MENTOR.

Think on what hard, on what unequal Terms,
Virtue, betray'd within by Woman's Weakneſs,
Beſet without with mighty Fears and Flatteries,
Maintains the doubtful Conflict——Sure if any
Have kept the holy Marriage-Bed inviolate,
If all our *Grecian* Wives are not like *Helen*,
That Praiſe, the Queen, my royal Miſtreſs, merits.

EUMÆUS.

And Oh, impute not one unheeded Word,
Forc'd from her in the bittereſt Pangs of Sorrow,
When fierce, conflicting Paſſion ſtrove within,
Like all the Winds at once let looſe upon the Main,
When wild Diſtraction rul'd——Oh urge not that,
A Blemiſh on her fair, her matchleſs Fame.

ÆTHON.

Oh *Mentor*, and *Eumæus*, faithful Pair;
To whom my Life, my Honour, all I truſt,
Theſe Eyes beheld her yielding——Curſed Object!
Beheld her in the *Samian* King's Embrace;
The Sight of Hell, of baleful *Acheron*,
That rolls his livid Waves around the Damn'd,

Roaring

Roaring and yelling on the farther Shore,
Was not ſo terrible, ſo irkſome to me,
As when I ſaw his Arms infold *Penelope*.
I heard the fatal Compact for To-night,
The Joys which he propos'd, nor ſhe deny'd——
But ſee, ſhe comes——

MENTOR.

How much unlike a Bride!

Enter the QUEEN.

Behold her Tears, ſee comfortleſs Affliction,
Anguiſh, and helpleſs, deſolate Misfortune
Writ in her Face.

ÆTHON.

Retire! I wou'd obſerve her.

[Mentor *and* Eumæus *retire to the back Part of the Stage.*

QUEEN.

And doſt thou only weep? Shall that put off
Th' approaching Hour of Shame, or ſave thy Son?
Thou weep'ſt, and yet the ſetting Sun deſcends
Swift to the Weſtern Waves, and guilty Night,
Haſty to ſpread her Horrors o'er the World,
Rides on the duſky Air——And now it comes,
The fatal Moment comes, ev'n that dread Time
When Witches meet to gather Herbs on Graves;
When diſcontented Ghoſts forſake their Tombs,
And ghaſtly roam about, and doleful groan.——
And hark! the Screech-Owl ſcreams, and beats the Window
With deadly Wings——And hark! More dreadful yet,
Like *Thracian Tereus* to unhappy *Philomel*,
The furious Bridegroom comes——The Tyrant! Raviſher!
And ſee! the Shade of my much injur'd Lord
Starts up to blaſt me!——Hence!——Begone, you Horrors,
For I will hide me in the Arms of Death,
And think on you no more——That Traitor here!

[*Seeing* Æthon.

ÆTHON.

ÆTHON.

Hail beauteous Queen! The God of Love ſalutes thee,
And thus, by great *Eurymachus* he ſpeaks,
Be Sorrow and Misfortune on thy Foes,
But let thy Days be crown'd with ſmiling Peace;
Content, and everlaſting Joy dwell with thee.

QUEEN.

Com'ſt thou to greet me with the Sounds of Joy!
Thou Meſſenger of Fate?——So the hoarſe Raven
Croaks o'er the Manſion of the dying Man,
And often warns him with this diſmal Note,
To think upon his Tomb.

ÆTHON.

Or I miſtook,
Or I was bid to treat of gentler Matters;
Kindly to aſk at what auſpicious Hour,
Your royal Bridegroom, and the Prieſt ſhou'd wait you.

QUEEN.

Too well my boding Heart foretold thy Tidings.——
Now what Reply?——There is no Room for Choice,
'Tis one Degree of Infamy to doubt;
What muſt be, muſt be——Let me then reſolve,
'Tis only thus——no more——and I am free. [*Aſide.*
Say to the *Samian* King, thy Maſter, thus;
When *Menelaus*, and the Fate of *Greece*,
Summon'd my Lord to *Troy*, he left behind him
None worthy of his Place in Love or Empire.

ÆTHON.

How, Lady!——Whither points her Meaning now?——
[*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

Say too, I've held his Merit in the Balance,
But find the Price of Honor ſo much greater,
That 'twere an Idiot's Bargain to exchange 'em:
Yet tell him too, I have my Sex's Weakneſs,
I have a Mother's Fondneſs in my Eyes,
And all her tender Paſſions in my Heart.

ÆTHON.

Ay, there! 'Tis there ſhe's loſt! [*Aſide.*

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Nor can I bear
To see what more, far more than Life I joy in,
My only Pledge of Love, my Lord's dear Image,
My Son, by bloody Hands mangled and murder'd:
(Oh terrible to Nature!) Therefore one,
One Remedy alone is left to save me,
To shield me from a Sight of so much Horror
And tell *Eurymachus*, I find it——here.

[*She offers to stab herself*; Æthon *catches hold of her Arm, and prevents her.*

ÆTHON.

Forbid it, Gods! perish the Tyrant rather,
Let *Samos* be no more.

QUEEN.

Off! Off, thou Traitor!
Give Way to my just Rage!----Oh tardy Hand!
To what hast thou betray'd me! Let me go!
Oh let me, let me die, or I will curse thee,
'Till Hell shall tremble at my Imprecations,
'Till Heav'n shall blast thee---Lost!---undone for ever!

ÆTHON.

O Trifler that I am! *Mentor! Eumæus!*

[*They come forward.*

Come to my Aid!——Be calm but for a Moment,
And wait to see what Wonders it will shew thee.
Guard her, upon your Lives; remember that:
Guard her from ev'ry Instrument of Death;
Sooth and assuage her Grief, till my Return
Unfold the mighty Secret of her Fate,
And once more reconcile her Soul to Peace.

[*Exit* Æthon.

QUEEN.

And are you too my Foes? Have you conspir'd
And join'd with that false *Æthon* to betray me?
Here sit thee down then, humbly in the Dust,
Here sit, a poor, forlorn, abandon'd Woman;
Cast not thy Eyes up to yon azure Firmament,
Nor hope Relief from thence; the Gods are pitiless,

Or

Or buſy in their Heav'n, and thou not worth their Care;
And Oh! Oh! caſt 'em not on Earth, to ſeek
For Succour from the faithleſs Race of Man;
But as thou art forſaken, and alone,
Hope not for Help, where there is none to help thee,
But think——'tis Deſolation all about thee.

MENTOR.

Far be that Thought, to think you are forſaken;
Gods and good Men ſhall make you ſtill their Care.
And Oh! far be it from your faithful Servants,
For all thoſe Honors mad Ambition toils for,
For all the Wealth that bribes the World to Wickedneſs,
For Hopes or Fears, for Pleaſures or for Pains,
To leave our royal Miſtreſs in Diſtreſs.

EUMÆUS.

At length Time's Fulneſs comes, and that great Period,
For which ſo many tedious Years roll'd round;
At length the white, the ſmiling Minute comes,
To wipe the Tears from thoſe fair Eyes for ever;
That Good we daily pray'd for, but pray'd hopeleſs,
That Good, which ev'n the Preſcience of the Gods
(So doubtfully was it ſet down in Fate)
Uncertainly foreſaw, and darkly promis'd,
That Good, one Day, the happieſt of our Lives
Freely and fortunately brings to paſs.

MENTOR.

And hark! vindictive *Jove* prepares his Thunder.

[*Thunders.*

Let the Wrong-doer and the Tyrant tremble;
The Gods are preſent with us——And behold!
The ſolid Gloom of Night is rent aſunder;
While Floods of dazz'ling, pure, ætherial Light,
Break in upon the Shades---She comes, ſhe comes!
Pallas, the Fautreſs of my Maſter's Arms.
And ſee, where terrible in Arms, majeſtic,
Celeſtial, and ineffably effulgent,
She ſhakes her dreadful *Ægis* from the Clouds!
Bend, bend to Earth, and own the preſent Deity.

[*It Thunders again. The Scene opens above, and diſcovers* Pallas *in the* Clouds. [They kneel

EUMÆUS.

Daughter of mighty *Jove*, *Tritonian Pallas*,
Be favorable! Oh! be propitious,
And save the sinking House of thy *Ulysses*.

MENTOR.

Goddess of Arts and Arms, thou blue-ey'd Maid,
Be favorable! Oh!---Oh! be propitious,
And glad thy Suppliants with some chearful Omen.

QUEEN.

Virgin, begot and born of *Jove* alone,
Chaste, wise, victorious, if by thy Assistance
The *Greeks* were well aveng'd on perjur'd *Troy*,
If by thy Aid, my Lord from *Thracian Rhesus*
Obtain'd his snowy Steeds, and brought successful
Thy fatal Image to the Tents of *Greece*;
Once more be favourable---be propitious,
Restore my Lord---Or if that be deny'd,
Grant me to share his Fate, and die with Honor.

[*Thunder again---The Scene closes above*——*They rise.*

MENTOR.

The Goddess smiles---Most happy be the Omen!
And to the Left auspicious rolls the Thunder.

Enter ÆTHON, *or* ULYSSES, *without his Disguise, magnificently arm'd and habited.*

QUEEN.

What other God art thou?---Oh sacred Form!
I dream, I rave!---Why put'st thou on this Semblance?
What shall I call thee?----Say, speak, answer me.

[*She advances two or three Steps, looking amazedly.*

Son of *Laertes!* King, my Lord!——*Ulysses!*

ULYSSES.

Why do'st thou gaze?---Am I so dreadful still?
Is there so much of *Æthon* still about me?
Or hast thou——is it possible——forgot me?
Does not thy Heart acknowledge something here?

QUEEN.

Nay 'tis, 'tis most impossible to Reason.
But what have I to do with Thought or Reason?

Thou

Thus mad, diſtracted, raging with my Joy,
I'll ruſh upon thee, claſp thee to my Boſom,
And, if it be Deluſion, let me die;
Here let me ſink to everlaſting Reſt,
Juſt here, and never, never think again.

ULYSSES.

No, live thou great Example of thy Sex,
Live for the World, for me, and for thyſelf.
Unnumber'd Bleſſings, Honors, Years of Happineſs,
Crowns from the Gods, enrich'd with brighteſt Stars,
All Heav'n and Earth united in Applauſe,
Wait, with officious Duty, to reward thee.
Live to enjoy ev'n all thou haſt deſerv'd;
That Fulneſs of Delight, of which theſe Arms,
And this tranſporting Moment, gives thee Earneſt.

QUEEN.

I gaze upon thy Face, and ſee thee here.
The ſullen Pow'rs below, who rule the Dead,
Have liſten'd to my Weeping, and relenting,
Have ſent thee from *Elyſium* back to me;
Or from the Deep, from Sea-green *Neptune*'s Seats,
Thou'rt riſen like the Day-Star, or from Heav'n
Some God has brought thee on the Wings of Winds;
Oh Extaſy!———But all that I can know,
Is, that I wake and live, and thou art here.

ULYSSES.

Troy, I forgive thee now; ye Toils and Perils
Of my paſt Life, well are you paid at once.
For this the faithleſs *Sirens* ſung in vain,
For this I 'ſcap'd the Den of monſtrous *Polypheme*,
Fled from *Calypſo*'s Bonds, and *Circe*'s Charms;
For this, ſeven Days, and ſeven long Winter Nights,
Shipwreck'd I floated on a driving Maſt;
Toſt by the Surge, pierc'd by the bitter Blaſts
Of bleak North Winds, and drench'd in the chill Wave,
I ſtrove with all the Terrors of the Deep.

QUEEN.

Yes, thou haſt borne it all; I know thou haſt;
Theſe Wars, Winds, Magic, Monſters, all for me.

Bleſt

Bleſt be the gracious Gods that gave thee to me!
Say then! Oh how ſhall I reward thy Labors?
But I will ſit and liſten to thy Story,
While thou recount'ſt it o'er; and when thou ſpeak'ſt
Of Difficulties hard, and near to Death,
I'll pity thee, and anſwer with my Tears;
But when thou com'ſt to ſay how the Gods ſav'd thee,
And how thy Virtue ſtruggl'd through the Danger,
For Joy, I'll fold thee thus with ſoft Endearments,
And crown thy Conqueſt with ten thouſand Kiſſes.

ULYSSES.

It is a heavy, and a rueful Tale,
But thou wilt kindly ſhare with me in all Things;
It ſhall be told thee, then, whate'er I ſuffer'd.
Since, in a luckleſs Hour, I firſt ſet out,
Ev'n to that Time, when ſcarce twice ten Days paſt;
As from *Phæacia* homeward bound to *Ithaca*,
A Storm o'ertook and wreck'd me on the Coaſt;
Alone and naked was I caſt aſhore,
And only to theſe faithful Two made known,
'Till *Jove* ſhould point me out ſome Opportunity,
Once more to ſeize my Right in thee and Empire.

MENTOR.

'Tis hard, injurious, an Offence to Virtue,
To interrupt your Joys, ye royal Pair;
But Oh forgive your faithful Servant's Caution,
Think where you are, what Eyes malicious Chance
May bring to pry into the happy Secret,
Untimely to diſcloſe the fatal Birth,
And raſhly bring it immature to light.

ULYSSES.

Mentor, thou warn'ſt us well---Retire, my Love.

QUEEN.

What, muſt we part already?

ULYSSES.

For a Moment,
Like Waves divided by the gliding Bark,
That meet again, and mingle as before.

QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Be ſure it be not longer.

ULYSSES.

Sweet, it ſha' not;
I'll meet thee ſoon, and bring our mutual Bleſſing,
Our Son, t' increaſe the Joy.

QUEEN.

I muſt obey you;
Remember well how long thou haſt been abſent,
And what a poor Amends this ſhort Enjoyment makes me.
Oh I ſhall die with ſtrong Deſire to ſee thee,
Shall think this one impatient Minute more,
Than all thy long, long twenty Years before.

[*Exit* Queen.

Enter at the other Door TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

The Queen my Mother, paſt ſhe not this way?

MENTOR.

She did, my Lord, ev'n now.

TELEMACHUS.

Saw you not too
The *Samian* Princeſs, fair *Semanthe*, with her?
Say, went they not together?

ULYSSES.

Might I ſpeak,
I think, it is not fit they were together;
For wherefore ſhou'd the Queen of *Ithaca*
Hold Commerce with the Daughter of *Eurymachus*?
Pardon me, Sir, I fear you are offended,
And think this Boldneſs does not fit a Stranger.

TELEMACHUS.

'Tis true thou art a Stranger to my Eyes,
And yet, methought, thou ſpok'ſt with *Ethon*'s Voice,
Save, that th' untoward Purpoſe of thy Words
Seem'd harſh, ungentle, and not like my Friend.

ULYSSES.

Whate'er I ſeem, believe me, princely Youth,

Thou haſt not one, one dear ſelected Mate,
That ought to ſtand before me in thy Heart;
Tho' from your tender Infancy 'till now,
He dwelt within thy Boſom, thou in his;
Tho' every Year has knit the Band more cloſe;
Tho' Variance never knew you, but complying
Each ever yielded to the other's Wiſhes,
Tho' you have toil'd and reſted, laugh'd and mourn'd,
And ran thro' every Part of Life together;
Tho' he was all thy Joy, and thou all his,
Yet ſure he never lov'd thee more than I do.

TELEMACHUS.

Whoe'er thou art, (for tho' thou ſtill art *Æthon*,
Thou art not he, but ſomething more and greater,)
I feel the Force of every Word thou ſpeak'ſt;
My Soul is aw'd with reverential Fear,
A Fear not irkſom, for 'tis mix'd with Love;
Ev'n ſuch a Fear as that we worſhip Heav'n with;
Oh pardon if I err, for if thou art not
Æthon, my Father's Friend, thou art ſome God.

ULYSSES.

If barely to have been thy Father's Friend
Cou'd move thee to ſuch tender, juſt Regards,
Thus, let me thus indulge thy filial Virtue,
[*Embracing him.*
Thus preſs thee in my Arms, my pious Son,
And, while my ſwelling Heart runs o'er with Joy,
Thus tell thee, that I am, I am thy Father.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh moſt amazing!——

MENTOR.

Yes, my royal Charge,
At length behold thy God-like Sire, *Ulyſſes*.
Bleſt be my Age, with all its Cares and Sorrows,
Since it is lengthen'd out to ſee this Day,
To give thee back, thou dear intruſted Pledge,
Thus worthy as thou art, to thy great Father's Arms.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh 'tis moſt certain ſo; my Heart confeſſes him;

My

My Blood and Spirits, all the Pow'rs of Life,
Acknowledge here the Spring from whence they came.
Then let me bow me, caſt me at his Feet;
There pay the humble Homage of my Duty;
There wet the Earth before him with my Tears,
The faithful Witneſſes of Love and Joy;
And when my Tongue for Rapture can no more,
Silent, with lifted Eyes, I'll praiſe the Gods,
Who gave me back my King, my Lord, my Father.

ULYSSES.

Oh riſe, thou Offspring of my nuptial Joys;
Son of my Youth, and Glory of my Strength,
Rob not thy Father's Arms of ſo much Treaſure,
But let us meet, as *Jove* and Nature meant us,
Thus, like a Pair of very faithful Friends:
And tho' I made harſh Mention of thy Love,
(Oh droop not at the Name) by blue-ey'd *Pallas*
I meant it not in angry, chiding Mood;
But with a tender and a fond Concern
Reminded thee of what thou ow'ſt to Honor.

TELEMACHUS.

When I forget it, may the worſt Afflictions,
Your Scorn, your Hate, and Infamy o'ertake me;
Be that th' important Buſ'neſs of my Life,
Let me be taſk'd to hunt for it thro' Danger,
Thro' all the Roar of the tumultuous Battle,
And dreadful Din of Arms; there, if I fail,
May Cowards ſay I'm not *Ulyſſes'* Son,
And the great Author of our Race diſclaim me.

ULYSSES.

Oh Nobleneſs innate! Oh Worth divine!
Ætherial Sparks! that ſpeak the Hero's Lineage,
How pleaſing are you to me!——So the Eagle,
That bears the Thunder of our Grandſire *Jove*,
With Joy beholds his hardy youthful Offspring
Forſake the Neſt, to try his tender Pinions,
In the wide untract Air; till bolder grown,
Now, like a Whirlwind, on the Shepherd's Fold
He darts precipitate, and gripes the Prey;

Or fixing on ſome Dragon's ſcaly Hide,
Eager of Combat, and his future Feaſt,
Bears him aloft, reluctant, and in vain
Writhing his ſpiry Tail.

TELEMACHUS.

I wou'd be active,
Get me a Name diſtinguiſh'd from the Herd
Of common Men, a Name worthy my Birth.

ULYSSES.

Nor ſhalt thou want th' Occaſion, now it courts thee,
Stands ready, and demands thy Courage now.
Were I indeed as other Fathers are,
Did I but liſten to ſoft Nature's Voice,
I ſhou'd not urge thee to this high Exploit;
For tho' it brings thee Fame, it brings thee Danger.

TELEMACHUS.

Now by the God of War ſo much the better,
Let there be Honor for your Son to win.
And be the Danger ne'er ſo rude and deadly,
No matter, 'twill enhance the Prize the more,
And make it lovely in a brave Man's Eye;
So *Hydra's* and *Chimæra's* form'd in Gold,
Sit graceful underneath the nodding Plume,
And terribly adorn the Soldier's Helm.

ULYSSES.

Know then, on this important Night depends
The very *Criſis* of our Fate; to Night,
The ſleeping Vengeance of the Gods ſhall wake,
And ſpeak Confuſion to our Foes in Thunder:
Juſtice intruſts her Sword to this right Hand,
And I will ſee it faithfully employ'd.

TELEMACHUS.

By Virtue and by Arms 'tis noble Work,
I burn impatient for it——Oh my Father,
Give me my Portion of the glorious Labor.

ULYSSES.

One more immediate Danger threats thy Mother,
That to avert muſt be thy pious Care;

While

While *Mentor*, with *Eumæus* and our ſelf,
Back'd by a choſen Band, (whom how prepar'd,
How gather'd to our Aid, the preſſing Hour
Allows not now to tell,) invade yon' Drunkards,
Immerſt in Riot, careleſs, and defying
The Gods as Fables, ſtart upon 'em ſudden,
And ſend their guilty Souls to howl below,
Upon the Banks of *Styx*; while this is doing,
Dar'ſt thou defend thy Mother?

TELEMACHUS.

Oh! to Death,
Againſt united Nations wou'd I ſtand
Her Soldier, her Defence; my ſingle Breaſt
Oppos'd againſt the Rage of their whole War;
She is ſo good, ſo worthy to be fought for,
The ſacred Cauſe wou'd make my Sword ſucceſsful,
And gain my Youth a mighty Name in Arms.

ULYSSES.

Then prove the Peril, and enjoy the Fame.
Ere the Mid-hour of rolling Night approach,
Remember well to plant thee at that Door,
Thou know'ſt it opens to the Queen's Apartment.
To bind thee yet more firm (for, Oh, my Son,
[*Drawing his Sword.*
With powerful Oppoſition ſhalt thou ſtrive)
Swear on my Sword, by thy own filial Piety,
By all our Race, by *Pallas* and by *Jove*,
If any of theſe curſed foreign Tyrants,
Thoſe Rivals of thy Father's Love and Honor,
Shall dare to paſs thro' that forbidden Entrance,
To take his forfeit Life for the Intruſion.

TELEMACHUS.

I ſwear——And may my Lot in future Fame
[Telemachus *kneels and kiſſes the Sword.*
Be good or evil but as I perform it.

ULYSSES.

Enough——I do believe thee.

MENTOR.

Hark! my Lord!
[*A confuſed Noiſe is heard within.*

How loud the Tempeſt roars! The bellowing Voice
Of wild, enthuſiaſtic, raging Mirth,
With Peals of Clamor ſhakes the vaulted Roof.

TELEMACHUS.

Such ſurely is the Sound of mighty Armies
In Battle join'd, of Cities ſack'd at Midnight,
Of many Waters, and united Thunders;
My gen'rous Soul takes fire, and half repines,
To think ſhe muſt not ſhare the glorious Danger,
Where Numbers wait you, worthy of your Swords.

ULYSSES.

No more, thou haſt thy Charge, look well to that;
For theſe, theſe riotous Sons of Noiſe and Uproar,
I know their Force, and know I am *Ulyſſes*.
So *Jove* look'd down upon the War of *Atoms*,
And rude tumultuous *Chaos*, when as yet
Fair Nature, Form, and Order had not Being,
But Diſcord and Confuſion troubled all;
Calm and ſerene upon his Throne he ſate,
Fix'd there by the eternal Law of Fate,
Safe in himſelf, becauſe he knew his Pow'r;
And knowing what he was, he knew he was ſecure.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter TELEMACHUS *and* ANTINOUS.

ANTINOUS.

THE King return'd? So long conceal'd in *Ithaca?*
Æthon the King? What Words can ſpeak my Wonder?

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, my *Antinous*, 'tis moſt amazing,
'Tis all the mighty working of the Gods,
Unſearchable and dark to human Eyes:
But Oh, let me conjure thee by our Friendſhip,
Since to thy faithful Breaſt alone I've truſted
The fatal Secret, to preſerve it ſafe,
As thou wou'dſt do the Life of thy *Telemachus.*

ANTINOUS.

Wrong not the Truth of your devoted Slave,
To think he wou'd betray you for whole Worlds.
Have you not ſaid it, that your own dear Life,
And all your royal Race, depends upon it?
Far from my Lips, within my Breaſt I'll keep it;
Nor breathe it ſoftly to myſelf alone,
Leſt ſome officious murmuring Wind ſhould tell it,
And babbling Echos catch the feeble Sound.

TELEMACHUS.

No, thou art true, ſuch have I ever found thee;
But haſte, my Friend, and ſummon to thy Aid
What Force the ſhortneſs of the Time allows thee;
Then with thy ſwifteſt Diligence return,
Since, as I urg'd to thee before, it may
Import the Safety of my royal Parents.

Some black Deſign is by theſe Stranger-Princes
Contriv'd againſt the Honor of the Queen.

ANTINOUS.

Ere Night a buſy Rumor ran around
Of armed Parties ſecretly diſpos'd
Between the Palace-Gardens and the Sea;
Bold *Cleon* ſtrait and *Arcas* I diſpatch'd
To ſearch the Truth; that known, with haſte to raiſe
And arm our Citizens for your Defence:
Ere this they have obey'd me: when I've join'd
The Pow'r their Diligence has drawn together,
I'll wait you here again upon the Inſtant.

[*Exit* Antinous.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh Love, how are thy precious, ſweeteſt Minutes
Thus ever croſt, thus vex'd with Diſappointments!
Now Pride, now Fickleneſs, fantaſtic Quarrels
And ſullen Coldneſs give us Pain by turns;
Malicious medling Chance is ever buſy
To bring us Fears, Diſquiet, and Delays;
And ev'n at laſt, when after all our Waiting,
Eager, we think to ſnatch the dear-bought Bliſs,
Ambition calls us to its ſullen Cares,
And Honor ſtern, impatient of Neglect,
Commands us to forget our Eaſe and Pleaſures,
As if we had been made for nought but Toil,
And Love were not the Buſ'neſs of our Lives.

Enter EURYMACHUS.

EURYMACHUS.

The Prince yet here! Twice have I fought, ſince Night,
To paſs in private to the Queen's Apartment,
But found him ſtill attending at the Door;
What can it mean?

TELEMACHUS.

It is *Semanthe*'s Father!
Ha!——Sure the Gods, in pity of our Loves,
Have deſtin'd him to 'ſcape Ulyſſes' Vengeance.

EURYMA-

EURYMACHUS.

How comes it, gentle Youth, when Wine and Mirth
Chear ev'ry Heart to Night, and baniſh Care,
I find thee penſively alone, avoiding
The Pleaſures and Companions of thy Youth,
And, like the ſighing Slave of Sorrow, waſting
The tedious Time in melancholy Thought?

TELEMACHUS.

Behold the Ruins of my royal Houſe,
My Father's Abſence, and my Mother's Grief;
Then tell me if I have not Cauſe too great
To mourn, to pine away my Youth in Sadneſs.

EURYMACHUS.

Our Daughter once was wont to ſhare your Thoughts;
Believe me, ſhe has Reaſon to complain,
If you prefer your Solitude to her;
While here you ſtay, diſconſolate and muſing,
Lonely ſhe ſits, the tender-hearted Maid,
And kindly thinks of you, and mourns your Abſence.

TELEMACHUS.

The conſtant, faithful Service of my Life,
My Days and Nights devoted all to her,
Poorly repay the fair *Semanthe*'s Goodneſs:
Yet they are hers, ev'n all my Years are hers,
My preſent Youth, my future Age is hers,
All but this Night, which here I've ſworn to paſs,
Revolving many a ſad and heavy Thought,
And ruminating on my wretched Fortunes.

EURYMACHUS.

How! here!——to paſs it here——

TELEMACHUS.

Ev'n here, my Lord.

EURYMACHUS.

Fantaſtic Accident!——Whence cou'd this come? [*Aſide.*
Well, Sir, purſue your Thoughts; I have ſome Matters
Of great and high Import, which on the Inſtant
I muſt deliver to the Queen your Mother.

TELEMACHUS.

Whate'er it be, you muſt of force delay it
'Till Morning.

EURYMACHUS.

How, delay it!———'tis impoſſible,
But wherefore?———Say.

TELEMACHUS.

The Queen is gone to Reſt.
Oppreſt and waſted with the Toil of Sorrows,
Weary as miſerable painful Hinds,
That labor all the Day to get 'em Food,
She ſeeks ſome Eaſe, ſome Interval of Cares,
From the kind God of Sleep, and ſweet Repoſe.
Ere ſhe retir'd ſhe left moſt ſtrict Command,
None ſhou'd approach her 'till the Morning's Dawn.

EURYMACHUS.

Whate'er thoſe Orders were, I have my Reaſons
To think myſelf excepted:———And whoe'er
Brought you the Meſſage, through officious Haſte
Miſtook the Queen, and has inform'd you wrong.

TELEMACHUS.

Not ſo, my Lord; for, as I honor Truth,
Ev'n from herſelf did I receive the Charge.

EURYMACHUS.

Vexation and Delay!——Then 'tis thy own,
Thy Error, and thou heard'ſt not what ſhe ſaid.
I tell thee, Prince, 'tis at her own Requeſt,
Her Bidding, that, at this appointed Hour,
I wait her here; detain me then no more
With tedious vain Replies, for I muſt paſs.

TELEMACHUS.

Were it to any but *Semanthe*'s Father,
That Miſtreſs of my Reaſon and my Paſſions,
Who charming both makes both ſubmit alike,
Perhaps I ſhou'd in rougher Terms have anſwer'd;
But here imperious Love demands Reſpect,
Conſtrains my Temper, to my Speech gives Law,
And I muſt only ſay You cannot paſs.

EURY-

EURYMACHUS.

Ha!——Who ſhall bar me?

TELEMACHUS.

With the gentleſt Words,
Which Reverence and Duty can invent,
I will intreat you not to do a Violence,
Where nought is meant to you but worthieſt Honor.

EURYMACHUS.

Oh trifling, idle Talker!---know, my Purpoſe
Is not of ſuch a light, fantaſtic Nature,
That I ſhou'd quit it for a Boy's Intreaty.
More than my Life or Empire it imports,
All that good Fortune or the Gods can do for me
Depends upon it, and I will have Entrance.

TELEMACHUS.

Nay then, 'tis time to ſpeak like what I am,
And tell you, Sir, you muſt not, nor you ſhall not.

EURYMACHUS.

'Twere ſafer for thy raſh, unthinking Youth
To ſtand the Mark of Thunder, than to thwart me;
Beware leſt I forget thy Mother's Tears,
The Merit of her ſoft complying Sorrows,
Dreadful in Fury leſt I ruſh upon thee,
Graſp thy frail Life, and break it like a Bubble,
To be diſſolv'd, and mix'd with common Air.

TELEMACHUS.

Oh 'tis long ſince that I have learnt to hold
My Life from none, but from the Gods who gave it,
Nor mean to render it on any Terms,
Unleſs thoſe heav'nly Donors aſk it back.

EURYMACHUS.

Know'ſt thou what 'tis to tempt a Rage like mine?
But liſten to me, and repent thy Folly.
This Night, this Night ordain'd of old for Bliſs,
Mark'd from the reſt of the revolving Year,
And ſet apart for Happineſs by Fate,
The charming Queen, thy Mother, is my Bride.

TELEMACHUS.

Confuſion! Curſes on the Tongue that ſpoke it!

EURYMACHUS.

To-night she yields, ev'n for thy Sake she yields:
To-night the lovely Miser, grown indulgent,
Reveals her Stores of Beauty long reserv'd;
She bids me revel with the hidden Treasure,
And pay myself for all her Years of Coldness.

TELEMACHUS.

Perdition on the Falshood!

EURYMACHUS.

Dare not then
To cross my Transports longer; if thou dost,
By all the Pangs of disappointed Love, [*Drawing.*
I'll force my Way, thus, through thy Heart's best Blood.

TELEMACHUS.

How is my Piety and Virtue lost,
And all the heav'nly Fire extinct within me!
I hear the sacred Name of her that bore me
Traduc'd, dishonor'd by a Ruffian's Tongue.
And am I tame!——Love, and ye softer Thoughts,
I give you to the Winds.——Know, King of *Samos*,
Thy Breath, like pestilential Blasts, infects
The Air, and grows offensive to the Gods:
If thou but whisper one Word more, one Accent
Against my Mother's Fame, it is thy last.

EURYMACHUS.

Brav'd by a Boy!---a Boy!---the Nurse's Milk
Yet moist upon his Lip,——feeble in Infancy,
Essaying the first Rudiments of Manhood,
With Strength unpractis'd yet, and unconfirm'd!
Oh Shame to Arms!——But I have borne too long.
Fly swift, avoid the Tempest of my Fury,
Or thus I'll pour it in a Whirlwind on thee,
Dash thee to Atoms thus, and toss thee round thee World.

TELEMACHUS.

I laugh at all that Rage, and thus I meet it.

[*They fight.*

EURY-

EURYMACHUS.

Hell and Confuſion!---to thy Heart.———

TELEMACHUS.

To thine

This Greeting I return.———

EURYMACHUS.

The Furies ſeize thee,

[Eurymachus *falls.*

Thou'aſt ſtruck me to the Earth, blaſted my Hopes,
The partial Gods are leagu'd with thee againſt me,
To load me with Diſhonor---Oh my Fortune!
Where is my Name in Arms, the boaſted Trophies
Of my paſt Life! For ever loſt, defac'd,
And raviſh'd from me by a beardleſs Stripling.

TELEMACHUS.

What means this ſoft Relenting in my Soul?
What Voice is this that ſadly whiſpers to me,
Behold *Semanthe's* Father bleeds to Death?
Why would you urge me? [*To* Eurymachus.

EURYMACHUS.

Off, and come not near me,
But let me curſe my Fate, and die contented.

TELEMACHUS.

And ſee he ſinks yet paler to the Earth;
The purple Torrent guſhes out impetuous,
And with a guilty Deluge ſtains the Ground:
No Help at Hand! what hoa!---*Antinous.* [*Exit.*

EURYMACHUS.

Let there be none, no Witneſs of my Shame;
Nor let officious Art preſume to offer
Its Aid, for I have liv'd too long already.

Enter SEMANTHE.

SEMANTHE.

Sure I have ſtaid too long, and while I ſate
Sadly attentive to the weeping Queen,
Hearing her tell of Sorrows upon Sorrows,
Ev'n to a lamentable length of Woe,
Th' appointed Hour of Love paſs'd by unheeded:

My

My Lord perhaps will chide; Oh no!---He's gentle,
And will not urge me with my firſt Offence.
Juſt as I enter'd here, the Bird of Night
Ill-boding ſhriek'd, and ſtrait, methought, I heard
A low complaining Voice, that ſeem'd to murmur
At ſome hard Fate, and groan to be reliev'd.
Ye gracious Gods be good to my *Telemachus!*

EURYMACHUS.

Ha! What art thou that doſt thy hoſtile Oriſons
Offer to Heaven for my mortal Foe?

SEMANTHE.

Guardians of Innocence, ye holy Pow'rs,
Defend me, ſave me!

EURYMACHUS.

Art thou not *Semanthe?*

SEMANTHE.

My Father!---on the Ground!---bloody and pale!
[*Running to him, and kneeling by him.*
Oh Horror! Horror!---Speak to me---Say who——
What curſed Hand has done this dreadful Deed?
That with my Cries I may call out for Juſtice;
Call to the Gods, and to my dear *Telemachus*,
For Juſtice on my royal Father's Murderer.

EURYMACHUS.

If there be yet one God will liſten to thee,
Sollicit him, that only equal Power,
To rain down Plagues, and Fire, and ſwift Deſtruction,
Ev'n all his whole Artillery of Vengeance,
On him, who, aided by my adverſe Stars,
Robb'd me of Glory, Love, and Life---*Telemachus.*

SEMANTHE.

What ſays my Father!---No!---it is impoſſible!
He could not---would not---for *Semanthe's* Sake.——

Enter TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

Alas!---there is none near---no Help---*Semanthe!*
[*Crying out.*

EURY.

EURYMACHUS.

And see he bears the Trophy of his Conquest;
Behold his Sword, yet reeking with my Blood!
Then doubt no more, nor ask whom thou should'st curse;
It is *Telemachus*——on whom revenge me,
But on *Telemachus!*——Why do I leave thee,
A helpless Orphan in a foreign Land,
But for *Telemachus?* Who tears me from thee?
Telemachus.——Why is thy King and Father
Stretch'd on the Earth, a cold and lifeless Coarse,
Inglorious and forgotten---Oh! *Telemachus!* [*Dies.*

SEMANTHE.

Cruel! unkind and cruel!——

[*She faints, and falls upon the Body of* Eurymachus.

TELEMACHUS.

She faints,
Her Cheeks are cold, and the last leaden Sleep
Hangs heavy on her Lids---Wake, wake, *Semanthe*;
Oh let me raise thee from this Seat of Death;

[*Raising her up, and supporting her in his Arms.*

Lift up thy Eyes---Wilt thou not speak to me?

SEMANTHE.

Let me forget the Use of ev'ry Sense;
Let me not see, nor hear, nor speak again,
After that Sight, and those most dreadful Sounds.
Where am I now?---What!---lodg'd within thy Arms!
Stand off, and let me fly from thee for ever;
Swifter than Lightning, Winds, or winged Time,
Fly from thee, 'till there be whole Worlds to part us;
'Till Nature fix her Barriers to divide us,
Her frozen Regions, and her burning Zones;
'Till Danger, Death and Hell, do stand betwixt us,
And make it Fate that we shall never meet.

TELEMACHUS.

'Tis just; I own thy Rage is just, *Semanthe*;
Each fatal Circumstance is strong against me;
Then if thy Heart severely is resolv'd
Never to listen when I plead for Mercy,
'Tho' Piety and Honor join with Love,

And

And humbly at thy Feet make Interceſſion;
If thou art deaf to all, then this alone
Is left me, to receive my Doom, and die.

SEMANTHE.

Are Love, are Piety and Honor Parricides?
Are they like thee? Do they delight in Blood?
Oh, no! Celeſtial Sweetneſs dwells with them,
Friendly Forgiveneſs, Gentleneſs and Peace,
Mercy and Joy; but thou haſt violated
The ſacred Train, brought Murder in amongſt 'em;
And ſee, diſpleas'd, to Heav'n they take their Flight,
And have abandon'd thee and me for ever.

TELEMACHUS.

If ſudden Fury have not chang'd thee quite,
If there be any of *Semanthe* left,
One tender Thought of that dear Maid remaining,
Yet, I conjure thee, hear me.

SEMANTHE.

'Tis in vain,
And that known Voice can never charm me more.

TELEMACHUS.

Be witneſs for me, Heav'n, with what Reluctance,
My Hand was lifted for this fatal Stroke;
With Injuries which Manhood could not brook,
With Violence, with proud inſulting Scorn,
And ignominious Threat'nings was I urg'd;
Long, long, I ſtrove with riſing Indignation,
And long repreſs'd my ſwelling, youthful Rage;
I groan'd, and felt an Agony within:
'Twas hard indeed——But to myſelf I ſaid,
It is *Semanthe*'s Father, and I'll bear it.

SEMANTHE.

And coud'ſt thou not do more? Call'ſt thou theſe
Suff'rings!
Theſe ſhort, tumultuous, momentary Paſſions?
What would not I have borne for thee, thou cruel one?
For thee, ſo fondly was my Heart ſet on thee,
Forgetful of my tender, helpleſs Sex,

I would

I would have wander'd o'er the wide World,
Known all Calamities, and all Diſtreſſes,
Sickneſs and Hunger, Cold and bitter Want;
For thee, retir'd within ſome gloomy Cave,
I wou'd have waſted all my Days in Weeping,
And liv'd and dy'd a Wretch to make thee happy;
'Till I had been a Story to Poſterity;
'Till Maids, in After-times, had ſaid, Behold
How much ſhe ſuffer'd for the Man ſhe lov'd.

TELEMACHUS.

And is there any one, the moſt afflicting
Of all thoſe Miſeries Mankind is born to,
Which for thy Sake I would refuſe?---But Oh!
Mine was a harder, a ſeverer Taſk;
The Queen, my Mother, truſted to my Charge,
My royal Father's Honor, and my own;
The Pledges of eternal Fame or Infamy,
United urg'd, and call'd upon my Sword.

SEMANTHE.

What is this vain, fantaſtic Pageant, Honor;
This buſy, angry Thing, that ſcatters Diſcord
Amongſt the mighty Princes of the Earth,
And ſets the madding Nations in an Uproar?
But let it be the Worſhip of the Great,
Well haſt thou warn'd me, and I'll make it mine;
Yes, Prince, its dread Command ſhall be obey'd;
Our *Samian* Arms ſhall pour Deſtruction on you;
Your yellow Harveſts and your Towns ſhall blaze,
The Sword ſhall rage, and univerſal Wailings
Be heard amongſt the Mothers of your *Ithaca*,
'Till War itſelf grow weary and relent,
And that poor bleeding King be well reveng'd.

TELEMACHUS.

Haſte then, and let the Trumpet ſound to Arms,
Semanthe's Vengeance ſhall not be delay'd;
Prepare for Slaughter and wide-waſting Ruin;
Prepare to feel her Wrath, ye wretched *Ithacans*:
Lift not a Sword, nor bend a Bow againſt her,

But

But all, like me, with low Submiſſion meet her,
And let us yield up our devoted Lives,
Nor once implore her Mercy——for, alas!
Cruel *Semanthe* has forgot to pardon:
For Blood, Deſtruction and Revenge, ſhe calls,
And Gentleneſs and Love are Strangers to her.

SEMANTHE.

Love!——Didſt thou ſpeak of Love?---Oh ill-tim'd Thought!
Behold it there! Behold the Love thou bear'ſt me!
[*Pointing to the Body of* Eurymachus.
Behold that! that!---more dreadful than *Meduſa*,
It drives my Soul back to her inmoſt Seats,
And freezes ev'ry ſtiff'ning Limb to Marble.
Seeſt thou that gaping Wound, and that black Blood
Congealing on that pale, that aſhy Breaſt?
Then mark the Face---how Pain and Rage, with all
The Agonies of Death ſit freſh upon it:
This was my Father---Was there none on Earth,
No Hand but thine——

TELEMACHUS.

Within my own ſad Heart.
I felt the Steel before it reach'd to his.
How much more happy in his Lot!---The Sleep
Of Death is on him, and he is in Peace;
While I, condemn'd to live, muſt mourn for him,
Mourn for myſelf; and, to complete my Woes,
Feel all thy Pains redoubled on *Telemachus*.

SEMANTHE.

I know thou hat'ſt me, and that deadly Blow
Was meant to do a Murder on *Semanthe*.
But, Oh! it needed not; for thy Unkindneſs
Had been as fatal to me as thy Sword:
If one cold Look, one angry Word had told me,
That thou wert chang'd, and I was grown a Burden to thee,
I ſhould have underſtood thy cruel Purpoſe,
Sate down to weep, and broke my Heart, and dy'd.

TELE-

TELEMACHUS.

It is too much, and I will bear no more;
Oh thou unjuſt, thou lovely, falſe Accuſer,
How haſt thou wrong'd my tender, faithful Love!
In Spite of all theſe Horrors of my Guilt,
And that malignant Fate that doom'd me to it;
In Spite of all, I will appeal to thee,
Ev'n to thyſelf, inhuman as thou art,
If ever Maid was yet belov'd before thee
With ſuch Heart-aking, eager, anxious Fondneſs,
As that with which my Soul deſires my dear *Semanthe*.

SEMANTHE.

Deteſted be the Name of Love for ever!
Henceforth let eaſy Maids be warn'd by me,
No more to truſt your Breaſts that heave with Sighing
Your moving Accents, and your melting Eyes;
Whene'er you boaſt your Truth, then let 'em fly you,
Then ſcorn you, for 'tis then you mean Deceiving;
If yet there ſhould ſome fond Believer be,
Let the falſe Man betray the Wretch like thee;
Like thee, the loſt, repenting Fool diſclaim,
For Crowns, Ambition, and your Idol, Fame;
When warm, when languiſhing with ſweet Delight,
Wiſhing ſhe meets him, may he blaſt her Sight,
With ſuch a Murder on her bridal Night!

[*Exit.*

TELEMACHUS.

Now arm thee for the Conflict, oh my Soul,
And ſee how thou canſt bear *Semanthe*'s Loſs;
For ſhe is loſt---moſt certain---gone irrevocable.
Mentor, nor *Æthon* now, my King, my Father
Shall need t'upbraid me with th' unhappy Paſſion;
Ha! that has wak'd a Thought---'Tis certain ſo,
And this is all the Work of cruel Policy:
The Danger of the Queen was from *Eurymachus*,
Therefore my Sword was choſen to oppoſe it,
That it might cut the Bands of Love aſunder;
Oh Dreamer that I was!———

In vain to *Pallas* and to *Jove* complain,
That *Troy* and *Hector* are reviv'd again.
Poſſeſs'd, like happy *Paris*, of the Fair,
I'll lengthen out my Joys with ten Years War,
And think the reſt of Life beneath a Lover's Care.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ANTINOUS.

Eurymachus! ——— 'Tis he;
Surpriſing Accident! —— Whence came this?
But 'tis no Matter, ſince it makes for us;
Nor have we Time to waſte in vain Inquiry;
Let it ſuffice that we have loſt an Enemy.
Haſte to the Queen, my *Cleon*, and perſuade her
To ſeek her Safety with us in the City:
If ſhe refuſe, bear her away by Force.
Do you attend him. ——— [*To the Soldiers.*

ARCAS.

Had you ta'en my Counſel,
The Prince ſhou'd not have 'ſcap'd us.

ANTINOUS.

Arcas, no!
A Life like his is but a ſingle Stake,
Unworthy the Contention it might coſt:
Gaining the Queen, I have whate'er I wiſh.
Fear of the *Samians*, and the ſubtle King,
Forbad my coming with a ſtronger Power,
Leſt they had ta'en th' Alarm, and turn'd upon us:
Therefore I held it ſafer by a Wile
To work upon the Youth, and ſend him hence,
And that Way gain Admittance to his Mother.

ARCAS.

Our *Ithacans*, who give the King for loſt,
Shall deem this Tale of his Return a Fable;
Or, tho' they ſhould believe it, yet will join us,
And with united Arms aſſiſt your Cauſe.
Why do we linger then? —— Heard you that Cry?
[*Cry of Women within.*
Succeſsful *Cleon*, of his Prey poſſeſs'd,
Leads us the Way, and haſtens to the City.

ANTINOUS.

Come on, and let the crafty-fam'd *Ulyſſes*
Repine and rage, by happier Frauds excell'd.
Let the forſaken Huſband vainly mourn
His tedious Labors, and his late Return;

EUMÆUS.

The King, whose equal Temper, like the Gods,
Was ever calm and constant to itself,
Struck with the sudden, unexpected Evil,
Was mov'd to Rage, and chid him from his Sight.
But now, returning to the Father's Fondness,
He bad me seek him out, speak Comfort to him,
And bring him to his Arms.

MENTOR.

Where have you left
Our royal Master?

EUMÆUS.

Near the Palace-Gate,
Attended by those few, those faithful Few,
Who dare be loyal at a Time like this,
When ev'n their utmost Hope is but to die for him.

MENTOR.

That last Relief, that Refuge of Despair,
Is all I fear is left us.——From the City
Each Moment brings the growing Danger nearer;
There's not a Man in *Ithaca* but arms;
A thousand blazing Fires make bright the Streets,
Huge gabbling Crowds gather, and roll along
Like roaring Seas that enter at a Breach;
The neighb'ring Rocks, the Woods, the Hills, the Dales,
Ring with the deaf'ning Sound, while bold Rebellion
With impious Peals of Acclamation greets
Her trait'rous Chief *Antinous*——Where is then
One Glimpse of Safety, when we hardly number
Our Friends a twentieth Part of this fierce Multitude?

EUMÆUS.

Yet more; the *Samians*, by whose Arms assisted
We late prevail'd against the riotous Wooers,
By some sinister Chance have learnt the Fate
Of their dead Monarch, and call loud for Vengeance;
With cloudy Brows the sullen Captains gather
In murm'ring Crowds around their weeping Princess,
As if they waited from her mournful Lips

The

The Signal for Deſtruction, from her Sorrows
Catching new Matter to increaſe their Rage,
And vowing to repay her Tears with Blood.
But ſee ſhe comes, attended with her Guard.——

MENTOR.

Retire, and let us haſte to ſeek the Prince;
This Danger threatens him: If he ſhould meet 'em,
His Piety would be repaid with Death;
Nor cou'd his Youth or Godlike Courage ſave him,
Unequally oppreſs'd and cruſh'd by Numbers.

[*Exeunt* Mentor *and* Eumæus.

Enter two Samian *Captains, and Soldiers; ſome bearing the Body of* Eurymachus: Semanthe *following with Officers and Attendants.*

SEMANTHE.

Ye valiant *Samian* Chiefs, ye faithful Followers
Of your unhappy King, juſtly perform
Your pious Office to his ſacred Relics:
Bear to your Fleet his pale, his bloody Coarſe;
Nor let his diſcontented Ghoſt repine,
To think his injur'd Aſhes ſhall be mix'd
With the deteſted Earth of cruel *Ithaca.*

1 *CAPTAIN.*

Oh, royal Maid, whoſe Tears look lovely on thee,
Whoſe Cares the Gods ſhall favor and reward,
Queen of our *Samos* now, to whom we offer
Our humble Homage, to whoſe juſt Command
We vow Obedience, ſuffer not the Seaman
T' unfurl his Sails, or call the Winds to ſwell 'em,
'Till the fierce Soldier have indulg'd his Rage;
'Till from the curled Darlings of their Youth,
And from the faireſt of their Virgin-Daughters,
We've choſe a thouſand Victims for a Sacrifice,
T' appeaſe the *Manes* of our murder'd Lord.

SEMANTHE.

Now! now *Semanthe!* wilt thou Name the Murd'rer?
Wilt thou direct their Vengeance where to ſtrike?

[*Aſide.*

Oh,

Oh, my ſad Heart!——Haſte to diſpoſe in Safety
Your venerable Load; and, if you lov'd him,
If you remember what he once was to you,
How great, how good and gracious, yield this Proof
Of early Faith and Duty to his Daughter;
Reſtrain the Soldier's Fury, 'till I name
The Wretch by whom my royal Father fell.
Let ſome attend the Body to the Shore,
The reſt be near, and wait me.———

[*Exeunt ſome with the Body; the reſt retire within the Scene, and wait at a diſtance.*

Enter at the other Door TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

Why was I born? why ſent into the World,
Ordain'd for miſchievous Miſdeeds, and fated
To be the Curſe of them that gave me Being?
Why was this Maſs ta'en from the Heap of Matter,
Where innocent and ſenſeleſs it had reſted,
To be indu'd with Form, and vex'd with Motion?
How happy had it been for all that know me,
If Barrenneſs had bleſs'd my Mother's Bed;
Nor had ſhe been diſhonor'd then, nor loſt,
Nor curſt the fatal Hour in which ſhe bore me:
Love had not been offended for *Semanthe*,
Nor had that Fair One known a Father's Loſs.

SEMANTHE.

What kind Companion of *Semanthe*'s Woes
Is that, who wand'ring in this dreadful Night
Sighs out her Name with ſuch a mournful Accent?
Ha!---but thou art *Telemachus*——let Darkneſs
Still ſpread her gloomy Mantle o'er thy Viſage,
And hide thee from thoſe weeping Eyes for ever.

TELEMACHUS.

Yes, veil thy Eyes, or turn 'em far from me,
For who can take Delight to gaze on Miſery?
Fly from the Moan, the Cry of the Afflicted,
From the complaining of a wounded Spirit,

Left

Leſt my contagious Griefs take hold on thee,
And every Groan I utter pierce thy Heart.

SEMANTHE.

Oh ſoft enchanting Sorrows! never was
The Voice of Mourning half ſo ſweet——Oh who
Can liſten to the Sound, and not be mov'd,
Not bear a Part like me, and ſhare in all his Pain?
[*Aſide.*

TELEMACHUS.

But if, perhaps, thy Fellow-Creature's Sufferings
Are grown a Pleaſure to thee, (for alas!
Much art thou alter'd) then in me behold
More than enough to ſatisfy thy Cruelty;
Behold me here the Scorn, the eaſy Prize
Of a proteſting, faithleſs, Villain Friend.
I have betray'd my Mother, I betray'd her,
Ev'n I, her Son, whom, with ſo many Cares,
She nurſt and fondled in her tender Boſom.
Wou'd I had dy'd before I ſaw this Day!
I left her, I forſook her in Diſtreſs,
And gave her to the Mercy of a Raviſher.

SEMANTHE.

Yes, I have heard, with Grief of Mind redoubled,
The too hard Fortune of the pious Queen;
For her my Eyes inlarge and ſwell their Streams,
Tho' well thou know'ſt what Cauſe they had before
To laviſh all their Tears: I pity her,
I mourn her injur'd Virtue; but for thee,
Whate'er the righteous Gods have made thee ſuffer,
Juſt is the Doom, and equal to thy Crimes.

TELEMACHUS.

'Tis Juſtice all, and ſee I bow me down
With Patience and Submiſſion to the Blow;
Nor is it fit that ſuch a Wretch as I am
Should walk with Face erect upon the Earth,
And hold Society with Man——Oh therefore
Let me conjure thee, by thoſe tender Ties
Which held us once, when I was dear to thee,
And thou to me, as Life to living Creatures,

O Light and Heat to univerſal Nature,
The Comfort and Condition of its Being,
Compleat th' imperfect Vengeance of the Gods,
Call forth the valiant *Samians* to thy Aid,
Bid 'em ſtrike here, and here revenge———

SEMANTHE.

Oh hold,
Stay thy raſh Tongue, nor let it ſpeak of Horrors
That may be fatal to———

TELEMACHUS.

What meanſt thou?

SEMANTHE.

Something
For which I want a Name——Is there none near?
[*Looking about.*
No conſcious Ear to catch the guilty Sound?
None to upbraid my Weakneſs, call me Parricide,
And charge me as conſenting to the Murder?
For Oh my Shame! my Shame! I muſt confeſs it,
Tho' Piety and Honor urg'd me on,
Tho' Rage and Grief had wrought me to Diſtraction,
I durſt not, cou'd not, wou'd not once accuſe thee.

TELEMACHUS.

And wherefore art thou merciful in vain?
Oh do not load me with that Burden, Life,
Unleſs thou give me Love, to chear my Labors.
Tell me, *Semanthe*, is it, is it thus
The Bride and Bridegroom meet? Are Tears and Mourning,
This Bitterneſs of Grief, and theſe Lamentings,
Are theſe the Portion of our nuptial Night?

SEMANTHE.

But thou, thou only didſt prevent the Joy,
'Tis thou haſt turn'd the Bleſſing to a Curſe;
Live therefore, live, and be, if it be poſſible,
As great a Wretch as thou haſt made *Semanthe*.

TELEMACHUS.

It ſhall be ſo,——I will be faithful to thee;
For Days, for Months, for Years I will be miſerable,
Protract

Protract my Suff'rings ev'n to hoary Age,
And linger out a tedious Life in Pain;
In ſpite of Sickneſs and a broken Heart,
I will endure for Ages to obey thee.

SEMANTHE.

Oh never ſhalt thou know Sorrows like mine;
Never deſpair, never be curs'd, as I am.
Yes, I will open my afflicted Breaſt,
And ſadly ſhew thee ev'ry ſecret Pain;
Tho' Hell and Darkneſs with new Monſters teem,
Tho' Furies hideous to behold aſcend,
Toſs their infernal Flames, and yell around me;
Tho' my offended Father's angry Ghoſt
Shou'd riſe all pale and bloody juſt before me,
Till my Hair ſtarted up, my Sight were blaſted,
And ev'ry trembling Fibre ſhook with Horror;
Yet——yet——Oh yet I muſt confeſs I love thee!

TELEMACHUS.

Then let our envious Stars oppoſe in vain
Their baleful Influence, to thwart our Joys;
My Love ſhall get the better of our Fate,
Prevent the Malice of that hard Decree,
That ſeem'd to doom us to eternal Sorrows;
And yet, in ſpite of all, we will be happy.

SEMANTHE.

Let not that vain, that faithleſs Hope deceive thee;
For 'tis reſolv'd, 'tis certainly decreed,
Fix'd as that Law, by which imperial *Jove*
According to his Preſcience and his Pow'r,
Ordains the Sons of Men to Good or Evil;
'Tis certain, even our Love and all the Mis'ries
Which muſt attend that Love, are not more certain,
Than that this Moment we muſt part for ever.

TELEMACHUS.

How!---part for ever?---That's a way indeed
To make us miſerable.——Is there none,
No other ſad Alternative of Grief,
No other Choice but this?——What, muſt we part for ever?

SEMANTHE.

Oh ſigh not, nor complain---Is not thy Hand
Stain'd with my Father's Blood? Juſtice and Nature,
The Gods demand it, and we muſt obey:
Yes, I muſt go, the preſſing Minutes call me,
Where theſe fond Eyes ſhall never ſee thee more;
No more with languiſhing Delight gaze on thee,
Feed on thy Face, and fill my Heart with Pleaſure;
Where Day and Night ſhall follow one another,
Tedious alike and irkſome, and alike
Waſted in weary Lonelineſs and Weeping.

TELEMACHUS.

Here then, my Soul, take thy farewel of Happineſs;
That and *Semanthe* fly together from thee:
Henceforth renounce all Commerce with the World,
Nor hear, nor ſee, nor once regard what paſſes.
Let mighty Kings contend, ambitious Youth
Arm for the Battle: Seaſons come and go;
Spring, Summer, Autumn, with their fruitful Pleaſures,
And Winter with its ſilver Froſt; let Nature
Diſplay in vain her various Pomp before thee;
'Tis wretched all, 'tis all not worth thy Care;
'Tis all a Wilderneſs without *Semanthe*.

SEMANTHE.

One laſt, one guilty Proof, how much I love thee,
(Forgive it Gods!) *Ceraunus* and the *Samians*
Shall bring thee from me ere I part from *Ithaca*.
That done, I'll haſte, I'll fly, as I have ſworn
For thy lov'd ſake, far from the Sight of Man;
Fly to the pathleſs Wilds, and ſacred Shades,
Where *Dryads* and the Mountain-Nymphs reſort;
There beg the rural Deities to pity me,
To end my Woes, and let me on their Hills
Like *Cypariſſus* grow a mournful Tree;
Or melt like weeping *Byblis* to a Fountain.

TELEMACHUS.

Since Fate divides us then, ſince I muſt loſe thee,
For Pity's ſake, for Love's, Oh ſuffer me,
Thus languiſhing, thus dying, to approach thee,

And

And ſigh my laſt Adieu upon thy Boſom:
Permit me thus, to fold thee in my Arms,
To preſs thee to my Heart, to taſte thy Sweets,
Thus pant, and thus grow giddy with Delight;
Thus, for my laſt of Moments, gaze upon thee,
Thou beſt---thou only Joy---thou loſt *Semanthe!*

SEMANTHE.

For ever I could liſten---But the Gods,
The cruel Gods, forbid, and thus they part us.
Remember——Oh remember me, *Telemachus!*
Perhaps thou wilt forget me; but no matter,
I will be true to thee, preſerve thee ever
The ſad Companion of this faithful Breaſt,
While Life and Thought remain; and when at laſt
I feel the icy Hand of Death prevail,
My Heart-ſtrings break, and all my Senſes fail,
I'll fix thy Image in my cloſing Eye,
Sigh thy dear Name, then lay me down and die. [*Exit.*

Manet TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

And whither wilt thou wander, thou forlorn
Abandon'd Wretch!——The King thy Father comes,
Fly from his angry Frown——No matter whither,
Seek for the darkeſt Covert of the Night,
Seek out for Death, and ſee if that can hide thee,
If there be any Refuge thou canſt prove,
Safe from purſuing Sorrow, Shame and anxious Love.
[*Exit.*

Enter ULYSSES, EUMÆUS, *and Attendants.*

ULYSSES.

To doubt if there be Juſtice with the Gods,
Or if they care for ought below, were impious.
Oft have I try'd, and ever found 'em faithful;
In all the various Perils of my Life;
In Battles; in the midſt of flaming *Troy*;
In ſtormy Seas; in thoſe dread Regions where
Swarthy *Cimmerians* have their dark Abode,

Divided from this World, and Borderers on Hell;
Ev'n there the Providence of *Jove* was with me,
Defended, chear'd, and bore me thro' the Danger;
Nor is his Pow'r, nor is my Virtue less,
That I should fear this rude, tumultuous Herd.

EUMÆUS.

So feeble is our Band; so few our Friends,
We hope not Safety from ourselves, but thee;
In thee, our King, we trust; in thee, thou Hero,
Favor'd of Heav'n, in all thy Wars victorious.
But see where proud Rebellion comes against thee,
[*Shout.*
Severely fierce, and breathing bold Defiance;
Now let our Courage and our Faith be try'd;
And if, unequal to thy great Example,
We cannot conquer like thee, yet we can die for thee.

Shout; Drums and Trumpets: Then enter ANTINOUS, CLEON, *and Soldiers.*

ANTINOUS.

What bold Invader of our Laws and Freedom,
Usurps the sacred Name of King in *Ithaca*?
Who dares to play the Tyrant in our State,
And, in despite of hospitable *Jove*,
Defames our Island with the Blood of Strangers?

ULYSSES.

Have you forgot me then, you Men of *Ithaca*?
Did I for this, amongst the *Grecian* Heroes,
Go forth to Battle in my Country's Cause?
Have I by Arms, and by successful Counsels,
Deserv'd a Name from *Asia*'s wealthy Shores,
Ev'n to the western Ocean, to those Bounds
That mark the great *Alcides*' utmost Labors,
And am I yet a Stranger here——at Home?

ANTINOUS.

And wherefore did'st thou leave those distant Nations,
Through which thy Name and mighty Deeds were spread?
We never sought to know thee; and, now known,
Regard

Regard thee not, unleſs it be to puniſh
Thy Violation of our public Peace.

ULYSSES.

And doſt thou dare; doſt thou, audacious Slave,
Thou raſh Miſleader of this giddy Crowd,
Doſt thou preſume to match thyſelf with me,
To judge between a Monarch and his People?
If Heav'n had not appointed me thy Maſter,
Yet it had made me ſomething more than thou art,
Then when it made me what I am——*Ulyſſes.*

ANTINOUS.

Then be *Ulyſſes!* Echo it again,
And ſee what Homage theſe will pay the Sound;
[*Pointing to the Soldiers.*
Tell 'em the Story of your *Trojan* Wars,
How *Hector* drove you headlong to the Shore,
And threw his hoſtile Fires amidſt your Fleet;
Then mark with what Applauſe they will receive thee.
Say, Countrymen, will you revenge the Princes
This Wanderer has ſlain, and join with me?

OMNES.

Antinous! Antinous!

ANTINOUS.

What of your Monarch?

OMNES.

Drive him out to Baniſhment.

ULYSSES.

Were there no Gods in Heav'n, or were they careleſs,
And *Jove* had long forgot to wield his Thunder,
And dart Deſtruction down on Crimes like thine;
Yet, Traitor, hope not thou to 'ſcape from Juſtice,
Nor let rebellious Numbers ſwell thy Pride;
For know, *Ulyſſes* is alone ſufficient
To puniſh thee; and, on thy perjur'd Head,
Revenge the Wrongs of Love, and injur'd Majeſty.

ANTINOUS.

And ſee, I ſtand prepar'd to meet thy Vengeance;
Exert thy kingly Pow'r, and ſummon all

Thy

Invoke thoſe friendly Gods whoſe Care thou art,
And let them ſave thee: now aſſert thy Cauſe,
And render back to thy deſpairing Arms
The beauteous Queen, whom, in deſpite of them
And thee, this happy Night I made my Prize.

ULYSSES.

Hear this, ye Gods! he triumphs in the Rape;
Moſt glorious Villain!——But we pauſe too long;
On then, and tempt our Fate, my gallant Friends;
From this Defier of the Gods, this Monſter,
Let us redeem my Queen, or die together:
And, equal to our great Forefather's Fame,
Deſcend and join thoſe Demy-Gods of *Greece*,
Who with their Blood enrich'd the *Dardan* Plains,
To vindicate a Huſband's ſacred Right.

Shout: Then enter ARCAS *wounded.*

ANTINOUS.

What means that ſudden Thunder-clap of Tumult
Art thou not *Arcas?*---Thou art faint and bloody.

ARCAS.

I've paid you the laſt Office of my Friendſhip;
Scarce have I Breath enough to ſpeak your Danger:
The furious *Samians*, led by young *Telemachus*,
Reſiſtleſs, fierce, and bearing all before 'em,
Have from the Caſtle forc'd the captive Queen;
Fir'd with Succeſs, they drive our fainting Troops

ANTINOUS.

Confuſion!---Wherefore didſt thou not proclaim
My Innocence, and warn them of their Error?

ARCAS.

Behold theſe Wounds, through which my parting Soul
Is haſting forth, and judge my Truth by them:
Whate'er I cou'd I urg'd in thy Defence,
But all was vain; with clamorous Impatience
They broke upon my Speech, and ſwore 'twas falſe.
Their Queen, the fair *Semanthe*, had accus'd thee,
And fix'd her royal Father's Death on thee.
If any Way be left yet, haſte and fly;
Th' inconſtant, faithleſs *Ithacans* join with 'em,
And all is loſt——What dearer Pledge than Life
Can Friendſhip aſk? Behold I give it for thee.
[*Dies.* [*Shout.*

ULYSSES.

They come; Succeſs and Happineſs attend us,
Pallas, and my victorious Son fight for us.

ANTINOUS.

Thou and thy Gods at laſt have got the better.
[*To* Ulyſſes.
Yet know I ſcorn to fly; that great Ambition,
That bid me firſt aſpire to Love and Empire,
Still brightly burns, and animates my Soul.
Be true, my Sword, and let me fall reveng'd,
And I'll forgive ill Fortune all beſides.
[Ulyſſes, Antinous, *and their Parties fight.*

Enter TELEMACHUS, CERAUNUS, *and* Samian *Soldiers; they join* ULYSSES, *and drive* ANTINOUS, CLEON, *and the reſt off the Stage. Then enter at one Door,* ULYSSES; *at the other, the* QUEEN, MENTOR, *and Attendants.*

ULYSSES.

My Queen! my Love! [*Embracing.*

QUEEN.

My Hero! my *Ulyſſes!*
Once more thou art reſtor'd, once more I hold thee;

At length the Gods have prov'd us to the utmoſt,
Are ſatisfy'd with what we have endur'd,
And never will afflict nor part us more.
'Tis not in Words to tell thee what I've felt,
The Sorrows and the Fears; ev'n yet I tremble;
Ev'n yet the fierce Ideas ſhock my Soul,
And hardly yield to Wonder and to Joy.

MENTOR.

A Turn ſo happy, and ſo unexpected,
None but thoſe over-ruling Pow'rs who caus'd it,
Cou'd have foreſeen: The beauteous *Samian* Princeſs,
Within whoſe gentle Breaſt, Revenge and Tenderneſs
Long ſtrove, and long maintain'd a doubtful Conflict,
At length was vanquiſh'd by prevailing Love;
And happily, to ſave the Prince, imputed
To falſe *Antinous*, her Father's Death;
Heav'n has approv'd the Fraud of fond Affection,
The juſt Deceit, a Falſhood fair as Truth,
Since 'tis to that alone we owe your Safety.

Enter TELEMACHUS.

TELEMACHUS.

Here let me kneel, and with my Tears atone
[*Kneeling.*
The raſh Offences of my heedleſs Youth,
[Ulyſſes *raiſes him.*
Here offer the firſt Trophies of my Sword,
And once more hail my Father King of *Ithaca*.
Antinous, the Rebel Faction's Chief,
Is now no more; and your repenting People
Wait with united Homage to receive you;
The Strangers too, to whom we owe our Conqueſt,
Haſte to embark, and ſet their ſwelling Sails
To bear the ſad *Semanthe* back to *Samos*;
Joy, like the chearful Morning, dawns on all;
And none but your unhappy Son ſhall mourn.

ULYSSES.

Like thee, the Pangs of parting Love I've known,
My Heart like thine has bled——But Oh! my Son,

Sigh

Sigh not, nor of the common Lot complain;
Thou that art born a Man, art born to Pain;
For Proof, behold my tedious twenty Years,
All spent in Toil, and exercis'd in Cares:
'Tis true, the gracious Gods are kind at last,
And well reward me here for all my Sorrows past.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE,

JUST going to take Water, at the Stairs
I ſtopp'd, and came again to beg your Pray'rs;
You ſee how ill my Love has been repaid,
That I am like to live and die a Maid;
Poetic Rules and Juſtice to maintain,
I to the Woods am order'd back again
To Madam Cynthia, *and her Virgin Train.*
'Tis an uncomfortable Life they lead;
Inſtead of Quilts and Down, the ſilvan Bed
With Skins of Beaſts, with Leaves and Moſs is ſpread:
No Morning Toilets do their Chambers grace,
Where famous Pearl Coſmetics *find a Place,*
With Powder for the Teeth, and Plaiſter for the Face.
But, in Defiance of Complexion, they,
Like arrant Houſewives, riſe by Break of Day;
Cut a brown Cruſt, ſaddle their Nags, and mounting,
In ſcorn of the Green-Sickneſs ride a hunting:
Your Sal, *and Harts-horn Drops, they deal not in;*
They have no Vapors, nor no witty Spleen.
No Coffee to be had; and I am told,
As to the Tea they drink, 'tis moſtly cold.
For Converſation, nothing can be worſe;
'Tis all amongſt themſelves, and that's the Curſe:
One Topic there, as here, does ſeldom fail,
We Women rarely want a Theme to rail;
But bating that one Pleaſure of backbiting,
There is no earthly Thing they can delight in.
There are no Indian *Houſes, to drop in,*
And fancy Stuffs, and chooſe a pretty Screen,

To

EPILOGUE.

To while away an Hour or ſo---I ſwear
Theſe Cups are pretty, but they're deadly dear:
And if ſome unexpected Friend appear,
The De'il!---Who cou'd have thought to meet you here?

We ſhould but very badly entertain
You that delight in Toaſting and Champaign,
But keep your tender Perſons ſafe at home;
We know you hate hard Riding: But if ſome
Tough, honeſt, Country Fox-hunter would come,
Viſit our Goddeſs, and her maiden Court,
'Tis ten to one but we may ſhow him Sport.

End of the Firſt Volume.